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Rev. J. H. Morison, D.D.
of Boston, Mass.

9 April, 1892.

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Rev J. H. Morison
with the love of
C. A. Bartol

The Hand of God in the Great Man:

A

SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY C. A. BARTOL,

JUNIOR MINISTER.

Published by Request.

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

111, WASHINGTON STREET.

1852.

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SERMON.

PSALM LXXV. 1, 6, 7: — "UNTO THEE, O GOD, DO WE GIVE THANKS. . . . FOR PROMOTION COMETH NEITHER FROM THE EAST, NOR FROM THE WEST, NOR FROM THE SOUTH. BUT GOD IS THE JUDGE: HE PUTTETH DOWN ONE, AND SETTETH UP ANOTHER."

WE meet this morning with one feeling. When, at God's decree, human greatness from all its state falls to the ground like a leaf; when death, usually doing its work in silence, seems to cry out over the bier of the high and distinguished; when some figure, that has moved with imposing tread in our sight, towers still more out of the dark valley; when the drapery of mourning unrolls itself from private chambers to line the streets, darken the windows, and hang the heavens in black; when the stroke of the bell adds a sabbath solemnity to the days of the week, and the boom of guns,

better fired over the dead than at the living, echoes all through our territory; while the wheels of business stop, and labor leans its head, and trade foregoes its gains, and communication, save on one theme, ceases, — we may well ask the meaning and cause.

There is a severity proper to the occasions of the pulpit. It was reared for the praise of God, and cannot lightly echo with that of human beings. He that occupies it forgets its dignity, when he postpones God's worship to a man's eulogy; and they who listen, forget its duty, when they would prescribe any private will for the proclamation of heavenly truth. Yet there are earthly events of such moment, that they may sometimes with the Word of God furnish a fit theme for religious discourse. Nay, all events, that lay strong hold of the attention of men and create universal interest, should be turned to a moral use. The death of the greatest man in a nation, in the language of Job, like a mountain falling, supplies a chosen opportunity for general reflection and instruction. As an earthquake, while rending the

place of its outburst, makes remote regions tremble; and the storm, that mingles sea and sky where it breaks, lashes with some wave or ripple the farthest shore, — so such a decease will affect the common mind and sense of the race.

There is, indeed, something wonderful in the power exercised by a truly great mind. It draws lesser natures to itself as the central orb does planets and satellites; and the spell, which it lays, does not cease with mortal dissolution, but the sense of it abides, so that men familiarly refer to it as still sensible. It is thought King William will turn in his coffin at the disgrace of his country. The ashes of Napoleon certainly have fire in them to this day. And that extraordinary personage just gone, belonging to the class of imperial intellects, seems yet to walk the earth, never so strong as now he is in his tomb, mightier dead than any behind him living; presides in the thought of our land, while rival candidates aspire to its high places; spite of neglect passing him by, or abusive tongues loosened against him, exacts

his meed of applause; triumphs in the appropriation of enthusiasm, though not of votes; and writes his name high on the banners of opposing parties.

But my object to-day is not so much to praise him as to praise God in him. I think our feeling is less of the transcendent merit of the man than of his extraordinary endowment from his Maker. The Almighty has the credit of him! No such person rises out of human will, or can quite make himself by any study or industry. Our phrase is a true one, — that he is raised up. God made and moulded him for an instrument of power, for a vessel of honor, and a lamp to shine beyond a private dwelling over the land. While many panegyrics have already been pronounced upon this leading counsellor and pre-eminent civilian, I have thought it best to wait till the season of composure after the first shock of his decease has passed away. We do not wish our friend to be delineated to us the moment after he is dead. Our thoughts at first best describe him with their silent oratory; and we would have

nothing come instead of the witness of our own hearts.

Besides, of one who has been public property while he lived, and is public property, in his memory and fame, when he dies, it is difficult to speak at first with the sobriety and equity which we may use when we have become calm. It is long before the heart consents to any measured estimate. We will have our hero unparalleled and spotless. Our inclination to wrap the errors of humanity in its winding-sheet; to shut our eyes on every blemish in our favorites, and declare them immaculate; to resent qualified laudation, and, according to the ancient precept, say nothing of the dead but good, beautifully shows at least the thirst which the human soul has for the perfect. Yet our admiration of excellence, or our jealousy for an idol, would more wisely admit the drawbacks in any actual example, than let down the supreme standard of right.

On consideration, different persons, according to their diverse prepossessions, will somewhat variously regard one who both vastly

exceeded the proportions of his fellows, and bore the stamp and moved in the course of qualities so individually his own. You will let me, instead of spreading out the details of his biography, or recounting his public services, which will be done by many voices and every press in the land, endeavor, as with few strokes I may be able, to draw the man himself. Again, I must say, I think of the part his Former had in him. The creature refers to the Creator. What principally strikes us all, I think, is not any thing in the circumstances of his life, or the achievements of his career, or the acquired qualities of his character, so much as the original capacity of his nature, — the spirit within him as the gift of God, as the son of New England, the chief representative of the American mind, and the child and sponsor among us of our forefathers. His stalwart soul and body seem by an infinite hand to have been shaped out of the granite of his own hills; and, through all culture, all education, all civilization, and policy with its smoothing process of half a century, the rugged

primitive simplicity of the man was strangely preserved. The discipline of training, the force of example, the dexterities of legal procedure, the courtesies of high life, the deep manœuvres and cunning snares of party, the plans and over-reachings of politicians, could not alter this original shape, or twist the direction of his nature, any more than the tools of an engraver or a covering with inscriptions can change the features of pyramid and obelisk tending to the skies. Verily his promotion came not from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South, but from his own divinely pre-ordained ascendency, bearing him to the highest seat of power, though it never opened the supreme post of office. The primeval impulse in him always worked. If he labored hard in any pursuit, it was not so much from any forward will which distinguishes some, or any quick and flaming imagination that characterizes others, but because the toiling brain, through all that was unpromising in a slow and bashful temperament and all that was unpretending in a Puritanic way of thought,

bore him inevitably on. It is an indication of this natural might and simplicity, that to the last his native soil claimed its portion in him; and the very dust, that he was akin to, drew him away from splendid success, from triumphant debate, from busy streets and magnificent prosperity. Not only was the child father of the man, but the man went back to the freshness and innocence of the child, to his old filial reverence and fraternal generosity; and from his father's house and field the boy carried to the end of his days a special respect, among other occupations, for the simple character of the tillers of the ground. Through all the changes of life and modifications of opinion, which he, like other men, experienced, a certain rocky stability and sincerity, as of the unpolished ledge, jutted out. His words were always close to the thing that he dealt with. He had little to do with abstractions or pretensions or rhetoric. He never used merely fine or fastidious expressions. Every sentence and accent from his mouth had meaning, and was alive and sensitive with the life of his

heart and soul. The brilliancy of his style was but the kindling of its solidity, and the pomp of his marching periods according to the invincible ranks of his argument. A nature gravitating to the truth, and a logic as of wrought iron, made him perhaps as powerful an advocate as ever lived. Native force of sensibility was his seal, and he carried through the world the title that God at the beginning put into his hand. Not possessing the highest order of genius, nor reaching the loftiest height of character; not, by extreme moral painstaking, refining himself into a saint, nor fastening his eye, with celestial vision, on spiritual realities, to sublime himself into a martyr; he rather looked outward with clear strong sight upon the world and the actual things of the world. He looked at his country, and loved his country. He might well say he would speak as an American; for he was an American, in all the continental length and breadth of meaning in that word, as much as any man that walks this Western soil: he had, as clear perhaps as any man, a conception of

America, and of the progress, safety, and glory of these United States; and I believe he was true to his conception. If he were ever untrue, it was not wittingly, but from unconscious bias. His conception, indeed, was not ideal; for he was not by constitution a poet or a metaphysical philosopher, but a practical man, acting and arguing for the case in hand and the pressing necessity, intuitively perceiving and gigantically grasping every thing related to the emergency in which he strove, and with eagle eye discerning the actual issues of each passing affair.

In endeavoring to mark the intellectual kind which this man was of, and stood at the head of, I ascribe to him no low motives of conduct. I suppose his motives to have been patriotic and religious. There was in him a candor, a moderation, a justice, a natural piety, always manifest in what he did and said, and in admirable contrast with the censorious and disingenuous extravagance sometimes, alas! blasphemously brought to the defence of right principles and a good cause.

I have no inclination to re-open here any questions discussed by him, on which the community has been divided. I should scorn to lift a finger in any controversy with the dead. Conscious only of intellectual benefits to be joyfully acknowledged, and of no harm to my convictions from the great departed, — though differing with him, as the humblest may, in the judgment of some things, — I differed less seriously with him than with those who have been bitter against him, and have toiled to blacken him with exaggerations of fault, or to blow upon him with that foul breath of ignorant slander, which, against the distinguished, Rumor avails herself of every circumstance, either to magnify or excite. It was his fate to spend his life, though not in the bloody field, yet as a warrior; to go from the close encounters of the courts to the sharpest and hottest conflicts of parties; and strange would it be if no mistakes had ever been committed by him, and no malignities engendered against him, however elevated his own course. Undoubtedly he coveted the chief station; but

he aspired that he might do good in it, and justify, if he could, the principles he had defended, and the measures he had advised. If he did wrong, — as every man, save the Divine One, has done, — still, the broad nature of the man appeared, and there was an honesty of religious conscience in him that plainly and directly told him of the wrong he had done. He did not palter with himself in a double sense, or sophisticate the eternal distinction of right and wrong. He had not the facility with which some, in public or private life, can do iniquity and violate all principle, yet wear about the unruffled face as of purity, and appear to avoid, in their dull conscience, any sting. If he knowingly sinned, he owned his sin to God and his soul. He did not and could not escape the sin. It preyed on his big heart! It wrote a tragedy of glory obscured in his grand and adamantine face. It put him at war with himself. The naturally proud man, with his weighty, and, not seldom, somewhat austere presence, whom no opposition could daunt or threat overawe, from whom

danger or assault only brought forth the low growl or tremendous roar, bowed his head to the decrees of God, with mournful but free consent took every blow of compensation, and yielded his cheek to the furrows of pain from the hand which had a right to plough them; while, as genuine in his prayer to the High Disposer as in his plea at a human bar, gushed out his entreaty of forgiveness through Jesus Christ. It is sometimes said, great men, counting on impunity, and heedless of the obligations that bind their inferiors, can do as they please. He had no such theory. He was too wise and just to expect judgment according to any such rule; but, owning — yea, as a higher law, above all human statutes — the commands of the Sovereign One, he nobly bent his brow to abide by the sentence of the Almighty, and implore the pardon of God.

This genuineness, which was the archetype and key-note of his character, adds a singular value to his judgment of Christianity. He was no formal pretender to faith; but he believed.

He could hardly have been a mere professor of any thing. The rude, downright force of his nature would have forbidden. A ship of war must sail on the high seas, or in deep channels, and cannot turn and wind like lighter craft through every crooked strait. The great religious soul which God gave him inspired all his composition, filled his language with power to quicken the adoration of thousands, bound the sentiment of his breast in a steady, unfaltering loyalty to the gospel, made him pay respect without exception to its institutions, and moved him to express a desire — if it were not considered as presumptuous — to have it inscribed on his tomb that he was a believer in the religion of Jesus. High emotion, indeed, upon every theme, stamped him. He relieved his earnestness with wit and humor, but had a sort of elephantine dislike for mere levity, triviality, and insignificant playing upon words. This positiveness, reality, and decisive warmth of his feelings, while securing to him many friends, no doubt made him some enemies. With all his ambition, he

could not very well be a courtier, — could not strive to win the "sweet voices" of the multitude, or the favor of the few, — could not, like some men, by flattering attentions, please everybody. The oak might as well try and stoop with its branches to kiss those approaching it. He was not capable of being a hypocrite. If those with him were strange or disagreeable to him, he was dark upon them. Strong in his friendships, he never put on his antipathies that disguise of smiling persuasiveness with which some send all their guests away charmed.

Occasionally, perhaps, he was

> "Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
> But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

The contempt and wrath which, feeling, he did not dissemble, nor ever meanly wear as concealed weapons, and which are sometimes divine instruments of action in the world, partook of the majesty of his nature, and were awful as the flashing bolt in their display. But whatever sign he showed of that anger and self-will, which even the patriarch

found in some of his sons, readily, like the thunder, rolled away, leaving serene as the heavens his spiritual firmament. He was not vindictive. He did not like to harbor malice, but would erase from the permanent record of his words every hostile expression; while his habitual good-nature was as deep as his frown was portentous; and a goodness, magnificent as his endowments, came forth, now in substantial tokens of regard, and now in the most resistless captivation of manner.

Shall we say, no perfect renewal had converted his fundamental mood into the complete sweetness which presents the finest, though the rarest, pattern of a man? So there might sometimes be a sullen dash in his temper, or a drop of potent gall in his word. Yet his sweetness, when it came, was absolute, and had all the grandeur of his soul.

Let us, my friends, discourse of him in simplicity, not with the blind, inconsiderate extravagance, which he, the clear, cool, and precise speaker, would, of all men, despise. Death shakes somewhat awhile the scales of

judgment. But he, too, like others, must rest, and would demand to rest, in the balance. It is too much to ask that the moral law should give way to any one. Here, or elsewhere, must I speak of him with sincerity, if at all.

Exalted as were the traits of his behavior, and vast the services rendered by his talents and devotion to his country, — as, according to the one thought I have stated and tried to illustrate, we revert to the mighty material, by the Constructor himself of the human soul, put into his frame, — we feel, as with other men, there was more of music in him than he made, riches of nature not fully reduced into character, tendencies to excellence which had no complete production into their correspondent lines. Had all his relations been filled out after the interior design, no obstacles could have hindered his rise to every point of power, no backbiting prevented a universal acknowledgment of his worth, and perhaps no criticism detracted from the parallel which would put him into the same mountain-range with Washington in his fame.

It is sad and sorrowful to imply any reserves; and I would as gladly fill up every defect in a masterly character as I would mend a flaw in some priceless jewel, or lift to the top-stone with rejoicing the beautiful and holy cathedral, on whose unfinished tower, in a foreign city, hangs the rusting crane. But let us consider that the true praise of a man is not indiscriminate and fulsome, declaring that he is the only man, possesses all virtues, and presents the absolute model to copy. "Paint me as I am," said the English Protector, Oliver Cromwell, himself also great, to the artist who was taking his likeness. Put in every seam of the countenance! *Paint me as I am*, might every great man say to those that laud him; for it is only by shading the light of a man's moral portrait with just limitations, that his real merits can be clearly seen, fairly owned, or honestly celebrated. The conscientious exception leaves the real object of our love; while vain and thoughtless encomium, hunting for all the shining words of the language, turns out but a smooth and

featureless specimen of humanity, that can have no hold on our hearts.

I stand here, and pay him the due and loftiest tribute, in saying, Could he open his marble lips, — nay, could he speak from his heavenly estate, with but the quality he had on earth there made perfect, — he would ask no compliment but truth; he would utterly refuse unqualified extolling, and zeal in his behalf not according to knowledge; but would stretch out his arms fondly to clasp and strain to his bosom, not his unscrupulous advocate or fawning parasite, but whosoever, affectionately prizing his nobilities, would tenderly note where the pattern was not complete. God knows a pure good-will, running through many years of life, would discharge such reverent office now; for as truly as any man that sits here did I revere and love him. I remember well, how, more than twenty years ago, when, after having, with his matchless senatorial periods, made eloquent the lips of a band of students, he himself appeared among us, with almost preternatural impression, like

old Saul come back to the earth, in that stature, exceeding all his fellows, which in offices, though subordinate, he has ever maintained.

> "Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

If the opinion of some be granted, that he committed errors, they were huge ones, which hardly seemed to be his, but his country's; while he embodied in his person the spirit of the community, as in yonder hall thousands of faces were wont to turn from side to side with the sway of his countenance.

Ah! the great are as a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid. Their slightest mistakes are noted, and blown abroad, and often enormously swollen beyond their dimensions. They are often but as innocent scapegoats, laden and heaped with the people's sins, which they are forced to bear the reproach of, as they carry them away into the wilderness. But this man's habit and propensity was verily to choose and cleave to the right. So his words had in them, beyond all ornament, such breathing and throbbing vitality, that, if his

orations were sundered, and severally broken in pieces, sublime passages of them, like the fragments of Greek sculpture and literature, would endure to distant ages, and fame would blow her trumpet over them through the world. To the youthful imagination, this perhaps chief author of political wisdom since the foundation of our government looked like the capitol of the land, shaped broad and lofty, — the seat of deliberation and source of wisdom.

> "Sage he stood,
> With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies: his look
> Drew audience, and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air."

If his foes will picture him rather as a lion that has been slain, the fact of his singular benefits remains to be solved, like Samson's riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." When he drew himself up cold and forbidding, his aspect was terrible, like that of the king of the forest; when angry, he could be fierce; his nature would occasionally break out of the

cage of all restraints, and could never take any permanent gloss: but when, as the custom with him was, moral passion inspired his reason, he moved on calm and slow, confiding in what is eternal, with the momentum of fate.

Such was his profoundest inclination. It was not according to the quality of the man to be the tool of any base design, but to be the servant of God and instrument of righteousness. However his magnanimity may, under any circumstances, have been modified, yet clothed with integrity and true glory was the cause his heart would fitly be allied to and spontaneously espouse; and at death his soul rose clear, strong, and steady to that height after which his life, like almost all human life, — like all our lives, mine and yours, — was a doubtful struggle. Let him be censor who is first sure of the purity and perfectness of his own soul! That courageous fronting of the last foe, or friend rather, though men do not so count him; that tranquil acceptance of the final doom; that undisturbed discharge of all

public and private duty, — one eye fixed on earthly duty, and the other on heavenly felicity, — while disease, full in sight, approached the citadel of mortal consciousness; that distinct and deliberate farewell of religious comfort and counsel to each and all around him; that gathering up of himself, even after the manner of Jacob, to die, bowing like a child at the call of God the head no mortal adversary had ever lowered, challenges our undivided honor. Nay, it is all the handwriting of Providence on the tables of our hearts. Naming the name of God, he named also that of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in his prayer. He stood by the nurture of his childhood, and retained the adherence of his manhood to the faith of the gospel. He relinquished other supports, he renounced all human confidence and earthly fame, for the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. Verily, hence may come a lesson to our belief; for his excelling intellectual soundness and ability yield from him, the Arguer, an opinion of the Christian argument which cannot be gainsaid by any ancient or modern sceptical ingenuity; —

ingenuity, I say; the unbeliever never being the great man, but only the ingenious one. Christianity indeed can derive no lustre from any brilliancy of the parts of man. Christianity rests on no columns of human power and patronage. Christianity will survive all reputations, however fair or colossal. But the respect of the great for her truth may certainly cancel the carping of the little, and the satisfaction of extraordinary set aside the discontent of peculiar minds. Thankful that this man, among us unequalled, settled his convictions and anchored his hope in this divine revelation, let us moor our expectations to the same pillar.

Let, then, that Divine arbitrament — humbling to its lines all human greatness — which he owned, and whose rectitude can, to suit no cubit of man's height, be bent; let that Bible, whose reading, even from behind his own memory, spanned his existence, and lent scriptural power to his words; let those hymns of God's praise, at whose resounding his soul ran out streaming as into a child's tears; let that

tender-eyed respect he showed to what is dear in the name of father and the thought of mother, representing the parental Deity; let that suppliant compunction for his offences, from a mouth so finely and massively shaped to honesty, that, in addressing God or man, it could not lie; let that descending angelic faith and hope, which, at break of day on the morning of the world's worship, lifted his o'erwearied spirit, spent with lingering pain, to its commensurate destiny in the skies, — be all as wide with us his bereaved countrymen as was that public presence with which, in princely might, he over-arched our borders and seems still brooding on the land, but half-willing to rise to heaven, unless he can hover round the interests and watch the prospects of the natal soil so dear to him below. Let the purest inspirations of patriotism and freedom, with which, in the times of his earthly glory, he winged our souls, now exalt us to that pitch of Christian wisdom and disinterested national honor, from which alone the coming emergencies of our swift career can be justly

met. With his worthiest speech and action, as he trod this mortal stage, and caught the ears of distant tribes to his voice, — whatever was imperfect humanly dropped, whatever was excellent divinely complete, — let him, as in Milton's vision, "vested all in white," come back. So let his enlightening mind and guiding spirit, re-visiting us, be received and entertained. As to-morrow the strife, from which the old leader, whom we have celebrated, is released, will again go on, let us, admonished by God of the end of existence and of the passing away of the world, carry into the conflict of parties and all the turmoil of business those principles of uprightness and truth which he exemplified, and which alone can stand the reckoning of the judgment-day.

J. H. Morison
from the press. C.A.B.

2

THE

Relation of the Medical Profession to the Ministry:

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

DR. GEORGE C. SHATTUCK.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

Not Published.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
22, SCHOOL STREET.
1854.

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22, School Street.
1854.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

Rev. C. A. Bartol.

Dear Sir, — The undersigned, by a vote of the Standing Committee of the West Church, respectfully request for the use of the Society a copy of your sermon of this morning, which contained so just and affectionate a tribute to the memory of "the good physician" who has so lately passed from among us.

Richard Soule,
Thomas Gaffield,
M. J. Mandell,
} *Committee.*

Boston, March 26, 1854.

To Richard Soule,
Thomas Gaffield,
M. J. Mandell.

Brethren, — Very pleasant to me is the desire to honor with me our strong and vanished friend; and I will not hold back my poor words, if they can be his memorial.

Ever yours,

C. A. Bartol.

Boston, March 27, 1854.

DISCOURSE.

LUKE IX. 2: "AND HE SENT THEM TO PREACH THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND TO HEAL THE SICK."

SUCH was the commission which the great Physician of the human body and soul gave to his twelve disciples, when he clothed them with their office of carrying on his work in the world. In prophetic metaphor, the older revelation, too, had symbolized this very likeness of the mortal frame to the immortal spirit in their common exposure to disease, when it inquired if there were no balm in Gilead, and no physician there, to recover the health of the daughter of God's people. Nay, the pagan religion itself foreshadowed the same thing from the remotest point and faintest beginning of its mythology, owning the healing art for a sacred function. The first that practised it, to the heathen mind was a god and the child of a god; his immediate descendants, at the same time physicians and priests,

lived in the temple, and allowed none to be initiated into the secrets of their knowledge without a solemn oath; while the most famous of the Greek physicians, who founded a school and was the earliest to raise medicine to the dignity of a science, was reputed to stand in the line of the same divine descent. You know, moreover, how intimately medicine and religion have been connected by the rudest savage tribes of our own day, as well as by the most civilized races of antiquity. But, to vindicate for the pulpit my theme to-day of the medical profession in its relation to the ministry, — which you will allow me to treat in the plainest and most familiar manner, — it is enough to know, that a being before whom all the deities of classic story grow pale and fade away, in his own life and in his charge to his apostles, associated the ills of the flesh with those of the mind for the merciful remedies of his gospel.

There is something very touching in his selecting, for the particular proof of his own heavenly authority, this gracious work of relief and cure to the suffering human frame; restoring from fever and palsy and epilepsy and insanity, from blindness, deafness, dumbness, death. Ah! a cordial truth did his beneficent deeds express, that he came to be for ever the friend of the human body as well as soul, redeeming them both

from anguish and corruption, from the sin that runs over into the dying part, and the sickness that penetrates to the undying: for he saw, as a superficial philosophy does not, the companionship between these two natures, so intimate no thought can divide and bound their territories, and so he took the whole man for his love and tenderness; and when the age of outward miracles ceased, and the Christian believer, as such, could no longer wondrously bring back lost health to the sick man, they who religiously devoted themselves to the study and exercise of the art of healing, in worship of the Divinity that made them, and in love of their fellow-creatures, in a business essentially partaking as much as any other of piety and humanity, in some sense in this respect succeeded to the apostles and to the great Lord and Master of us all.

One of the most interesting aspects of this general statement is the friendly relation that should subsist between the professors of medicine and the ministry. Surely they should be friends. Jesus Christ has formed the bond of their amity. He is in his life their common parent. They meet in his spirit. They trace back all that is benign and holy in their several offices and highest purposes to his temper and his acts. Jealousy between them is nothing less than an

affront to him who, through all Galilee, taught in the synagogues, and healed the diseases of the people; and any mutual discord, from whatever cause arising, is a quarrel in the very body of the Son of God, and as though those messengers of his, when they went out through all Judea, bearing in one hand soundness for the flesh, and in the other comfort and salvation for the heart of man, had fallen out by the way. Distrust, alienation, divorce, between these professions, so long wedded, and ever in the daily round following in each other's track, would indeed be not according to history, or according to Christianity, or according to the best hopes and auguries of the future welfare, private or public, of mankind. Therefore let us rejoice in the wide and substantial harmony that has ever prevailed in these two classes. The minister who refers to this topic, truly should not only rejoice, but give thanks, because of a peculiar generosity of the physician's gratuitous service to his calling, a matter of less pecuniary than moral meaning. The minister, on his part, however, should at least pay with his gratitude his respect to the skill and science of the physician, honoring his vocation, and not lightly giving, as I see it said he sometimes does, the most precious, though commonly accounted the cheapest, thing a man can give, his name and recommendation

to every presumption of ignorance and charlatan's elixir, by whose author or vender he may be entreated. It is not the less but the more necessary to say this, because, in these times of the broader diffusion of light and a growing individual independence, the once marked enclosures and high fences of all the professions are somewhat invaded; men without title or preparation choosing to argue their own case, to hold forth their own revelations, and be their own doctors. With the awakening of thought and the spread of knowledge has come the ascertainment of our ignorance; no claims, private or professional, pass as they once did; and no occupation can stand any more on the ground of mere caste, of a strange tongue or a black letter, but only on the actual benefit it can yield to human beings, in mind, body, or estate.

Yet, in this shock to confidence and loss of reverence, accruing on the universal assertion of intellectual freedom, on the reign, too, of empiric observation, and the custom here in all things of our proverbial and characteristic American haste, there is danger that men will desert the truly wise, who have patiently and expensively qualified themselves for their instruction, defence, or restoration, and foolishly rely on their own imprudence, or the shallow boasts of those who have more at heart their own gain and interest, than

any benefit to their kind. To this particular disadvantage, probably no one of the professions is so grossly exposed as the medical. For, while the severe preparation required for the law may reduce the number there of mere pretenders, and while the facts and themes of religion are for the most part matters of sober, scholarly investigation,—vulgar criticism, popular and rudely practical doubt, roused in part very possibly by many contrariant doctrines, seems to have fixed on the medical profession for its especial prey or chosen quarry to pursue; so that we ought not to be surprised were its members sometimes worried and vexed in this chase of hungry questioning and scepticism, sharpened by the lively concern everybody has in an affair so near to him as his own health, especially if this running after them be shared in or cheered on by any whose social position, reputation for learning, or personal hold on the affections of others, invests them with power to hinder or further any sentiment or cause.

It should, however, be some antidote to any irritation hence, that every one of the professions, in this curious and prying age, in some way, coarser or more refined, partakes in this trial of secret insinuations or open assaults. In the wisdom of God, no less than in the folly of man, it may be best for them that they

should; for the miserable jeers that charge the lawyer with cunning and selfish appropriations of the sum in dispute, the minister as a dumb dog or covert infidel, and the doctor as at work to physic his patient into the grave, may but combine with candid or subtle investigations of the basis of each several vocation to impart a more finished quality, a nobler and disinterested stamp, to every worthy member of them all. Nay, the doubtful and deliberative tone thus infused into the habit of their minds, leading them to consider well before they act or speak, to indulge or enlighten all honest unbelief in others, and to lay aside whatever might be arrogant or overweening in themselves, will, in their simple modesty, and frank confession of how little as well as how much they know, assuming no oracular airs, but, for the ancient look of mysterious consequence or magical power, putting the benign aspect of depending on true science and a higher strength to secure a humane end, make them, with more accomplished control of their art, greater benefactors to their kind. Accordingly, I believe that educated professional men, in their various classes, were never more trustworthy than they are now; that justice was never more sure, or health safer, or morality and religion better cared for, than in their modern hands. You will not hint a worldly motive for this

declaration. The man who basely attacks his own profession, and rends the cloth he wears, is as likely to have a worldly or ambitious aim, as he that respects his guild or calling; for well said old Samuel Johnson, that he who rails at established authority in any thing shall never want an audience; and an audience is what some seem most of all to crave! But, at whatever former period any of the professions may have been exalted in a more awful or formal respect, it may be doubted whether there was ever more earnestness or vitality, than may not seldom now be seen, in their exercise of every one of them.

The provinces of the minister and the physician, which I am now particularly considering, lie so near to each other, that there doubtless is in their relations a peculiar delicacy. They must be in fellowship, or else in some degree of envy, if not collision; for wholly separate they cannot be, nor should be. Indeed, both the human mind and body are, in their disordered states, so brought under the inspection alike of the messengers of health and of salvation, or spiritual health; the affections of the inner and outer part of human nature so run into, and are often well-nigh confounded with, one another; temperament is so close to temper, habit of body so linked with habit of mind, phlegm is such a name for sloth, and a san-

guine or nervous frame such a neighbor to heat and irritability; there is so much gloom or brightness in the digestion; so much kindness in the circulations of the heart, or wrath in the flow of the bile; the vapors that rise or the beams that shine in one region of our marvellous soul or structure so soon overspread the other; a permanently morbid mood of mind, as one has said, so invariably indicates physical disorder; in fine, the soul owes so much to the body, as its organ, dwelling, school, and means of discipline, and the body so much to the soul in every good disposition and holier passion; and virtue or vice, soundness or disease, wherever existing, seems so to take them both for a common abode; religion itself is sometimes such a medicine, and medicine such a succor and aid to the conscience; the roots and springs of health or sickness are so much in the moral condition, and make us think so often of —

> "the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe," —

that they who have attempted to divide in its morbid conditions this wondrous double-empire into their distinct rules may occasionally find themselves unwittingly assuming each other's prerogatives, and trespassing or treading a little on each other's grounds.

Then, as the minister may know very little of medicine, and the physician as little of the springs of the moral life; as one may, in his meditations, have neglected the order of physical facts, and the other, in the keen scent of his observations, been drawn away from contemplating spiritual and invisible realities or principles, — they may interfere with each other, and do each some harm to the incarnate yet spiritual creature let down from Almighty Power into their associated charge. Therefore, it no doubt is best each should in general, as far as may be, occupy his own, avoiding the debatable land.

Yet what singular opportunities are at times offered to the physician of giving spiritual counsel, peradventure all the more potently because it is not precisely his technical place! How not unfrequently he has availed himself, as in duty bound, of openings for moral influence! Indeed, shall I say, it curiously illustrates the state of the case, that I have known the same worthy physician, who had complained of ministers looking after the bodies of his patients, to feel under the obligation of himself looking after and ministering to their souls! It were, in fact, but ungrateful for me to lose the memory, or omit here the mention, of my own sympathetic meetings, from time to time, with physicians on either side the bed,

over the same suffering and the same death. Truly, for one, I am free to confess a sincere and unaffected pleasure, looking not with an evil eye, but with unalloyed admiration, whenever a word has been so fitly spoken, the kingdom of God preached, and the sick healed, as of old, by the same person! On the other hand, if a clergyman, not dealing in panaceas, or endorsing nostrums, or presuming to stand umpire between rival systems of medicine, should state or illustrate any of those great laws of nature that are over us, and in us, and through us all, on which human sanity hangs, and the transgression of a single one of which is sin, the generous and sensible physician, who is really laboring for the sake of God and man, will welcome the good service of his brother, as much as the farmer would the friendly hand, that, from its own concluded avocation, should come over to mow in his field or thresh on his floor. Let there be on either side no selfishness, no officiousness, no needless volunteering; but an inclination each one to do his own stint, lending help beyond only at the divine command in case of necessity; and, though they be borderers, they will, without strife or foray, live in peace.

But my purpose is not so much to adjust the terms of intercourse or mode of personal bearing between

the two professions, as, being moved by the decease of an ornament of one and a friend of the other, to pay a warm and honest tribute of my regard to that to which I do not belong. The desk, whose incumbents everywhere are so indebted to that profession, may well offer, more frequently than it has done, such a tribute. At least, I shall not fail of it now according to the poor measure of my ability, partly as a token of regard for one who loved his own profession and mine both so well, and who would value honor done to his vocation, so long and nobly by him discharged and adorned, more than were it done to himself. The physician has in stewardship under God this mortal body in all the ills it incurs, or to which it is heir. It is a great and holy and most responsible trust. It seems to me so grand and tender, that I will not seek anywise to lessen, but let it, for the moment, fill the whole field of view, that we may learn to do it and its holders more justice. I will not speak now of theology, the princely science, or alone of religion, the paramount concern, though I shall be enjoining a duty truly religious, or of the soul, the only enduring essence, — but of the body, the body which every one of us brought in hither this morning, and must lay down yonder at life's evening, — our companion for a short stage, a poor, feeble, weary, ailing thing,

but all we have to work with in this world, and which therefore, by every pain, dislocation, or infirmity it is rescued from, by every fever it burns, or chill it shakes with, by every fit which convulses it, or consumption in which it pines, pathetically appeals to us to render due credit to them who keep this many-jointed, myriad-chorded instrument, harp of thousand strings, of so universal play and turn, the true history of whose derangements would be almost as various and tragic as that of the passions of the human mind of which it is the earthly organ, in tune and repair.

Yes, honor to those who have probed the hiding-places of its power, laid open its minute cells; traced the course of its flowing streams; caught every one of the trembling nerves by which it acts or feels, communicates or receives; discovered the causes of its throbbings and its tears; snatched it so often from its most fearful jeopardies; warned it of its many foes; hovered over it in its most critical emergencies; searched out every one of its disturbed conditions, and labored untiringly to redeem it from them all; actually converted many of its troubles, once fatal, into tolerable and curable maladies; in their devoted friendship passed night after night, as well as the live-long day, with it, and encountered the fiercest storms that ever blew,

and travelled over the most broken ways ever traversed in its behalf, never deserting it while breath remained; and, while spending themselves in outward toils, have brooded over all the elements and phenomena of nature, its grosser brother, in their relation to its symptoms, with the profoundest and most persevering study, to detect and gather every kind of material and invent every tool that advancing human knowledge could fit to alleviate its anguish, free it from the occasions of its distress, check the tendencies to disease, remove the obstructions from the way of its living nature, and lengthen out its days for the increase of human happiness and the manifestation of all the faculties and attributes of the immortal mind. They deserve well of their kind. Let them have their meed of praise and renown! Let those who have experienced their favors, if paid yet priceless, bring it! Let the pulpit yield it, — and even my weak words, for their sincerity, pass for the present hour and spot, as one of its humble signs and expressions!

Physicians, so honorably placed as we have seen in the Christian faith, one of them being styled "Luke the beloved," have, as we well know, a corresponding rank and sphere in society. And here again we touch on their inevitable union with the ministry. Their function, like the pastoral, is one of the threads that

pass through the entire system of human life. It is one of the great bonds of union among men. Appointed to re-unite the sundered or confirm the debilitated bonds of corporeal well-being, to rejoin the dissevered ligaments, close gaping wounds, and set in motion the suspended workings of the animal frame, they are, by the unlimited reach of their benevolent and indispensable offices, also a solder and cement in the edifice of the common-weal. They do much to cure the body politic, as well as the individual constitution. The rich and the poor, the citizen and the stranger, the high and the low, the virtuous and the vile, the physician must take care of them all; and he follows the example of his Great Master in so doing. Like the central iron rod, or the main supporting beam, or the stout traversing keel, with which all is connected and on which all is more or less suspended or built, is the operation of his so strong and busy hand. None has more disagreeable, and it may be thankless, tasks than he. Yet this must be his consolation, that none comes nearer to the human heart, as well as to that which covers that heart, than the good physician who is also a good man. His chaise passing round is the very emblem of a benignant errand; or waiting at the door, an earnest to the passer-by, that good is going on within. "Who is your physi-

cian?" is a question asked perhaps as often as any other, and always asked by friends with lively interest; and "my physician" are words rarely pronounced without a glow of emotion, if not a gush of thanksgiving, accorded to but few earthly benefactors. For all endeavor, patience, and watching, so spoken they are beyond silver and gold a remuneration to that human heart of ours which craves indeed many things beneath the sun, but above all other things hungers and thirsts for a just respect and a holy love. They that visit and heal the sick, that bring the color back into the pallid cheek, that enliven again the heavy lack-lustre eye, enable hand and foot and head to resume their wonted avocations in all effort and delight of body or mind, and thus put a new song into the mouth for restoring mercy, certainly do not miss large and perhaps unequalled measures of that consideration which, second to the favor and blessing of Almighty God, is rightfully dearest to the soul. Heaven grant to them both benedictions, the human and the divine, with the grace to fulfil both the commandments, — the first of supreme love with all the heart and strength to God, and the second, which is like to it, of loving one's neighbor as one's self. Such the wish and prayer which the voice of this place would breathe towards them, and

breathe for them up into the sky! And might I say one word further, from my theme, it would be, — May the prophecy of their friendship with the ministry of religion reach as far forward as its tradition reaches back!

But the physician, who heals and under Providence lengthens out the lives of others, must himself sicken and die. While many, through his instrumentality, remain in the land of the living, he himself may have gone. Those he raised from prostration may visit his couch, and those he rescued from the grave weep grateful at his sepulchre. A vacancy here noticeable by you all makes needless any explanation of the motive of my present subject. A form, familiar for many years, and ever growing more venerable in our eyes, has disappeared. It was the form of one who might well suggest to me the text of this discourse; for no man ever respected more either his own profession or that of the ministry, or more closely associated them together in his mind; so that once, being examined under oath as to some record he might have made, he exclaimed that "by the grace of God the name of a minister was never entered with a charge on his books"! Yet he began his career, as perhaps it is best every young man should, having nothing in particular to trust to but his own talent and fidelity,

with what I have heard him in his own phrase style "the healthy stimulus of prospective want;" and, waiting quietly for his first patients, attending slowly to case after case, he laid silently, stone by stone, the foundation of his fame. Every truly noble building rests on just such a basis of deep and secret diligence; and as a great merchant once said that the making of his first thousand dollars cost him more perplexity than all the rest of his immense fortune, so is it with the first achievement, by manifest, undeniable, and unmistakable power, of all professional success. The towering reputation far seen over the land, the wide-spread practice opening through a thousand portals, reposed simply and solidly on the genuine qualities which both assured skilful handling to the sick, and bore off prize after prize in the early competitions of the literary medical essay.

But our friend did more than eminently exemplify the essential traits of a wise and able practitioner. Though he has said to me he was a physician, and nothing but a physician, — while it is utterly superfluous for me to bring the fact of his professional superiority to your notice, — he was consulted on other matters beside the hazards and extremities of mortal life. Extraordinarily distinguished for insight into the soul as well as body, joining, in fact, the phy-

sical and the spiritual, that are brought into such juxtaposition in our text; reading character as he did health or disease; leaping through obstructions to his point, with an electric spark of genius that was in him; clothing his conclusions sometimes with a poetic color, and sometimes with the garb of a quaint phraseology; employing now a pithy proverb, and now a cautious and tender circumlocution, to utter what could scarce have been otherwise conveyed, in a method of conversation, which, in its straight lines or through all its windings, I never found otherwise than very instructive, — an intuitive sagacity and perfect originality marked all his sayings and doings. He could never be confounded with any other man. Borrowing neither ideas nor expressions, he was always himself. Yet there was nothing cynical or recluse or egotistical about him. I never heard him boast himself or despise another. He had a large and warm heart, with room in it for many persons and all humanity. Though he was so peculiar, much of his heart was the common heart, as the most marked and lofty mountains have in them most of the common earth. While not a few are absorbed in some single relation, he observed and acted well in the multitude of his relations to his fellow-men. He was remarkable for this broad look and observance of all the

interests, material or moral, mechanical or spiritual, of the world, and was equally at home in a question of finance or an enterprise for religion; actually, in his early life and growing thrift, giving a large part of his property for the building of a church. He had, moreover, this precious singularity, that he never seemed to belong to any one class or little social circle, but to stand well and beneficently related to all. Often have I had occasion to perceive, not only his large and cordial, but very various and wide, hospitality. He fulfilled, as nearly as I remember to have seen it, that remarkable, difficult, and apparently almost uncomprehended precept of our Saviour, in which he tells, when we make a feast, not to call to it our friends and rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and probably no man in this city could die, who would be remembered by a greater number of those in their necessity touched by his timely beneficence; for he seemed ever to discern the season, as well as to feel the inclination, to do good; his relief of another was less a tax or duty than a self-gratification; while he never forgot a favor he had received, he never allowed any one to feel a load from the favor he conferred. He did not wait to be asked. He did not yield to all solicitations. He preferred generally to give in his own way and of his

own motion; and to no one did good deeds offer and suggest themselves more abundantly or opportunely. Before my personal acquaintance began, the first thing I knew of him was his attendance upon a sick fellow-student in Cambridge, coming often, yet refusing to receive any fee. And the next thing I knew of him was his receiving into his house, and then, like the good Samaritan with his message to the host of the inn, commending to a distant professional brother, another friend and fellow-student. It might not please him or those nearest to him, if I should attempt even partially to enumerate his bounties, so ample, to various institutions of learning, for their libraries or chairs of instruction, which in some instances may have come to your hearing; but I have reason to think that his kindness much more frequently flowed in private channels, beheld only by the recipients and the All-seeing.

Being such a hearty and unostentatious philanthropist, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, in addition, that he was a real Christian. But he belonged to no one sect or denomination of Christians. Referring all to God, taking the highest view of the divine dignity of Jesus Christ, hoping to be accepted, saved, reconciled to the Father through the mediation of the Son, he extended his sympathy and hand of fellowship to all

the faithful preachers of the gospel. He was truly catholic. You will excuse me, but there must be put into any conscientious report of him, what will indeed appear as but one practical exposition of the general truth of this discourse, his repeated mention of his especial regard for ministers, — "ministers," he added with emphasis, "not of one name, but of all;" and his deference to the ministerial office is a quality in him, certainly in these days, standing out with some prominence. Indeed, the inclination of his respect might have been embarrassing but for the fraternal and authentic good-will from which it came. His respect ever somewhat veiled his heart, protecting an exquisite sensibility, which all might not notice, and hindered him from professing the entire warmth of personal affection he felt. But a reverence for the Most High was in him wholly distinct from all other principles. His will towards men was strong. But he seemed to have no will towards God. His will vanished before the Supreme; and he would have none but the First and All-presiding, and seemed to think there was none beside. As a physician, he looked not to his medicines alone, but to God, for success, and prayed before he prescribed.

So it was with him, with ever-increasing interest, to the last. "Pray with me" was commonly his first

salutation as I entered his sick chamber. "I want your prayers: they are a great comfort and consolation." "Pray not for my recovery." "I am going to God." "I wish in your prayer to go as a sinner." "I humbly thank you" was in the pressure of his hand, as much as in the articulate motion of his lips, when the express act of devotion was over. "Next to my God, I want to be near to my minister," referring, of course, not to the individual, but, as was his wont, the office. And, at the last, having spoken his love to those most closely related to him, just before he went, "*Time*, *Eternity*, *Eternity*, *Eternity*," were his expiring words; knowing, as he retained possession of his mind, that he was just stepping over that mysterious causeway, hid from mortal eyes, the sight of which no fleshly vision could bear, which separates one from the other.

I need not say, for the information of any in this society, that, being thus devout, he was a willing and open-handed supporter of religious institutions. To the utmost extent of his strength and opportunity, he was a constant, as he was a happy, worshipper in this house. He was an humble, penitent, affectionate confessor of his Lord at this communion-table, from which he had been long restrained by diffidence; but, in the last year of his life, was ready joyfully to bear

witness, through the emblems of the broken body and flowing blood of the Saviour, that the confidence which, whether coming or staying away, we cannot feel in ourselves, we may feel in him and in God. The square and fountain in front of this church; the marble baptismal font before this altar, much of whose expense it was one of his dying bequests should be paid by his kindred survivors, at the same time declaring his delight in its beauty, thus associating it for ever with his departure; the repair and enlargement of the room for the Sunday-school, to which he chiefly contributed, affirming to me more than once how important he considered the religious instruction of the youth among us; the libraries for the school and the parish, which he increased with special donations, — are but examples selected from the numerous fruits and demonstrations of his Christian and reverential charity. Ah! but for faith and encouragement to emulation of such good deeds, it were a sorry day for any religious body when such a benefactor dies!

In thus reporting, as truly and exactly as I am able, the positive excellencies of our friend, I intend not, as is the custom in some eulogies, to imply that they were all; when the value of any praise of mortals lies in the definite truth that leaves room for fair

exceptions, while the fulsome commendation that does not discriminate is merely worthless, signifying nothing. It would be a poor compliment to one, who perhaps was never guilty of an insincerity in his life, to intimate that he had no failings, or to present any panegyric of perfection for his character; to declare that this good man and true-hearted Christian had but one immaculate side, or moral features only of absolute beauty, which would so contradict his own word and consciousness. And were I to say that his fine natural ardor went not to the least excess; that his energetic purpose in no instance was imperious; that, bent upon action, and on speedily executing his good plans, he never became impatient of debate, or did any injustice to others' thoughts, or exercised mastery over others' designs; or that, prospered greatly as he was in his fortunes, it was never requisite for him to struggle against the world's getting undue possession of his mind; that he was such a paragon, he never spoke harshly or acted hastily; in short, that no defects qualified and mingled with the rare and unsurpassed nobilities of his soul; and that even unawares he favored nothing wrong, nor opposed and put down any thing right, — I should insult his honesty, and belie my own conscience, and might do despite to that spirit of grace and truth, which, above

the highest human attainments, still holds the unreached standard of moral goodness and infinite glory. But, if he could set his face as flint, oh! he could pour out his heart like water; the rock of rugged strength welling with currents copious and pure, for he was a pure-hearted man; and never was a gentler or more pathetic soul, a breast quicker to throb, or an eye more moist, at any grand or affecting spectacle or tale; if he was not caressing, neither was he self-indulgent; and if his passion ever overstepped the bounds of equity, he was prompt to feel remorse, humility, and grief, as more than once I have myself had occasion to note; while his character was continually softening, improving, ripening, as he went on, — ripe, fully ripe, indeed, at last!

But the question, in regard to any among mortals, is not whether he is faultless, none that breathe or ever did breathe being such; but, after the faults are subtracted, the question is, what mass, what weight, what height of worth, is left behind. Some seem to have neither grievous faults nor shining virtues; and a man may be apparently well-nigh blameless, without being very good, as a pure ore of iron or copper is not so precious as the mineral gold, though with earth and stone intermixed. My friend always seemed to me to be the mineral gold. Nor do I know

where, in any individual, to look for a larger amount of the sterling treasure. Ah, while I speak of him, I can hardly imagine him away! A vision, he rises in my path, invites my gaze, greets me at the door, sits there in the sanctuary! The intensity of this abiding presence that will not down, of this reality that will not go, is the measure of force that has been in a man. And he surely was one of the powers among us that cannot cease even here below.

It is not the habit of this place to celebrate the merits of any human being. Nor might I have done it now, save to unfold with livelier interest, through a solemn dispensation of Providence, a subject of universal concern. The characters of all human beings sink before that Holy Majesty which fills this place, and which we here assemble to adore. But God is glorified not only by direct praise and ascending prayer. He is glorified, too, in his faithful servants, imperfect men though they be. All the beauty and splendor of the earth and heavens cannot compass so fair or sublime a pitch of his glory as is displayed in the loyal and loving souls of his children. We do not honor him by hiding out of sight, or passing over in silence, aught just or worthy in his intelligent creatures; but every light of virtue, taken from under the bushel of privacy to shine out of the candlestick of a

true confession before men, illuminates also, to their view, the spotless attributes of the Creator. To the Creator, as its source, we ascribe all that is worthy and good. We thank him for the fruit of the earth. We thank him for the brightness of the sun. We thank him for the better beams of knowledge, and the nobler springing from every germ and disclosure of his sacred truth. We thank him, above all, for that manifestation of his wisdom and love which we discern in his obedient offspring, and which was incarnate in his beloved Son.

3

THE

Traveller's Report; or, Abroad and at Home:

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON,

On Sunday, Nov. 19, 1854.

BY CYRUS A. BARTOL,

JUNIOR MINISTER.

Printed by Request.

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CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

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The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

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SERMON.

Gen. viii. 9: — "But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned into the ark."

Any one who, at sea, has watched the birds fly from afar, to hover round his bark, especially some land-bird fluttering towards the mast, will not wonder that Noah's dove, however fleet and strong, should at length come wearily back, when she found that, wherever she turned, all was ocean. Then, if he himself has been far and stayed long, it may occur to him that the little bird is an image of man, — that the dove, the chosen scriptural emblem of God's spirit, is a type also of the human soul.

But is this, then, the state of the case for the traveller, — for the privileged, the perhaps envied, man who has had this splendid opportunity of beholding the world, — for the favored mortal, after long confinement, let loose to realize a thousand dreams and fulfil romantic hopes cherished from childhood, by setting

his eyes on the multitude and procession of glorious objects that have danced before his imagination? Is he disappointed, after all, with the introduction for which he had longed; fatigued with the magnificent show after which he had run; and his appetite not satisfied at the table where he had crowded for a seat, and which all nature and art, and human society, and the monumental history of the race, had spread for his supply?

Without roundly answering such questions in a breath, I must note one fact, quite common to travellers, — their intense yearning for home, and their unspeakable and unparalleled delight to return. Few joys are vouchsafed, in this our lower lot, like that we feel, when, after any considerable absence, home comes again in sight. Yes, when the huge body of the sea, by whose broad girdle we had crept to the regions of the rising sun, again shifts eastward its convex bulk, and we ride over the banks and by the capes which the great continent we were born on stretches forth in token of her protection to the navigator; when, after those reaches of the briny waste, which, to the superstitious and disheartened seamen of Columbus, seemed literally without end, the firm shore in some headland looms up, though dim and vague, to the wistful sight indescribably dear and precious, with its rugged, barren outline fixing a spell upon us exceeding that

of English shaven lawns or brilliant Italian sunsets; when, for the solitude, the solemn, peculiar, terrible loneliness of the sea, voiceless but for some rare trumpet through the whistling winds, and blank but for some glimmer of a sail that shines and fades on the horizon's edge, re-appears the white-winged, sociable flock of ships; when, sailing above the bones of the majestic vessel and her ill-fated crew, and giving one shudder of sympathy as we stop to sound the depths, we then glide safely on, till the smoothness of the bay and the narrowing harbor takes the place of the tremendous pitch and plunge between the poles of the world of the monstrous Atlantic, — and the forts, like stony, stiff sentinels, with brazen dogs of war, lie asleep full in view at the nation's old, dear door-way; ah! and when roof and spire and dome, from Bunker Hill to the smoke of our chimney, reveal themselves, — there is a sensation in our being, transcending the effects of all foregoing splendors and sublimities, and which boyhood's unsophisticated sight of those seven wonders of the world its primer had told of could not equal. As our foot presses the ground, we feel as the dove did, when, from wheeling over boundless water, through the treeless sky, she lighted in the window of the ark. Our city is a lovely Zion to us. We clasp its whole circumference to our hearts. We are of David's mind about his Jerusalem. The very

stones are precious to us, and we love the dust thereof; nor is there a wall or corner, portal or pillar, be it friend's or stranger's, that does not find favor in our sight. Our own dwelling, with every gray look and weather-stain upon it, that seems to have mourned our desertion, and to have been long yearning for its inmates, — who shall describe the transport of its living or even its inanimate welcome? Our church, — the minister cannot tell, if the worshipper with him can, his emotions. The swell in the breast, instead of that on the sea; the tears that answer to the stormy shower; the low breathing of thanksgiving into which the gale has sunk; the heaving and melting of the whole nature after its struggle with the elemental forces, that, with snow and wind and cloud and rain, thoroughly sweep the floor of the creation, — testify that nothing beneath the sun, on this material stage, can match the interest of that scene, wherever laid, however produced, in which the very bosom of man makes its confessions.

But now wherefore is all this? What does it signify, that our greatest discovery in all the world, of worth and grandeur, should be precisely of that which was most familiar to us; nay, of what we left behind us when we departed, and fancied perhaps we were tired of staying in; that we should discover, not so much foreign cities, with lakes and forests and moun-

tains, as our own homes, our kindred and acquaintances and friends, all rising to us in a new light of intenser meaning; nothing be so novel, exciting, attractive, absorbing to the attention and curiosity of our whole mind and heart, as precisely what was most common and habitual in our experience; and no voyager, as he discerns yet untrodden islands or plants his flag on unclaimed continents, sensible of an ecstasy like that with which we see our ancient birthright? Oh, veritable and sublime revelation from heaven in the social nature of man! Oh, old and new, customary yet unpenetrated, superficial and fathomless, mystery of human life! Oh, strange and not understood source of joy and sorrow in the great deep of the human breast! Oh, marvellous creative power of God, that can sink in the most ordinary realities and feelings of our existence a spring whose fulness all the other wells of nature cannot equal, whose freshness all the heat and dust and trample of years cannot crust over or quench!

What is this singular quality of our constitution, to fix the brand of discontent upon the most alluring prodigies, and put the kindling of desire into the trite circumstances of our lives? It is none other than the simple heart and moral nature of man, which no travelling for pleasure and recreation, the world over, can quite satisfy. It is that we have a conscience to

be fed; and neither Rome nor the Alps can feed it. It is that we have affections to be exercised; and all the halls of Europe, with all the wild charms of the East, cannot furnish their objects. Ah, my friends! this soul of ours is hard to entertain, when we seek to fill it with entertainment. It scorns to be conciliated with expeditions and blandishments, even infinite and numberless, in place of the forsaken offices of daily obligation. Truly it requires an enormous flattery. It takes up rivers and seas as a very little thing; and all the pomps of the world are as a drop on the sponge to its devouring thirst. Thus the traveller, who had expected exemption from all toil and weariness, in unmingled and abounding rapture, is troubled with his soul to take care of and content, abroad as at home. The Gold Coast he sailed for turns to a sandy beach. A refugee from labors and pains, he finds himself under the same inveterate penalties; and, what was most important for him to do before he started, he sees is most important still, — namely, to be sorry for his sins, and make his peace with God. So he shuts his lids upon the splendors of Paris and Dresden, is tired of Versailles and the Vatican, and, from jewelled chambers and vaults of lavish cost, longs to retire and adjust the serious claims of existence. Love and duty, the great bonds and underlying foundations of our thought and

action, necessities of life to a moral creature, first of all indispensable to be supplied, — ah! they cannot find their scope in the spaces hung with works the most magnificent of human hands. They cannot gather their food from the heights sublime, where the mountain goats browze, or the patches of glittering snow, where the chamois, looking like spots in the sun, suck sustenance; but only in the habitations and paths where human relationships grow, and the intercourse of friendly service goes on.

One, by your bounty late a traveller, thankful for his opportunities, and cheerfully owning the indubitable benefits of travel, comes then, nevertheless, gravely to declare here to-day, that he regards home as the most desirable condition of human life, the greatest achievement on earth of man, and the finest mercy of God. Believing that the wish of many for roving, which spreads a rosy color over the distant landscape, is a mistaken fancy, founded on false ideas, and needing to be chastened rather than indulged, he comes to say to those who may mourn their inability to sally forth, — You are better off at home, far better off in the manifold ties, you may regret, that hold you to your station, and will not let you go. Is your interest in things around you blunted? Sharpen it with your moral sense, and make it fresh with a more devoted heart.

I shall not be churlishly wanting in the particular praise and eulogy of whatever is favorable to human improvement in the traveller's career. Yet, in the general sentence and large decision, I hesitate not to affirm, that those are exaggerated estimates and over-sanguine expectations by which the crown of life is remotely sought in any change of place, and that the real good and joy is just to be at home.

Yet truly to be at home, — what is it? It is not merely to dwell in chambers of wood and stone, to stay in one spot, to keep within city-limits, to pace a uniform track to and fro in the street, and move in a narrow circle of persons; but to have a sphere for the exertion of our powers, for discharging, through regular labors and by the manifestation of lofty and disciplined sentiments, the obligations of existence to the common blessing. For awhile, the traveller drops this fine and beautiful bondage of toil, in his business or profession, for the general good. Instead of looking after others, he looks out for himself, for his own amusement or benefit. He seeks to be stirred by this or that object, and astonished in one or another situation. He stands to be thrilled by the flash of torrents, and roused with the roar of cascades. He gazes, for his own enchantment, from the top of mountains; pierces, after strange stimulus, into the sparkle of mines; walks through miles on miles of canvas, or

amid a population of marble, to entertain his eye and luxuriate his fancy; or, going from the sublime to the ridiculous, exercises his economic wit to drive bargains as to the sum for which all this glory is to be bought. The noble traveller will indeed somehow convert whatever he enjoys to others' welfare. But, if not noble, — and, when not noble, he is very mean, — then he covets only his own gratification. Sometimes he loses a former love and loyalty which had inspired him, and falls from the grace of his childhood and youth. With worldly wisdom, he becomes falsely wise to explode as follies the best practices and feelings of his foregoing life; in the hurry of his movements and adventures, leaves behind his Bible, and forgets his prayers; amid glare and circumstance, despises the simple worship in which he was bred. He lets a superficial and taking glory, like the gaudy color of a candle, put out the daylight of the spiritual church. Perhaps he counts it a foreign and travelled dignity on his return to leave his once accustomed seat for devotion unoccupied; looks contemptuously at common men, who have not been so far as he has; and then, of course, loses the thought of God, the Father of men, and deems the whole march of virtue and religion but the imposition of an empty show.

Nay, the reckless traveller may miss the direct

objects of travel itself. If the animal nature in him be strong, you will see him going to the rich variety and pampering delicacy of the feast with more relish than to the treasures of the Louvre, or the passes of the hills; if he be selfish and irritable, you will see him indulging with impunity, and borne unchallenged and miserably safe to moral ruin by the passions that had made him odious and sorely questioned in his own house. I am sorry to say it, but it is morally dangerous to travel; for the traveller's object, more than the citizen's, is himself. He is usually travelling, as to a proverb we call it, for pleasure. As he peers keenly out for his own advantage to compass best and cheapest all he is in search of, though the very top and flower of the outward universe be his pursuit, his character is peculiarly exposed; and often, after a considerable period, growing dry and hard, plainly evinces that it has been taken out of that cool shelter of the domestic charities, which is the best garden in the world, to bake in the blazing sun. If one, then, fairly encounters all the liabilities of a long journey, makes and settles all the contracts of his way, greets and says farewell to the official multitude, runs the gauntlet of trial and exposure that stretches from one end of Europe to the other, and comes out heart-whole, with his simplicity uncorrupted, his feelings fresh, and his innocence without a

stain; with the warm gush still unobstructed of that double fountain that leaps at once to God and man; keeping his old Sunday-feelings unhurt through the martial parade, theatric pomp, and sensual excess of continental life; contrary to the polluting proverb, among the Romans refusing to do as the Romans do, unless when the Romans do right; in fine, losing none of the inner health while he re-establishes that of the physical man. — I have sometimes thought he must be a wonder of excellent nature or a miracle of preserving grace. Were crossing the sea and sojourning in foreign lands a specific for wisdom or a high school for virtue, in the name of Heaven, should everybody, who can be excused, set out. But, alas! wisdom and virtue are not so cheap. They are not goods sold in the market. I have not found them among the manufactures of any country I have visited. Most men seem no better or wiser, no more eloquent or devout, no more able or useful, after they come home than when they went away. 'Tis true as when the classic poet wrote, "The sky, and not the mind, they change who run over the deep." A great display, a vast field of knowledge, no doubt, it is to be shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. But nothing in them all countervails the Saviour's declaration, that the kingdom of heaven is within you. Do you grudge any one his admission into

so grand a theatre, to observe this stupendous play enacted by nations beneath the sun? Do you pine and murmur that you are fastened to your task, which, losing all spiritual regard and divine anointing of your vision to perceive the value of common things, you have, with melancholy degradation, come to regard as but grinding in some mill of the Philistines, while he wanders at will? Let me tell you, if the two must be compared, an infinitely greater boon is in your task than in his wandering, and more joy from your affections than his chance inclinations.

Yes, my friends, this is the simple report I make to you, that the moral nature, with the loving heart, in the actions they prompt, alone can bless, transfigure, and glorify our human life. I saw a woman on foot, amid the slopes of Northern Italy, leading along by a halter of rope an ass, on which sat her pale, consumptive son, — he in his youth, she in her age; and, as I reclined well at ease in my coach, and, through the sunny air, gazed at the tremendous snowy peaks beyond, I thought them more blessed in their way of travelling than I in mine; for I was reminded of the spirit of him who once travelled likewise in Judea. I saw a man coarsely plastering the posts of a little building in the great commercial city of England; and, after the hard day's toil, he surveyed his humble work with a sort of satisfaction illumining his face

that I could not remember to have derived from York or Milan, Cologne or Strasburg. It was the moral satisfaction of faithful effort to do his part for the improvement of the world. I talked with one, bronzed with all the climates of the West and the East, looking like a column of strength, proof against any kind of dissolving or harm. I ventured, however, to congratulate him on his coming back to his home. "Ah, sir," he answered, "but to a home how altered! — my family broken up, my kindred gone, my mother vanished unseen!" These feelings about home are deep, I murmured forth, as he came to an embarrassing pause. "Very deep, sir," he rejoined; and rose, and walked away. In the far-off city of Salzburg, alone in my room, my companions out, I listened to the chimes of peculiar sweetness and pathos, that, from the belfry there, ring out tune after tune, in melody unrivalled, through large part of some of the passing hours, till they seemed sounding on to me from five thousand miles away; and those airy, invisible notes, better than could the touches of any pencil, gave me, full and clear, the colors of my abode and birthplace and dear native land. I leaned to read the letters, those little messengers, that like a bird of the air carry the matter, and so surely surmount the billows and scale the summits of the globe, with tidings from our beloved, whose preciousness

none but those who have been far away can understand, pursuing their swift path undaunted, day and night, as though, in their cold tissue, they bore a flaming fire, kindling human hearts to responsive glow through the vastness of the globe. While I took my share of the vital heat they circulate through the massive frame of the world, tributes from my eyes, pure, I think, though I would not be presumptuous, as libations that old worshippers poured upon their altars, flowed out, as the mingling, a mixture that will not be despised, of earthly sympathy with gratitude to God. As these pictures of real life asserted precedence in my soul of all that adorn the ample galleries of the old world, I cried out, in solemn invocation, — "O duty, — duty, that hast thy seat in the divine Mind, and art born of the everlasting holiness of God, — duty, whose root is planted deepest of all things in the soul of man, — bind me, too, and rebind me with thy cords! Set for me, to the end of my life, thy daily stint again, and consecrate me to my Maker's service in that of my fellow-men! Yea, rather than all smoothness and comfort, lay, I entreat thee, upon my shoulders thy rough benediction, if only thou wilt let thy peace, that passes understanding, be in my heart! And O love! duty's companion, before the glories of the world, I choose thee. From the ends of the earth, I come back to thee. I

pray thee inspire once more my breast, and set me in thy complete circle. I implore thee not to move others' hearts towards me, but my heart towards others; for, made to thrill at every sigh of good will, and tremble at ever motion of kindness, I know it is not safe to be loved, without loving an over-proportion in return. Grant me, therefore, thy spring from the infinite Goodness, to be in my bosom, with its pure, spontaneous, eternal stream!"

For myself, brethren, in this comparison, I know very well what I leave abroad, and what I come to at home. Incomparable scenery of mountains and gulfs; matchless buildings, to whose vast solidity all our edifices seem ephemeral insect-formations; works of beauty, in oil and marble, to whose standard nothing here makes any approach; natural and artistic lustres gleaming out, just glanced at and passed by, — for nobody who travels for a few months, though he may boast the extent of his course and the many points it has taken in, gets more than a glimpse of the inexhaustible beauty, taking in but as a drop of the sea; with many other things of fame, almost within grasp, yet unvisited; beside all the allurements, to an intelligent observation, of diverse nations, customs, and institutions; all these things I leave. And I come to a post of severe and unremitting labor. I come to visit the sick. I come to cheer, if I can,

the sorrowful. I come to help the heavy-laden. I come to stand by the old, the weak, the sinking. I come to eke out others' infirmities, as far as any strength I have will go, and to clear up others' doubts, if any faintest ray of light I am able to shed will do it. Beds of disease, coffins dressed for the tomb, chambers of mourning, confinement, and want, will furnish the scene and the drapery for which I exchange whatever is grand and graceful in Tyrolese lakes and Swiss summits, with whatever there may be of dignity or gayety to admire or participate in the chief cities of the world; while almost the only alternation I expect from this kind of social occupation is hewing out, with solitary sweat, in patient privacy, for your further edification, some little stones from the everlasting quarry of truth. To all this work, let me add, the very warmth of your welcome, with the well-reciprocated cordiality of your regard, only binds me with greater closeness; thus casting, with the first steps again my feet took in the sanctuary, no light, sunny pleasure around me, but sober shadows on my brow. Yet I have not one regret to utter. I have not the first complaint to make. Calmly I prefer the task to the pleasure. I love my business more than my entertainment. I magnify my office beyond all the boastings of any pilgrimage, though to the very gates of the sun. And my home, — oh! I set my home

above all the haunts of strangers and the proudest and most eminent sites of the globe. Wherefore have I returned so soon, against your kindly permission and many urgent requests that I would abide beyond? Because I did not want to stay any longer. Had I used your large allowance to pitch my moving tent season after season away from my connections of service in my place, I know, even I, in my humility of powers, should hear the voice that thousands of years ago startled the rocky echoes of Mount Horeb, — "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

Justly to balance my general argument, I must not omit to say, of the relative claims of home and travel, that I have considered these two as ordinary, continuous modes of existence. But I am, of course, aware that travelling is commonly but a rare and brief exception to the domestic state; and that its occasional interval in the cares and endeavors of life may, to laborious and earnest men, be a season of unspeakable value for health, refreshment, instruction, and preparation to greater vigor and usefulness. To a quiet and affectionate nature, indeed, it is no very pleasing thing to be for ever pushing on; mixing in the noise and bustle of hotels; arranging with agents and conveyers; calculating foreign coinages; stammering strange languages; braving heat and cold, rude and stormy weather; clinging as a perpetual appen-

dage to a passport, — although, thank God, not in dear old mother England any more than in our own precincts; looking after and lifting and counting pieces of baggage; remembering a thousand things of purely material quality; a sudden unskilful financier binding gold and paper money round his body, and having a petty anxiety of detail and routine for ever tied to his soul. But all these are but the disagreeable means of compassing great and precious ends. Those most sensitive to the trouble and inconvenience may be most susceptible of the benefits; for suffering often burns lessons deeper than they can be impressed by joy. You become a fifth wheel to the carriage, worn and bruised and restless, in order that you may roll on into beauty and sublimity, once seen never to be forgotten; an inalienable possession, to delight with unfading charms the memory and stream forth richly into all future days. Well, in the old Bible, is it said that there is a price for knowledge. Rightly to travel is to pay a dear price to purchase a great privilege and pleasure, — to be taught what might never be communicated by books, even the greatest and wisest. The intellectual nature, long sunk perhaps in the dull rut of mechanical conduct, receives from it an emancipating shock. The whole man experiences a revolution, sundering that power of habit which puts a new coil of its chain

around us with every advancing year. A kind of regeneration goes on in his thoughts. Weaned from local prejudices and provincial peculiarities, he may begin a new life of reflection with more vivid imagination of his relations, and truer devotion to a discharge of the tasks they impose. All this, however, provided strictly that to realize it be in his aim. If he goes, in the vulgar saying, merely to have a good time; to spend the money no charity could ever win from him; to get rid of the load of idleness under which he could not tell what to do with himself; to eat and drink, and keep the company of the slothful and dissipated; to sit at his cups or his cards while the richest and rarest charms wait unregarded without, the ocean tossing, the river rolling, the mountain soaring, and picture and statue shining to solicit his attention, otherwise engaged, in vain, — then is he not furthered, though he measure all the parallels, and traverse every meridian, but substantially the same worthless creature everybody knew him before he started. But if he have a cultivated sensibility, or what the simple Scriptures call a seeing eye, a hearing ear, and an understanding heart; if he is taking only a vacation from serious duty in temporary absence; if he remember that, at home or abroad, the first duties of a human being remain the same, — to repent of his errors and do God's will, and multiply the amount of

human happiness; and if, in all his way, he seek to be taught their wider fulfilment, — he will experience in his entire frame of body and mind an extraordinary profit for all coming time. A needless giving-up of home to roam the world for self-gratification evinces only an ungenerous nature, that will lose humane moisture at every step. But they who, from all their career, gather wealth for their homes and their fellow-creatures, — as I am glad to believe a considerable proportion of travellers do, — are blessed pilgrims and righteous sojourners with them of old.

With such considerations to modify the warning strain, and follow upon the more important suggestions of this discourse, I freely acknowledge that I cannot look with an evil eye on this spectacle of the travelling world, which becomes ever more wide and mighty with every successive modern year. Indeed, the best of all reasons, however we may speculate, are in the very inclining of our nature; and, if man has a strong and irresistible tendency to rest, he has another strong and irresistible tendency to motion. The child loves to lie still in its mother's arms. But, as soon as it can use its limbs, you will see it make earnestly and bravely, though tottering, for some object on the nursery-floor. This is the beginning and signal of all travelling; the exact type of the feeling with which, in the infancy of the race, the adventurous Phœnician

steers his bark round the promontory, or the Indian puts forth his caravan across the desert, — till upon progress comes intercommunication; and, upon intercommunication, commerce; and, upon commerce, the breaking up of barbarism, and the colonizing of remote borders; all that we call civilization, with wave on wave of influence, finally reaching a new world, bringing up to play its part the generation we belong to, and wondrously at last sending back the pilgrim, who once sought here the disclosures of the setting sun, to explore Asiatic territories, and find his fortunes in the oriental cradle of the race.

Having offered admonitions and criticisms, such as I thought to be required, I will therefore take care not to offend, but rather pay homage to the genius that has so altered and improved the sphere, and has brought in such wonderful inventions to serve his purposes, using half the means of the race for mere locomotion, to get from one point to another, and spreading myriad wings to second in its flights the winged soul, — for, as Plato reasoned and Homer sang, the soul has wings; and, if it crave rest, in the somewhat paradoxical language of the Psalmist, it would "fly away, and be at rest." So, homage to the genius of science and art, that, to its corporeal weight and slowness, adds the pinions; nay, in chariots of fire speeds it at its will, and on revolving wheels,

through opposing wave and breeze, bears it on to conquer difficulties in token and presage of its universal victory; drawing aid for it by a million threads, without confusion, through the circle of the earth; placing one creature in this position and another in that, by hills or in valleys, in cities and along shores, as though nature's own carriage were employed, with a lordlier privilege than ever belonged to princes in cars of silver and gold, to transport all her offspring to their several destinations, with the power of gravity and the precision of light. No, I will not insult, but speak fair to, the rising genius, that I and we all are so indebted to; the genius which, as I am well aware, the foremost nations of the world have principally cherished and obeyed; which England so much, and now America no less, if not even more, it is said, follows. I will not, with any disparagement, call in doubt the predominating beneficence, in our age, of his reign. Only let the genius allow me to put my home first, to prize it beyond all his excursions, and return to it, from the ride he gives me, as the settled choice for peace and gladness of my soul. Nay, — so far from really intending to do any despite to this fine benefactor of the motive force, I propose, God willing, in a short series of discourses, to unfold to you some of the lessons which, through its mediation, I seem to myself to have learned respecting the beauty of the world, the

achievements of human art, the demonstrations of religion, and the nature, history, and destiny of mankind; gathering out of the mass of my impressions such as may appear fitted to the proper style, and solemn design, in the light of God's word, of pulpit address.

Meantime, only let me, like the dove that flew over the primeval deep, rejoice in my return to the ark, — the ark of my house, where I desire to live and die; the ark of my church, where I see the people whom I love and honor, and am willing to be spent for; the ark of my country, which, though, like Noah's ark and every earthly structure, it contain of all kinds, clean and unclean, is yet a refuge and breathing-spot for wanderers from the whole waste of the world; which feels to the sole of its children's feet as does no other soil beneath these covering heavens; and the filial love for which, if it can be increased in a true American's bosom, is increased abundantly by all he sees in every other nation and kindred and tribe and tongue.

The Voice of Twenty Years:

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH

ON THE FIRST DAY OF MARCH,

Being the Twentieth Anniversary of his Ordination,

BY

C. A. BARTOL,

JUNIOR MINISTER.

BOSTON:

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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

Boston, March 6, 1857.

My dear Friend,

By vote of the Standing Committee of the West-Boston Society, I am requested to ask of you, for the press, the interesting Sermon preached on the Twentieth Anniversary of your Ordination, that copies may be distributed among your parishioners. Believing that the Discourse will have a tendency to strengthen the bonds and quicken the sympathies among your people,

I am, very sincerely, your friend,

ALEX. WADSWORTH,
Chairman of the Standing Committee.

Rev. C. A. Bartol.

Boston, March 10, 1857.

My dear Friend,

My Discourse was in its nature so confidential, as of one talking in his own family, that only for such a purpose as you name could I think of its being put in print. Leaving this to the judgment you have passed, cordially thanking the Committee for their vote, and you for the kindly terms of its communication, I yield to your request.

With love evermore to the flock,

C. A. BARTOL.

Deacon Alexander Wadsworth, Esq.,
Chairman of the Standing Committee of the West Church,
Boston.

DISCOURSE.

Gen. xxxi. 38: "THESE TWENTY YEARS HAVE I BEEN WITH THEE."

THAT an appearance of egotism in the form of discourse is sometimes necessary to truth in its substance, not only Jacob, but Moses and David, and all the prophets, with Paul and John and Jesus, nay, all human experience, might be quoted to prove. But a public speaker, in the pulpit especially, should refer to himself no more than may be of serious moment to his hearers; and this rule will make the personalities of preaching rare: so that, though it is a score of years, to an hour, since the ordaining hands were here laid on my head, I should not notice the fact but for thinking, that, by some retrospect of our course together, I could best serve you on this communion-day, as a teacher considers his reviews with his scholars the most profitable of all his lessons.

But wherein does the interest of such a design consist? In the lapse of so much time in this our wedded relation? Surely not: upon that I shall not put a finger's weight of emphasis. It is in itself a matter of no concern that I have been with you twenty years; that this tie has been

so permanent, while others between minister and people have been so transient (scarce ten out of a hundred in any active service in this city counting so long a date); that I have been willing to remain, and you to keep me; that nobody has wanted to get away your pastor, and nobody in the world could have gotten him; that the sun has brightened his belt so often, till most of a generation has gone since first I spoke with you; that, during this interval, so much change, far as the empire of change can reach, has passed on the aspect of all things, so that I should hardly know my own society by sight, if I had not known and loved it from the beginning; the turning of so many light silken locks dark, and dark ones hoary, and smoothing the hoary with the dark and silken by pious hands for final slumber in those beds we call graves, till a bier has been in almost every one of your houses, and funeral after funeral gone from not a few single abodes;— though such a sketch shows the ordinary line of anniversary topics, yet in nothing of all this, in no eventfulness, no durableness, no ceasing of any external conditions, do I find the consequence to be magnified in our regard or commemoration. Such a recollection would, in our shortcomings and unfinished work, as well as in our sorrows, show more reason to shudder than to sing. Not what has been going on in the world of sense, but with simultaneous order in the soul, can compute the significance of our life. If all is safe and prospering in ourselves, whether the incidents befalling us be sad or happy, let the years brush away what heaps of dust and circumstance they will.

Least of all can either what runs out or is materially fixed give the grandeur or joy we seek to a religious

epoch. Not that we have been able, with these bodies like insects, to cling to the globe so long, while it has still restlessly spun in its orbit, is ground for our congratulation. Dead stones and useless ruins in Mexico and Egypt have done that much longer. I care not what of this earth has kept up with me or been left behind. But if any thing worthy amid this perpetual motion abides, if any thing of spiritual value for us transpires and is established while the fashion of the world passeth away, then for that, as the old patriarchs set up their pillars, let us have signal rejoicing, till festivity triumph over sorrow and pain.

Thank God, brethren, such occasion we have! Thank God, with all our decline and loss, there is something in this existence of ours that stays and grows and promises, and looks on even to endless prospects! An identity of being, that keeps this active, struggling nature the same in memory and hope; a truth of God, in our bond with him as his offspring; a law of God, laying the same sublime demand of never-quite-attained perfection on the imperishable moral sense; a revelation of God, converting that ghastly spectacle of narrow coffins we seal among the clods to a vision of glorious seats and measureless angelic circles in the mansions and free ranges of the sky,— these things abide, do not alter, but wax in power, become ever more solid to our thought with the waste of mortality, and demonstrate themselves to our convictions in fuller clearness by contrast with the very succession of occurrences, the havoc of death and dimness that falls on all earthly things. Why should men number with such stress, and vainglorious call for admiration, the years they have spent here or there? Time is nothing; space is nothing: spirit is all. Time and space are mere vessels, of no more

intrinsic value than dry buckets never filled. To the unfaithful, unspiritual, sensual, they are but the hopeless sieves, in which, the old mythology tells us, some for their wasteful crimes were condemned to draw water in the infernal world, the flood escaping as fast as it was caught. That fable must have been written for the worshippers of space and the slaves of time. What you put into and can keep in them is every thing; and nothing is venerable in a frivolous career, though it come to its centennial birthday, and appear before us with all the flowers of the almond-tree. Men stand and wonder, as I have done, within the curious stone-rounds of the Druids' worship; but one warm hosanna or one pulsation of kindness from the living breast is more precious than all the ages of cruel, superstitious forms. Not the things that crumble, but those that continue, be for us to name and celebrate in our jubilee! And these things, my friends, are the same as ever; the same as when, through the whistling wind and the bright sun, — such March weather as this, — on the first day of spring, (ah! would God some fruit in the great autumn and harvest of life might prove at last to have been foreshown in the season!) twenty years ago, we came up hither for a new consecration to the Lord. I trembled with you then before the very Power at which we tremble now; I trusted with you the same mercy, and yet seek the same rest. It is a city that hath foundations which we long for, and we have received a kingdom that cannot be moved; and those old forms of procedure, words of charge and fellowship and prayer, sermon and song, I so vividly remember, as before an unknown throng I stood so confused, — my induction hither, — were but the fading vesture of a day for what will stand after as before the foundation of the

world, the hold we have of which, from that time to this, is alone in question.

What, then, has the long union accomplished for this? If the voice of twenty years pronounce that aught has been done here to show and own the adorableness of that Might Supreme we seemed and professed to recognize; to win our trust in that love, stronger even than the Godhead's strength; to open unto sick and grieved and weary souls the gates of heaven, and disclose a vision of our beloved within them, while yet we wait and knock without; if the spirit of Jesus Christ has become more dear to us here below, and we more dear to one another, and the Father of all more nigh to our pausing feet in his temple, — then we may turn back the leaves, and stop to make a note, in this volume of twenty years; for devotion and friendship are among the things that shall last. For my ordinary business here of interrogating how with each one of us this may be, and dismissing the congregation under the burden of the divine law and the eye of its own self-scrutiny, may I for once indulge myself with uttering instead my persuasion of the real forwarding among us of the holy design described? Brethren, I doubt not it is so. Humbly, gratefully, not willing to be self-deceived, all fond fancy borne down under the sobriety of this moment, whose thin line, like steel, cuts off the mass of twenty years for ever, I believe it so to be. With tears of gladness, and a thrill of pleasure no tears or smiles could ever express, I admit our connection to have been not in vain; and that the swelling of our numbers and the prosperity of our affairs are but superficial signs of the springing — yet, oh, how much cause still for it to advance and ripen! — of faith and charity and mutual fellowship, these mighty, eternal things in our souls.

You will perceive that it is with no simply historic purpose, no antiquarian love of statistics, that I take the twenty years for my theme. On the contrary, meaning no disrespect to the genius for facts, I profess that it is of no interest to me that a thing has been. Nothing in the past do I value, save for its power to keep its footing into the present, and project its shadow into the future. I care for no history that does not suggest action, for no memory that does not transform itself into hope. The future, the future alone, for us is virtue and joy, and our home. Of some improvements indeed in our state, during the twenty years, I would take grateful account. That we have a more copious and satisfying book of hymns for our devotions; that we have obtained to the house of the Lord this ample gateway, due to his honor, with its summer-leaf and fountain, corresponding to the beauty of holiness that should adorn Zion; that the other apartment of our sanctuary has been enlarged, and adapted for the instruction of the young; that a marble font, ever in our sight, here symbolizes the purity whose added emblem in the baptismal water I could wish were more often sought; especially all the new circles and meetings among us that show a deeper religious and benevolent affection, — are visible occasions of gladness. I thank God we have had nothing of the great staple of history, ecclesiastical as well as civil, — namely, quarrelling and strife; and for the rest, let me say, it is a law of moral progress to let no minor details or particulars, however pleasant, divert our attention from general ideas and grand aims.

Though, therefore, my text is of the twenty years for ever gone, I shall not ask you to bow your heads, and salute time mournfully with grief or hostile reproach. For time as a

thief and a robber, as he appears to most persons, stealing our goods, I have, indeed, no particular respect; but such is not the great character and office of time. How many things, verily, he bears and has borne from us! How much we see going down the undelaying stream! Like chips and straw and children's paper-boats, or great buildings on the freshet, behold youth and wealth and honor and beauty, proud names and fair worldly renown, at the mercy of the tide! But it is not true, it is calumny and a lie, to say, as is often said, that time washes or can wash off all, and every thing must drop from our grasp into the resistless, treacherous wave. Nay: rather, as the glorious rivers bring to the soil, in richness and fertility, more than they carry by; so time, though for ever undermining our terrestrial foundations, may fetch to us opulence infinitely exceeding the plunder he takes. Refuse and muddy alluvium are swept out of reach by the very river that conveys ships with their cargoes to ports and towns on its banks: so time removes only what is worthless, and bestows upon us excellence and riches to retain. Therefore, for one, I will not join with any who apostrophize time as a swindler and cheat, but call him benefactor and prince. Time enlarges our experience of the goodness of God. Time, and what but that, convinces us of the sweetness and loyalty of human affections? and all confidence is the slow growth of time. Time, by our experience of its instructive and consoling virtue, confirms our belief in heavenly truth. Time unfolds our faculties into broad and blessed exercise, beyond all the poor childish delights it is the fashion with some foolishly to exaggerate, and lament their necessity to leave. As, too, while we grow older, time turns the stars for every babe, from tiny sparkles to glorious worlds, so it exalts alike our weak notions into grand

conceptions of heavenly progress and felicity; till, having well and nobly done all these its functions, time modestly retires, and lets eternity shine in upon us through itself. Not cursed, but blessed, be time! Surely I will say so of the time to which I refer. A little more than twenty years ago, I was an utter stranger in this town. How often I paced its streets, and saw not a house at whose door I had privilege to stop, or a person with whom any acquaintance allowed me to converse! Need I say what the time since has not wrested from but brought to me? — how largely I have been, not a lender with it, but a borrower, and am deep now, not in its credit, but in debt I can never hope to pay? Church and home and friends and sacred ties, knit by time beyond its power to ravel out, I owe to the twenty years. Whatever sphere of action, whatever scope for speech, whatever possibility of usefulness to others or higher culture for myself, belong to me in this world, have come with the twenty years' time. As respects you, I must scarce run the risk of those emotions that overmaster us when we open their flood-gates by speaking of what I have received. "I *was* a stranger, and ye took me in." In this household of your solemnities, which gathers your families into one as the last heavenly reaper shall his sheaves, how feebly at first I strove at my task! Yet seeing my wish, and some, however faint, gleam for expectation of better things, how patiently you bore with me you may know as well as I, though you cannot feel as keenly. I have never attempted, as I could nowise have conveyed, the offering of gratitude to those, who, through all the weariness and failure of my commencing tasks, never mistrusted or forsook me; but — not even telling how far weakness and failure and moderate popular success are, for good reasons, among the very

subjects of my actual thanksgiving now — I reserve it with things beside not a few, which, unspeakable here, like what in the Apocalypse John is told to seal up and write not, may have voice in the language of another country hereafter. I will tell you there! Only to God, who hears our whispers, and collects in his auditory the very desires and motions of the human breast, shall the silent thanksgivings perpetually run for all of which he has made time to me his minister; knitting my heartstrings to so many whom I see here, and sit with by their own hearthstones yonder; making, I will not say, me dear to them, but them so dear to me; and giving me a society, which as my love prefers it to all beside, so my calm estimate cannot class it, for elements of intelligence or character, below any other; while that prayer the apostle enjoins for help in all our unbelief and unworthiness should by you and me be still put up "without ceasing;" for it is Christ's well in us which must needs flow perennially, if once it begin to flow.

In some respects, however, it is with conviction more doubtful and tremulous for the responsibility in which I am involved, that I must ask whether for you, too, these twenty years of time have been less prosperous than adverse, — done more against you than for you. Yet why should I falter or hesitate? You will not wrong the providence of God, I trust you need not disesteem the aspirations and efforts of your own souls, by saying so. If the simple instrumentalities here have been worked with more or less energy in your behalf, yet that Spirit, through and above them all seeking entrance into our common soul, can never have been idle or afar. Whatever has happened to you, by its secret influence or open ordination, must issue in good. I do not put out of sight what lies as wreck amid the break-

ers on the long shore we gaze back over of twenty years. It will return in glimpses, if it do not fasten our eye. I do not forget how many a vacancy time has made in your families, which you could hardly help feeling as a void in your hearts; but as, in a gallery or palace, one statue is often taken from a niche to make room for another more beautiful, so have not heavenly images in these inner chambers been substituted for the earthly? Time, too, has brought forward how many shapes anew of flesh and blood, heirs of the world and candidates for immortality, now sitting, feeling, rejoicing, there in those seats with you, while it has been translating children and parents into the ranks of cherubim and seraphim, with bodies that cannot sicken, garments that wear not out, and a life that never dies! And if the faith you profess be no empty thing, how can you, in payment for such visions, inconsolably mourn your resigning of a property merely outward in the embrace and sight of your hands and eyes? No: you might choose, as God decrees, its exchange for the everlasting property, whose tenure faileth not though the heavens be wrapped together as a scroll; and you cannot consider as the great deplorable event that death which is chief disburser of the treasure in time's hand.

Call it not envious time, then; libel it not as seizing our possessions without compensation. It does send those we cherish from sight, but only by uplifting them. It cuts wrinkles in our own cheeks, and whitely strews or sharply thins the hair on our heads; but its injuries to the earthly walls are in token of its soon letting us out of prison altogether. As the hymn reads, —

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;" —

but it bears them to the eternal ocean, to land them on the everlasting shore. Let us take up for our consolation the other hymn,—

> "Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
> Ye mortal powers, decay:
> Fast as ye bring the night of death,
> Ye bring eternal day."

This is the Christian conclusion, that death, the phantom, hath power over no reality. When a true man dies out of this world to live in another, his spirit does not wholly depart from hence, though it illustrate a loftier post; but, by a grander transmigration than the ancients dreamed of, passes into his compeers' and comrades' breast, turns those that never saw him into friends and admirers, lights up the scene of his labor, and can animate arctic ice, making it more vital than tropic growth in the track of his humanity and self-denial. There are winding-sheets manifold in twenty years woven, hillocks rounded, marble memorials cut, beauteous tents of mortal figures resolved to ashes. Oh, what notches time makes! and the toughest things are powder under his file. I reckon them not more than the fine sand sinking in the current's course. O mystery of time at work on earth and in heaven, I reckon rather what thou weavest and buildest and bearest us on to of robes and tabernacles and new looks and tongues and avocations there! Thou hast the key of God's exchequer, the boundless opulence of which thy rolling years that unlock it can alone display.

But to say nothing of our own inner gains or sublime anticipations, let us confess, that, in simply outward aspects, the twenty years have dealt kindly with us as a congregation. They have borne away by emigration a company, who, if

they should win their way back, would fill this building, and give none of us room in our seats. They have raised a second company of hundreds of souls, we will trust, to nobler stations, and worthier exercises of praise; and, in spirit, not unfrequently it is one of my pleasant occupations to pass from one to another of my three societies, worshipping with them separately, and as it were successively, now, hoping to adore with them all together by and by. But, within the present parochial charge, what advance time has wrought! I find myself conversing on equal terms, upon the great subjects of human knowledge, with how many persons whom it shocks me with sudden delight, at some rest, like the selah of a Hebrew psalm, in the conversation, to remember I once held as infants in my arms! They are fathers and mothers, whom I knew but as themselves objects of fatherly and motherly fondness and hope. They, indeed, are bowing to the grave whom I beheld in manhood's unabated vigor; but they are my companions and friends, who, when I first gazed upon this general scene, were not, save in the foreknowing, all-creating power of God: while I am sensible I myself am beyond the list of the young, in the midst of which at my settlement I stood, and have now my position among the mature, as, in processions regulated by age, the same persons with every revolving season are pushed farther forward. But see the host back of us, broadly, steadily, moving at our heels, that shall make our places good, whenever, like the head of vast processions, we, too, pass out of view within those folding doors of no earthly building, and the rear now of the great human army shall be front! "My Father worketh hitherto." Still his work in the universe unrolls in what beauty and wonder its endless diversity of patterns and signs! Still comes the human springtime; still

blooms this tender garden of the Lord, under the aged overshadowing growth, refreshing us with the blossoms of existence which shall make celestial regions bright and fragrant to our souls: for the angels of little children continually behold the face of the Father. Children, our delight here, will be our delight there.

In all simplicity let me say, I am happy in my relation to this flourishing flock. Save the intimate ones of kindred and home, it is almost the only relation upon whose cords my very life draws. Little else but you have I this side of heaven. How much, by all thought and habit and toil, I am identified with you! If I did not belong to you in the pulpit, I should be with you in the pews; and gladly, could you find some better conductor, would I beg for rest, and with you crave from such a one the bread of life I so poorly prepare; for, in some way of union, I do not exactly see how I could do without you now, unless Providence, the power we bend to, ordered, or death, his messenger, took me from my post. The twenty years have, in truth, been for me almost solely engagement in your service. I see not how the adoption of such a service leaves room for aught else. I have done, I have undertaken, nothing of importance beside. As the last ship of the naval architect contains all his improvements, I have still hoped that a sermon, that little bark to convey souls over life's sea heavenward, in what I conceive properly belongs to it, I might still some time preach before I died. But I have had no acceptance or reputation beyond you in view, — no, none; for my little appearances through the press, before the community at large, have always been secondary appearances of what had its primary presentation for your behoof, like the waste-water once used by the dashing wheels to weave in the factory or propel the vessel,

and then floating lightly in foam away, — mere wake and after-piece.

The sum of these twenty years' exclusive and devoted work in private visits and public discourse I should not dare, if I were able and it became me, to estimate. Being a Christian preacher, I will only say, that the Christianity I have endeavored to explain and apply seems to me well worth all the study and the toil. It has lost no jot of my regard, as it has had all of my power. It has only and ever grown in my feeling of its value. Like a mine, deposit of ages or offshoot of central fires, the thorough working of which shows wealth unimagined when ardent hope with glancing blow first scratched its glittering top, this golden vein of the soil and rock I work in has no exhaustion or end. No constancy and repetition of the strokes have either worn off its gloss or searched out its depth. Not as a scheme of dogma, not as a party-creed of Rome or any of the rebels to her sway, but a system of life organic in the person and truth and spirit of Jesus Christ, disowning all mastery, casting off all authority under him, I have found it fruitful in every direction of human welfare, — the cure of sin, the comfort of pain, the cause of humanity, the seed of reform, the principle of freedom, the bond of perfect and blissful service to God and our fellow-creatures. I believe in testifying; and I bear my sober testimony thus. This is the voice at least of twenty years: you know it is the voice of twenty hundreds of years. But human nature is the same; and what can enlighten and redeem one generation may be the salvation of all. Sixty centuries no more than a moment could demonstrate the veritable rapture and virtue, having all eternity in it, of the human breast; and I expect the testimony we render to our Mas-

ter, our race through all its being, mortal or translated, will own. As we sail over life's solemn sea, this needle of our faith may seem to vary with our place; but it is only because of its obedience to the pole.

This Christianity, in its applications, I preach. I am grateful for all your toleration of whatever painful as well as pleasant words, respecting private customs or public institutions, I have felt it my bounden duty to speak. May I with no immodesty declare, I have had no choice in what I should say? I have said what I must. That any whom I have grieved, with language or sentiments in which they could not agree, have not abandoned me, or turned averted looks, that I have ever observed, upon me, or uttered in my hearing one unkindly word, — no, not for twenty years, — gentle friends, forbearing parishioners, my thanks! Pardon, too, I entreat of you, and still more of God, for whatever has been ill advised in my judgment, untempered in my expressions, narrow in my spirit, or wrong in my manner and tone!

But now, as Jacob only looked back twenty years, that, like an athlete in the games, taking one step behind, he might leap more vigorously forth along his providential way, so let us march! Let the voices from the past not summon us like the drums beating a retreat, but cheer and speed us on. Our vessel is not moored in the harbor here for merriment, but for repair. Let us woo every breeze that will bear us to our haven, avoiding the contrary and the baffling winds. I call upon all who have lived and worshipped with us, now scattered over the earth, or sometimes meeting one another in distant journeys, as I have met them, to unite their influences for our admonition and courage. The wayfarer will breathe a benediction towards this spot of his

nurture as the prayers he learned here rise out of billows, on mountains, or in foreign cities, from his lips. The aged, twenty years ago firm as the columns here, but some of them confined this day to their chambers, will feel their souls fresh and tender with the love of life's morning for the courts that wakened their devotions, and sheltered from temptation their youth. The elder surviving shepherd, leaning on the crook he once extended to point out the path for the sheep and lambs to the pasture or the fold, will still bless those for whom he can no longer labor or be exposed; and whosoever has received light or comfort within these walls, to the sacred enclosure and all it contains must cordially wish well.

Oh, how ye crowd upon my thoughts, as though palpable to sight, ye who, for a while actively engaged in your prime here, have grown pale with disease; ye who, surrounded with the best of friends and kindred blood here, brought since special supplications to this altar, as you pined with grief; and ye who, long bearing forward the mighty interests of human piety here, have shifted the ark of the Lord to other shoulders, only because, yourselves, numbered with the dead, — no, not dead, like too many in the flesh, but of those that live truly still to minister life unto us! But bear witness all, as we adjure you, if any ray hence of the Sun of Righteousness has fallen on your path and cleared up your doubts; if any solace has soothed your distresses; if one glimmer from the heavens hath shown you for an instant your departed ones in glory; or any balm of hope, healing your wounds and anointing your vision within, hath made it easier for you to die, — we invoke you, spirits ascended or yet in tabernacles of clay, come, come, bear witness of it, that we of God's grace

may be possessed of the medicine and the boon that sufficed for your needs, and, in the dayspring from on high, walk through these bright or cloudy years to that year which opens clear as spring this morn, but turns to no winter, and runs to no end. So from the annual score shall we read off nothing but duty and love and hope. So shall the twenty years teach us as doth the universal history of the world; yea, an equivalent doctrine. We shall peruse in their book childhood, age, man, woman, marriage, parentage; the passions and errors of the human heart, — its capacities for purity, honor, and virtue; all stages of existence, — death their dark common period; and something, verily something, glistering through its realm of silence and nothingness to the wistful, awaiting soul. What can great volumes, annals of mighty empires, Assyrian or Greek, records of distant regions, traditions of antediluvian scenes, tell us more? Nothing can tell us more! This is the whole story. All else is but accompaniment, variation, illustration, of this wondrous being we spend and are, which time cannot waste, but sin only; which has but more life in possession and expectation the longer it lives truly, and the older it grows in fidelity; and which, TWENTY YEARS are enough to assure us, only by being good in the likeness, can be for ever happy in the will, of God.

THE KEY OF THE KINGDOM.

AN

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE

IN

BEDFORD STREET, BOSTON.

BY

C. A. BARTOL.

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ADDRESS.

Brethren, — It is remarkable, that, while we, clergy and laity, think so well of ourselves as to be scornfully careless of any undertaking of others to overset or refute us, we yet show our utter freedom from any distinctly corporate superciliousness in the fact that our great question now is whether we really have a name to live and be known by. An individual, born into the world without will of his own, has a right to *assume* a purpose in his existence; but a voluntary association must furnish an excuse for being. What business has it here? Why on God's earth should it continue? In regard to an ecclesiastical communion, nominally proposing the highest object conceivable, namely, how to make mankind religious together, the demand must be practically met, which unsympathizing and hostile people, with murder in their eyes, are ever ready to put, why it should not give up the ghost. Even so informal and unorganized a body as ours, that can scatter or join like the flying-artillery, whose surprising evolutions are the marvel of yonder Common, can justify its being only by its *influence*, its redeeming strength beyond itself. What have we to say to God's sentinel of progress, as he paces the walls of time, and shouts to us, *Who goes there?* Does somebody go

that can answer as a friend, with a defender's and deliverer's true password and signal? Are we a power for God and man?

Truly, I wonder not that Jesus himself, forming the first missionary band for the world's conversion, should have specified this very test, when to Peter, and afterwards to the other disciples, he signified the work to be done under that conspicuous symbol of power, the key to the kingdom of Heaven. Skilfully as deceptively has the Romish Church, loving images, seized on this so striking one. In apologue, engraving, or picture, who has not seen her favorite Apostle stand at the gate deciding who should go in or must stay out? What a part the figure with the keys, ecclesiastically propagated, and never without some apology for a descendant, has played in her scheme, and in poor copies of it in other pseudo-papacies! We believe in no such design of the Master to appoint official and arbitrary guards for his Church. We hold as illegitimate that splendid proxy for the poor fisherman, who has so long given his absolute sentence or casting-vote among the seven hills to decide the empire of the world.

But the old type of power nevertheless bespeaks its true interpretation, nay, entreats its omnipotent use at our hands. Indeed, it may be questioned whether poetry or parable is equal to producing another emblem of our office so just and comprehensive as *the key*. Whatever commands ingress or exit anywhere, in the world of matter or of mind, is *a key*. Thus there is the key of a country, harbor, instrument, military position, policy, language, science. There is a key to everything, and everything opens to him that has the key. We account our own soul a chamber deep, wide, and inaccessible, save to whosoever we choose to suffer to come in. But if any one has an experience like and deeper than ours, if he has thought and felt, known and suffered, in the same directions, with a force and vividness that put our vitality to shame, he has the *key* to our bosom; all our

secrets are at his mercy; he has only, as in the familiar story, with the password of "Open sesame!" to touch the spring, and all the folding-doors of our breast, tight as we have shut them, expand under his finger, like city-gates to a triumphal conqueror. What, then, is that key to the kingdom of Heaven, by our possession and effectual wielding of which alone we can vindicate our place and connection? This is the question I propose,—a question for us of life or death, of longer flourishing, or, without any crime in this sort of suicide, self-extinction. I propose it because we as much as Rome are in danger of mistaking the key for this particular gate of the heavenly realm, and it is well to note the mistakes we have made, or of which we should beware.

First, Criticism is not the key. The ability to show or put other believers or denominations in the wrong, will never lift up for them or us those everlasting doors to let the King of glory in. I preach no disallowing of criticism. It is indispensable. It has a province of no despicable importance. To detect and eliminate error, to assay in the hotter than chemist's furnace the strange mixture that would pass for truth and separate the most fine gold, to watch at our post against the intrusion of real heresy (for there is such a thing), and own and honor falsely stigmatized heretics as perhaps the best believers, to clear away the rubbish of ages from the avenue, and mark the pilgrim's path, may be the worthy function of criticism; but it is not to open or occupy the very kingdom of Heaven. We — if that majestic plural, applied by editors, politicians, and preachers to ten thousand things, defines anything as here by me pronounced—we are regarded and charged as being, by way of excess, if not of excellence, the critical sect. Of course the whole body of dissenters are critics of the old establishment. Such as we, who are here assembled, the comers-out from Protestantism and cream of Independency, have had to do a peculiar critical work, not yet finished;

and our manifold trenchant strokes have hardly, I fear, according to our name or nickname, been always considered *Liberal.* I shall not abnegate or despise our rational origin and lineage. I will not affront the dead whose spirits live. We began with a sort of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" in theology. We have done a noble and needful work thus. There has never been a finer criticism than we have supplied.

But criticism, necessary as it may be, and great as are the themes for its handling, — documents of the faith, authorships, periods, tongues, translations, history of the Church, creeds of Christendom, and enlightenings or sophistications of philosophy, — *criticism* altogether is but the preliminary and lowest properly religious exercise of our nature. In our pulpits, periodicals, debates, conversation, have we not now relatively too much of it? Everything can be criticised, even God himself. Reasoning has been defined as stating that, the opposite of which can be stated equally well. We suspect not our own inclinations. Nobody is so surprised as a censor to be told he is censorious. But it is a bad mind, whose chief attitude or instinctive tendency is to find fault, pick flaws, and throw stones. Pardon me, if I illustrate personally the criticism I condemn! It may be lawful to use its edge on ourselves.

But let us not own or keep criticism as a predominant characteristic. So it were a fatal criticism to ourselves indeed! We shall not gain the ear of the world or the heart of man by it. Criticism is the action mainly of the negative understanding. The understanding of man alone can never attain unto faith. The understanding separately, and in its own virtue alone, is not a believer. The negative may be a necessary brace for the positive; but the purely negative understanding is an infidel. Goethe, who has painted the most real devil any artist has given us, with what profound discernment makes his devil to be a denying spirit! What but this critical and over-particular, vitriolic

spirit, in private life, generates a thousand questions about little affairs, quarrels with others' manner of doing everything or with what they do, and insists on having everything its own way, complains that the door or the curtain, a book or a table-cloth, is not at just such a place or poise or angle, indeed is the chief bane of social and domestic joy, and has destroyed more happiness than the thunder-cloud of war muttering again over Europe! The Psalmist warns us not to fret ourselves even because of the wicked; and to dispute and wrangle all the time, even against error and errorists, is an unfruitful bestowment of the noble powers of man.

In the lower creation the noisy, irritable, objecting tribes, or specimens of a tribe, have the meanest rank in our esteem; and we value even a beast according to its positive character, shown in substantial perceptions and warm attachments. In passing a country estate one may observe — as I speak from experience — it is commonly the little dogs that run barking at his heels, and will not endure any foreign and unfamiliar life in sight; while the large ones of loftier breed, as with such grave demeanor they slowly perambulate the premises, seem very well to understand and decline to molest his peaceable purpose, and courteously accord a decent and well-behaved stranger's honest right to the road. Would that intellectual creatures had always grace and magnanimity enough at least not to contest with each other the simple right of way! We have, however, known men who rarely opened their mouths but to assail, to argue against, and, in the phrase I remember for thirty years to this day, from the mouth of a fellow-student, to doubt extensively any proposition. Criticism may be a club, a pruning-knife, an axe to clear the forest and fell trees that are in the way, or a fire to burn the baser growth and underbrush; but it is not the key. The mere mention of some names would at once reveal the gulf between the critic and the believer; for example, a modern and an ancient one, Strauss and Paul.

In the instructive anecdotes by Edward Jesse, we are told of a poodle, whom its master taught and disciplined to distinguish false notes in music, either of an instrument or a voice, till the creature became so thoroughly acquainted with and attentive to discords and other musical barbarisms, as to signalize their occurring, slight as was ever the mistake, in any performance, by a most expressive and emphatic yell. At concert or opera in the town of Darmstadt, in Germany, the notes of prima donna, or of violin, clarionet, hautbois, or bugle, must be in perfect tune, or this new sort of critic would sound forth her remonstrance outright on the spot, till she became a terror to all middling composers, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. But we are not informed that the faculty of the little brute went any further. It did not get beyond the department of the negative understanding. We do not learn that she could create or take part in the execution of a symphony. She could make no harmony, but only fire out with anger at such as violated it. She was no key to the great masters, Beethoven and Mozart, but only a sort of live tuning-fork to set or correct the pitch for any piece. The curious circumstance — an undoubted fact — may teach us that fault-finding is no high, sufficient, and saving motion of the human mind. It may suggest the possibility of our spending ourselves as *cynics* in condemning what comes short or is exceptionable in those whose actual merits and achievements for God's glory and his children's welfare far outstrip our own. It may convince some, whose utterance in the ear of the community is one prolonged or repeated, however powerful objurgation, that it is no panacea for our temper or others' cure to devote ourselves altogether or chiefly to what is evil and sinful and out of joint. It should persuade us all, that, while we seek and would direct to the kingdom of Heaven, criticism is not the key.

But there are finer keys, which yet cannot pierce the

wondrous lock, or make the door of the kingdom give way. Criticism is not wholly negative. When it affirms, it rises. The yea of criticism is science. Its affirmation of divine things is theology. But I need not say of this noblest of sciences, whose matchless benefit is to tell God's truth toward us, how little it possesses, and how the dissensions of its professors have disgusted the mind of the age. Not theological, but natural science interests the young and stirring intelligence of our own land. Not a few minds, that belong to or would naturally fall within our domain, seem trying to substitute science for religion. But it cannot be; and I deem it of consequence to say, natural science is not the key of the kingdom of Heaven. It *is* the key to the kingdom of Nature; but the kingdom of Nature and the kingdom of Heaven, however doubtless potentially coincident in the mind of God, are not, to any ordinary human apprehension, the same. Admitting no theory which opposes them to each other, declaring their real inseparableness and mutual pervasion, I must also aver that, in no common conception yet formed of them do they unite. The human soul, according to the powers it puts forth, has the choice to be in one or the other. In the possible, but rare ecstasy, that lifts and melts clearly together all its manifold capabilities, an individual mind may be in both at once. But with the vast majority, a million to one, the practical limits of human faculty or voluntary attention make science only the outer court of the temple; and how grossly plain it is, that many prefer to inhabit the vestibule, and not proceed into the sanctuary! Well, now, as of old, might we speak of philosophy as a *porch*, each school having its own entry or anteroom where it lives, caring not to sit in the inner chamber, or stand with bare head and worship under the glorious dome of the building! See what large part, not only of the general crowd of students and neophytes in learning, but of the most eminent names in various departments, are incurious of the great — yea, that greatest —

problem of our relation to the Infinite, and even protest against the introducing of any religious considerations, as an incongruity, nay, as apostasy from science, and would rule them out from their tribunal! A man of unsurpassed eminence in original research, whose name has been in all our mouths and ears, himself a noble exception to this remark, speaking of those able physical philosophers abroad, whose censure he was momentarily expecting for having presumed to find in the forms of nature the thoughts of God, made for them this apology, — that he did not think they after all meant to resist the notion of a Deity, but that they were so absorbed as to drop down exhausted each in his own furrow, and so were indisposed to pursue any track of investigation to its end in homage and faith to the Most High.

But, thank God! no sharply drawn line of any speciality of science is prerequisite to this end! No minute abstrusity of microscopic examination commands the goal. Every stalk that grows in the field, every straw that lies on the threshing-floor, the wing of every bird that flies in heaven, and every fin that oars the deep, furthers us just as well! The creeping, chirping, gliding, flashing myriad life I see in my walk answers, and is enough. It may be queried whether the author himself of the Essay on Classification owes his religious pen so much to any logic the sole, inalienable property of his own research, as he does to the loftier instinct of his generous and disinterested and religiously constituted soul, still acting when reasoning is weary and not suffering him to be weary, though the links sometimes drop, before he arrives at his Source, where all may be at rest; for we simple and ignorant people, as well as the wise and learned, want to get into the kingdom too!

But, with weariness from intellectual effort, and disuse of the surpassing energies, natural science is manifestly no key to the kingdom of Heaven. Indeed, there is a way of looking clearly, and, after a fashion, thoroughly, at the facts of

nature, without ever so much as touching the borders of that kingdom. It is to view those facts, as the senses show them, superficially related to each other, and, as calculation may disclose them, adapted to certain successive appearances and results, with a plea of ignorance that they have any beginning, purpose, or spiritual bond,— nay, branding as sheer presumption any pretence to a knowledge of their cause. This is that so-called *positive science*, to which the French Comte has given a name, but which has many professors and very many practitioners who would not care openly to take his lead. The real principle, the idol of so many, it is truly the weakest and most unnatural of all the superstitions of these times. It is a far worse superstition than the spiritualism you may despise. Key to the kingdom of Heaven indeed! There *is* no kingdom of Heaven on this ground at all. What need of a *key* without a *door?* O, what bitterness in sorrow, hopelessness of the future, worldliness in the present, and utter absence from God with thousands of men,— it may be our fellow-citizens,— arise thus!

But the facts of outward nature need not be — nay, it is not according to the nature of the soul that they should be — contemplated in this isolated and mechanical way. A man who should attempt a perfect exploration of the human frame by a survey purely of its cutaneous and muscular surfaces, having first carefully cut the nerves that conduct to the battery, and convey the wonderful, incomprehensible spiritual electricity of the brain, would succeed as well as do such disowners of all creation's commencing and design. There is, however, another reason beside this partial perception, why mere natural science is no key to the kingdom of Heaven; namely, that the kingdom of Heaven is not a kingdom of the perceptions only, high or low, but of sentiments, resolutions, actions also. It is not simply admiring the will,— O the perfect, the beautiful will of God, as he goes forth in his chariot to give and execute his own general orders through the universe! It is, moreover, conform-

ing ourselves, our heart and will and life, in all moral diligence and patience, to his most particular pleasure concerning us, — you and me, — in our whole sphere and destiny; and this is a sanctity of aspiration, a sublimity of endeavor, a worth of attainment, that no science whatsoever can reach, but which must bring heart, soul, and spirit, as they verge on supernatural forces, into play.

Instances of wisdom and goodness, to suggest an originating mind, and to be fuel for worship or material for a house of prayer, are plenty on every hand all around. Science multiplies them and discovers in them unsuspected abundance and startling novelty. But science, furnishing timber, is not the architect of the temple. The revering heart must build the shrine in which it worships; and the facts without the feeling are not that shrine, more than the cloth and colors are the flag, until Patriotism, even now it may be in Italy, with her hand weaves it, or silver in the mine or vault is a vessel on your communion-table, or gold of Peru is the ring no prince could buy from my finger.

Science is the positive understanding, a most precious gift, an indispensable ability, in its place no wise to be disparaged, to be well honored with all instruments, costly furnishings, ample conservatories, collegiate chairs, — to be cordially thanked for its abundant contributions to enrich our language, illustrate our ideas, and, if not to create or awaken, yet to subserve with multifarious hints and satisfactions the supreme feelings of the soul. But, though it reach the pole and pierce the centre, it is not the key for which we search. If we apply it, the lock will not yield.

Mistrust not that professional envy of a different calling moves me. I disparage not, I am glad to honor, the great names of science, such as that of the patriarch who, in a foreign land, has just gone to his grave, with tears of sorrow falling from eyes of admiration in every part of the world over ashes so nobly alive for near ninety years. But will even the German Humboldt touch the human soul as long

and deep as the German Luther? No, because not with science is the key of the kingdom! Such a man as La Place thought he exhausted the virtues of science. Yet that which believers in a spiritual world pointed at, was to him no more than a painted door. It happens naturally enough to a thousand scientific men! "An undevout astronomer is mad." Why is he more mad than the commonplace, if he be an impious observer? I do not know why he is. Do we not see enough in every street to see God? Science has now her day. She celebrates her trophies; she is our pride. Let us award her own meed of honor. But, nevertheless, while Science is the cry, the catchword, the enthusiasm of the sceptical, and a fashion even with the unspiritual-minded and shallow-hearted, we must say, hers is not the key. It is delightful to hear her claiming to preach. But not she preaches. The soul of man preaches through her as a handsome mouthpiece. Deeper words than she can penetrate, defend the safe that holds our chief treasure. At best, at the underpinning, not the portal, is her place.

Well, then, is not Genius this missing master-key? As the positive understanding is certainly a step above the negative, so Genius does not so much tread as soar beyond all understanding. But she is no hierarch. She is not the chief butler of the vessels that minister to a more than mortal hunger and thirst. She carries not the keys of the heavenly kingdom at her belt or under her wings. Genius has a kingdom, and a royal rule in the imagination of man. Like the scribe Jesus talked with in Jerusalem, she is not far from the kingdom of God. She is the natural, potent ally of religion. She is shorn of her lustre, and can hardly be recognized for genius of any sort, when she acts as the foe of goodness, purity, celestial beauty, and immortal truth. Yet, let us fairly confess, many a witching way she can turn her wondrously plastic hand to, without warmly arousing or distinctly befriending those grandest emotions and aims in whose exercise consists the supremacy of the God-

head in the human breast. She may show delicacy like that of the little barrel that winds up your watch; or wit and humor to draw forth the keen or gay response, like the tiny teeth of steel that ring out a sharp or merry tune; or grandeur of composition to represent, as with day-of-judgment music from some wondrous, well-set orchestra, the tragic course of the stormy passions of the human mind; yet not, after all, disclose the celestial empire in the soul.

It goes hard with me to confine her scope or nature; nor will I, save where she confines it herself. But I suppose we shall not differ or doubt that she can do something, nay, no small part of her function, and very marvellously too, with merely terrestrial elements. She can, on a sudden, transfigure around us what is of the earth, earthy, and fetch down to us her bright overshadowing cloud, so that we shall wish for tabernacles to abide in under it, though neither Moses nor Elias nor Christ is there, — not as if she were repelling, yet not recognizing and receiving the supernal majesty. The man of transcendent imagination may leave religion, God, and heaven out. Shakespeare, another name for an imagination so peerless and under his control, that he could make of it light or lightning by turns and just as he pleased, has by a foremost modern admirer been accused of this very neglect of divinity, and turning the world to mere sport as of fireworks. A recent writer has said there is no genius without the *morale*. There may be a sense in the writer's mind in which this is true. But Byron was a man of genius. Say what we will in just detraction, what a river is his verse of passion and pictorial beauty shaming his detractors' lines, and to run for ages through the earth! Burns was a man of genius, Goethe was a man of genius; and the very stumbling-block, the bitter reproach, the lie given to all untempered eulogy, such as bestowed on them, is the least challenge any fool may fling out, to show how religion or morality was displayed or

promoted by them in any proportion to the magnificent energies with which they were endowed.

I do not mean to say, therefore, a life of sheer inutility or unmitigated injury was that they led. The merciful God — indeed so much more merciful than any man that preaches his mercy! — does not annihilate his creatures; he does not lift up his hand and swear they are not fit to live, because they have not yet got the key of his kingdom. Even religion is not the whole of man. Our follies and sins subtracted, forgiven, or revenged, the residue of innocence and right God will graciously somehow accept and use, whether his creatures in doing it have at the time had *Him* directly in front and in the eye of their mind or not. There is more than one clef in the great scale of creation's genuine music. God's house, above and below, has many mansions, each opening to its own key. But genius must be more than genius, before it can move the bolt that bars from all profane intrusion what we call the kingdom of heaven. In Homer, in Dante, in Milton, in Wordsworth, more than genius there was:

"Up to the hills they lift their eyes!"

In height, if not in breadth, they exceed their brethren, as they ascend the Olympus, the Zion, they survey, where the threshold and citadel of the empire stand.

Not irrelevant to our case are these hints. Is it immodest to say that genius has nowhere a higher mark than in many with whom we sympathize, and not a few whom we reckon in our ranks? It is for us to consider how far genius is still divorced from devotion, how far the chambers of our imagery, spacious and handsome as they may be, are occupied with forms undivine, to what extent any of our finest word-artists, in their splendid pages disallowing religion, leave out what is greater than anything they put in, — and whether the so awkwardly styled Transcendental movement therefore in any measure fails, in religion, of the fruit it ought to produce. Certainly, if we rely on any merely literary superi-

ority, or boast as the peerless first of men for our imitation the most brilliant thinkers, who are without the unction of the Holy Ghost, the kingdom will be closed to us. The dazzling butterfly floats in sunshine, and sees but a few inches; and, keen and successful as we may be elsewhere, we shall only, with our short-sighted gayety, fumble at the door. I may then be forgiven the interrogation, whether many of us are not endeavoring to make that general literature, which is the great product of genius, our permit and introduction into the kingdom of Heaven. It will never carry us in!

As, from this bunch of keys hanging at the girdle of the soul, we try one after another in vain on the mysterious door, if some warm-hearted persons now exclaim, O surely that labelled *humanity* is the particular one we must select to undo the fastenings! the answer is, No, not even humanity by itself and born of itself alone. Man must be accosted and led in a higher name than his own, before he can command the seat for which he was made. Human beings, recognizing only themselves and their fellows in their common existence and rights, considering God, in the language of one of these man-worshipping philosophers, *but one of their ideas*, may enter a sort of earthly kingdom, but not a heavenly. They may propose to build a sensual paradise, no better than the poor old preliminary one in Asia, which theologians regret and make such moan over, and we are so well rid of! They may excite a far worthier zeal for reform and freedom, still conjuring only in their own high and mighty name. But their love, if merely human, will by opposition be inflamed and cankered with malignity; not owning the Father in all his children, they will not hesitate to wrong some in righting others; and their appeal to any higher authority, if they condescend to this as a minor and infrequent appendage in their argument, will be less to the merciful precepts of the Gospel, than to all the wrathful denunciations they can pour out from the Old Testament as vials on the head of their foes.

To all the humanity we have, certainly let us cling! It is our hope of deliverance from bondage. It is the romance of real life in a money-loving age and land. Imperfect as are its temper and instruments, it is the vision of better things, without which the people would morally perish. Yet let us implore it not to deny its own nature and become inhumanity. Terrible indeed is the provocation of general iniquity and private unconcern to the benevolent heart. But the benevolent heart, beating in its own strength alone, when resisted becomes ruthless. The flesh seems turned to stone. The very soul of tenderness and mercy has become like the storm-beaten crags, pitiless as the teeth of battle raging across the sea, and unrelenting as the grave. Then it tolerates no difference of opinion. It condemns all thoughts and plans but its own as sins. Every however honest dissenter must have his character stained. Hark! what sounds fall from the platform orator's tongue!

"At every word a reputation dies!"

I know the holy motive the reformer pleads. But may it not be queried whether an unscrupulous public personality is a righteous instrument, especially when it is known the objects of bitter charges or sheer vituperation will never be indecent enough likewise to retort on those who seem, like blind Polyphemus in his cave, seeking fresh subjects for an all-devouring mouth? Blessed be the Lord, there is abundant proof that humanity is destined to vanquish this fanaticism, which appeals to the low love of scandal and coarse common enjoyment of personal abuse! Philanthropy, is the glory of our day. I greet it with all my heart. Is it as yet, however, a Christian, or only a Hebrew philanthropy, which mostly prevails? Humanity will be the last, sweetest fruit on the tree of life; but from the root of divinity it must grow. Science is higher than criticism, genius is higher than science, and humanity is higher than them all; but as the independent, all-sufficient working-force it is too frequently made, it is not the key, — it breaks in

the hand that would twist and drive it home to the opening of the kingdom of Heaven.

Once more, Self-culture is not the key. We have talked of it as for a human creature the all-inclusive sufficient and saving thing. There may be for it a place subordinate to higher aims. But as a primary motive it can never answer to the dignity of our nature or the end of our life. To be mainly occupied with self in any way in unfolding our abilities, or even in cherishing our virtues and putting away our sins, is for us to be selfish men. Self is not the true point of departure to reach the destiny of an immortal being, point as it may to the pride and pleasure and power of such as desire to be high in this world. Self-culture the most refined may be a key to success, to social honor, to the fashion, the senate, or the club, but not to the kingdom of Heaven. Like executive officers, of whom we read in royal stories, we must receive the key of the kingdom on our knees. Even dumb animals, dimly aware of the authority of their leaders, kneel to receive their charge and burden; and the waiting, receptive, obedient posture alone supremely becomes the human soul. If anything is clear on the page of Scripture, or in the eye of reason, it is that what we let God do with us, and not what we do for ourselves alone, can naturalize us as citizens in his realm. Not to hinder, but simply to open the way for his Holy Spirit, is our highest wisdom.

The key is that sublimest of all experiences and realities, — *the consciousness of God in the human soul*, arising from a capacity in our constitution as real and legitimate as understanding, imagination, or social affection, while in its function above their range. Whoever has this in himself, and can speak to it in others, holds the key. Pope, cardinal, priest, technical father in God, or congregational minister, has no exclusive installation or stewardship. Ours, if we will, is *the office of the key*. Is it discharged? I speak now of our ministerial brotherhood in the relation of each

member to his parochial charge, and in our common concern for the salvation of mankind. By no abstract or accidental method have I forged my discourse. Rather I trust you have observed, that a steady look at the character of our constituency has been my guide. We, lay and cleric, *are a critical, scientific, imaginative, humane, and cultivated,* — are we also a strongly *religious* body? Not less but more religious should we be for our other acquirements and gifts, as a presiding officer must have discretion proportioned to the might and multitude he is to control. I have not reasoned upon our doctrinal peculiarities; they may be discussed enough on other occasions; and the question of strength and prevalence, for one or another among the sects, is not which carries its logical point here or there, but which is most profoundly, and to the heart of the world persuasively, sensible of feeling after and finding God. This sensibility, in some form, explains the power of every living and victorious church. Not opposition to the sale of indulgences, but justification by faith reared at first the Protestants; the demand for holiness inspired the Methodists; and from a vision of the inner light, the Quakers in their rapture, while it lasted, threw a trance on the world. The race we belong to is loyal, and will hear, if *we* have aught to say.

One may scorn the errors and coarse conceptions of the divine nature in the mass of men; yet if he speak from no vantage-ground of superior piety in himself, but is without God in the world, all his intellect and wit, polished manner, and good society, are lighter than vanity in the scale against the rudest simplicity of prayer. We shall never prove our cause by getting the laugh on our opponents, or by ridiculing them from our own self-conceit. God will not open heaven to us for having turned everything on earth into a joke. *A religion in earnest* was the praise of a particular order of disciples. There is no other religion!

In holding forth a religious consciousness for the key of

the kingdom, I take the broadest ground on which thinkers the widest apart, theoretic and concrete, can meet. But have not some of us erred, in supposing that most of this religious consciousness of course and necessarily exists in those interested least in the written records, standing monuments, and actual services of our faith? To whom did Christ assign this key of the divine consciousness, but to those who saw in him the Son of God? Doubtless they, and not the unbelievers in Judæa, had the strongest internal sense of deity! So it may be doubted whether such now as care least for the Bible, in a discriminating use of its books, — for the Church, as a fellowship of faith and love, — for the Sabbath, as an opportunity, — for ordinances and exercises of worship, — are those in whom a consciousness of the Almighty is deepest and most alive. No, the key is grasped and used by those who in all ways of joint fellowship, as well as private faithfulness, show themselves organs of the holiest feeling, unconscious and lowly shekinahs of Him who says, I AM, — their ministry bright as Moses from Sinai with the presence of the Lord, when he wist not that his face shone. Brethren, are we not too scattered and manifold in our activity? We would not be partial and fanatical. But should our universality be a meddling with all things in their separate earthly qualities, or a spreading through all of the celestial temper of which we are in trust? Should not the trumpet, blown for us, be a *recheat* from our false scent of vague generalization, — perhaps after some that confound good with evil, — from the speculative optimism that counts all for the best, — O, all is for the best! — ending in the indifference of a bootless chase and the quietism of an objectless life?

In a fancy of some golden futurity to roll in on fatal wheels, or in a conceit of our ability, it is easy to say, "Off, you lendings!" to all the bonds of what we brand as a dead past. But the past is not dead. We should not be alive if it were! It is present. I sit at evening by my hearth-

stone yonder, while the rough organist under the window grinds out of his wooden box, with its soiled green cover, some mechanical tune: and, lo! the tune is not made in the street there! I hear it come singing or wailing like the wind from far-off ages and lands. It takes me up, on its more than eagle's pinions, and bears me away from the pavement to scenes of suffering and heroic triumph, where those whose blood I inherit, and feel running now in my veins, conquered or fell, lay in the dungeon or bled under the axe; and I am touched with inspiration from old continents and departed yet imperishable centuries in the life of God and man. These spiritual melodies, too, these wondrous, sweet, many-voiced harmonies from the great organ indeed of God's Word, find an ear in the heart. They quicken that consciousness of an eternal Author, which, fainter or clearer, we share with all our kind, and whose vigorous pulse and stroke *will* open the kingdom of Heaven.

Yes, the consciousness of God is the key. I shall not attempt to prove my conviction that the soul can have this immediate consciousness. I would as soon try to prove the sunrise! I only affirm it as the great fact known unto man. I rejoice in a platform so large, back of the dogmatic statements that distinguish particular bodies, and which, unlike sectarian or political platforms, can never be quite deserted or torn down. I maintain, however, that this consciousness of absolute religion depends for being quickened, unfolded, and reinforced on special appearings of the Deity without as well as within. From that honest and dear brother of ours, now seeking health in far-off lands and seas, who proclaimed absolute religion as purer and stronger apart from the supernatural demonstrations of the Gospel, I affectionately differ. His toil will be a success, his scheme a failure. There is room for miracle and intuition too, — not for one thing alone, but for several things, — in the chamber of Heaven's working in the world and the

human breast. History and direct inspiration have both their place. There is a stint still for doctrine as well as sentiment to do, as doctrine becomes comprehensive without ceasing to be clear. Let us earnestly from the Rock of Ages hew out and set forth our belief, remembering that no mere criticism of others' belief was ever a key either to heart of man or the kingdom of God. No, beneath all statements, the consciousness of God everywhere burning into steady transparent flame is the key to a greater paradise than that from which, as we read in Genesis, the fiery waving sword shut Adam and Eve.

We have talked much of our wings, left and right, — I hope we have them to soar by! — of the centre and the extremes. Can we not unite in what I poorly try to state? You will at least endure from me the utterance of this conviction, that in a deeper reach and a higher transport of the religious sentiment is our only hope. Other men may stand for other things, the general interests of society, commerce, education, art, politics; we stand for that. The watchman will see that the peace of the city is not assailed. The dog in his master's cart will guard the property confided to him from every plundering hand, though but a jacket or box of strawberries be the small treasure, at his jealous defence of which, on my mention of it, you smile. We say to every foe of the Gospel, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!" Let us not be seduced into variety and multiplicity of cares and avocations, till we become nothing by melting into everything, and lose characteristics, boundaries, and the very features out of our countenance. Unite thus I believe we can! In regard to the Lord Jesus Christ, about whom we hastily suppose our views irreconcilably differ, we accord in accepting him as having, beyond any other, shown God, — that is, awakened the consciousness of God in the human mind. Where does that wonderful person most effectually live but in our consciousness, less as an individualized figure than an idealized

perfection in the centre of the heart? That is the great fact. Let the metaphysics of it sleep. Let us recognize it as transcending the comprehension of all science, even as we can give no science of God, cannot go all about him and take his dimensions, as the scientific man does those of the earth or sun; and all our religion were exploded to atoms if we could. With no vicarious theory, we too can exclaim: —

"Thou art the best philosophy, thou bleeding Lamb of God!"

We seem to be divided on the question of more or less form in our service. Let us have such form as we can animate, and no more than the divine consciousness will animate through the worshipping body, but not make ceremony our key. It was not ceremony that Jesus meant was the key. Common consciousness of God is the only key to the kingdom.

Brethren, let us justify our existence by showing and using the key. Not Hercules, with his knotty stick in the lairs of monsters to destroy, but Apollo at the gates of morning with opening light, be our representative fable. Let us offer the tests and signs of our consciousness of God in our value, not as slaves to the letter, for the great Bible and all good words, worshipful days and holy rites, till all speech become love, all expression aspiration, and life a sacrament. Let the sense of Deity in us so appear and grow, as to lift and sanctify into endless sacrifices of joy all other exercises of our nature, critical, scientific, imaginative, self-regarding, or humane, till latent holy longing become universal fact. Through the swarm of angels a cloud-compelling spiritualism would raise, let us see the Parent-mind uneclipsed; while the incidents of the life of Christ display the Most High, as the tints and shades in the stereoscope show so perfectly the magnificent proportions of temples of purity and towers of strength. Light banterers in sacred matters, ballooning rhetorical aeronauts, or "careful and troubled about many things," let us not be; but serious,

yet smiling devotees of our work. Then we shall bear the key, entering and leading others into the kingdom, which no one can approach alone without helping up his fellows, — into the reality, if not the profession or always the name, of what is meant by discipleship of Jesus and being children of God; and the great problem which agitates us, how we shall be *religious together*, will be solved.

If, in fine, any one say that in this discourse I have made the key itself to be the kingdom, I will allow, the key is as near to the kingdom as any key is to the space it opens. I will answer, that the kingdom itself is but a figure of that undescribed and indefinable blessed reality, which yet the New Testament names, and I would set forth. I will cite the variety of figures in Scripture applied to the same thing, — Christ himself being called the way and the door, the shepherd and the lamb. Rather let me dissolve all symbolism in a prayer that its deepest meaning may be realized and fulfilled in ourselves. Nevertheless, to such as would fondly reduce everything to man as the measure of the universe, I must maintain the fundamental proposition taught by true philosophy, as well as Christianity and common sense, that man can be truly conscious not of himself only, but of the world, of his fellow-creatures, and — O privilege of our nature! — of the Infinite Being, God; and that his consciousness with others of God, made predominant, is his only title to heaven.

A

DISCOURSE,

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

ON

THEODORE PARKER.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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DISCOURSE.

1 Sam. xix. 23, 24: "And the Spirit of God was upon him also. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Perusing some speeches and discourses lately, I thought how funeral solemnities, obituary notices, and orations over the dead, show the cheapness of eulogy. Praise is easy, very easy at the tomb. The Latin has become an English proverb, to say nothing but good of those that are gone. Is this from a fine instinct, that evil is a passing cloud? Is our praise a tribute to the common soul in all men? Or, as censure is found alike easy for those who have differed from us, is it because it requires so little elevation in ourselves to commend our favorites? Not presuming to decide such questions, and not expecting, amid jarring clamors of approbation and detraction, to satisfy any party, in what I shall speak of Theodore Parker I shall but take this for my maxim, that death does not alter truth; while, to whoever in surprise at my topic may, with the old incredulity, ask, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" I answer, "Yes." Though our

modern Saul, like the ancient one, did not go through the regular course, was touched at times with unhappy frenzy, and came to an untimely end, as of falling on his own sword, yet he was of uncommon stature, chosen by the Lord for a king, possessed with the Spirit, mighty to rout the Philistines, and, with whatever drawbacks on his virtue, deserving commemoration for an overplus of good.

May I say, that any disinclination I might feel to a subject involving violent oppositions of opinion is removed by the singular felicity of my relations to the person of whom I speak? We were fellow-students in the theological school. How well I remember the characteristic eagerness of the mate beside whom I had my place in what were called the Friday-evening debates! While listening to an argument to which he meant to reply, he would sit still, with suppressed feeling, tying knots in his handkerchief for points he proposed to make; and I have often thought the dint of that scourge as of small cords might be recognized now in all the hypocrisies of church and state on which he afterwards laid the lash. How vivid an image, from the aspiring, affectionate workings of the face he turned toward me, is still in my mind! Leaving Cambridge, he expressed his regret that my absence prevented my giving him the right hand of fellowship at his ordination in West Roxbury. When

he broke with the church to the extent of branding the miracles of Jesus recorded in the New Testament as absurd and incredible tales, and the Master himself as no authority in religion, and I frankly told him I could not, by asking an exchange of pulpits, force upon unwilling hearers one whom they held, however personally Christian, not a teacher of Christianity, he received the intimation fraternally as it was given, with no change of good-will. However the account might stand between his boldness and my scrupulosity, there was no breath but of balmy air. Cordial greetings, visits and intercourse, never ceased. When once I said to him, in the midst of his library, "You have not pursued your ancestor's military calling," — "Have I not, indeed?" was the arch reply, signifying the fighting he had done. "Do not work too hard, and wear yourself out before the time," I exhorted him. "I am good for more than the seventy years," he answered, with the same confidence in his longevity he had in all his conclusions, prospects, and deeds. In a letter acknowledging my call on him in his sickness, he touched my heart and shamed my poorer memory by going back to minute circumstances through nearly twenty-seven years; in all which, he assured me, I had done or said or looked to him nothing unkind. Certainly I can recall no hard tone, no cold or averted countenance,

on his part; though seeing not seldom the compression of mouth with which the stout dogmatist, as we talked, affirmed his loyalty to the motto on his seal, "Moved neither by the billow nor the blast," — *Nec fluctu, nec flatu motus.* Well I noted the shy courtesy, the shrinking manner that covered at first a boundless craving, and was to open into such audacious courage. But his tenderness never hardened, or could be more than hid. On the eve of his departure, pale and wasted, in pursuit of health, in trembling tones and with flowing tears, he owned an affection never darkened by variance of our judgments, or chilled in the divergence of our paths. From abroad, repeated messages came from him of a reciprocal love, or appreciation of hearty esteem, by which all criticism, save that of conviction and duty, must be disarmed. Indeed, no self-reference, but a desire to throw light on the temper of an historic person, my own former companion, prompts this recital. "No man in New England has been hated as I have," he once in my house bitterly remarked. "No man ever carried away so much love from the country," he pathetically exclaimed to me again, in his own house, when just ready for the voyage which bore him to other shores on earth and the eternal one of heaven.

It does not appear strange, that one who could

care for a not intimate acquaintance, and virtual opponent of his views, should have clasped his nearest sympathizers to a beating breast. The quality of his friends is his own royal encomium. Let them be his testimonial! Their nobility is the best demonstration of his. His moulding of their character was not an effect without a cause. Was he blameless to his foes? This inquiry is, for every human creature, the searching test. It is easy to love those who love us. What signifies it to have our heart warm to such as foster, defend, flatter us, join our party, fight for us, furnish us opportunity to speak, and offer us that invisible incense — sweeter than any that smokes from swinging censers in great cathedrals — which comes out of hearkening ears? We are only up to publicans and sinners, when none but those who cherish us are dear. With no readiness to accuse, and no sentiment but of regret and pain, I am compelled to say, Theodore Parker here was not without fault. He reached not the perfect Christian spirit. Yet his dislikes were more from constitutional intensity than wilful wrong. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, while a Rationalist too. He was a Cromwellian, saying his prayers and keeping his powder dry. He was a son of liberty, and a worshipper of God after the way of his fathers. His putting a sword into the slave's right hand, and a Bible into the

left, was a genuine expression of his temper and creed. He was scholar and warrior in a room walled in with eighteen thousand volumes, and his grandfather's gun at the door. He was a remorseless examiner of Scripture creeds, yet a lover of literature; putting *the* Book always at the head. Having more in him than common people, he fell short of reconciling antagonist tendencies of his own mind. The atonement in him was not complete. The mystic was at odds in him with the logician. The pietist in the heart struggled with the duellist in the tongue. The embodied contradiction, which every man is, never ended for him in the incarnate harmony which stamps the likeness of some in so fine a photograph on the soul. He murmured, as he died, "There are two Theodore Parkers, — one here in Italy, one there in Boston." I think there were two Theodore Parkers within the circle of his own nature. Avoiding the blame which would cast out his name as evil, and the sycophancy that calls him the spotless paragon of the world; not denouncing his opposers as simpletons, or his favorers as knaves, — I must say, the honest man confounded justice with private and public details of quarrel, which he should have looked down upon as from the sun. This unhappiness arose from his main trouble in an excessive consciousness of himself. He stood fully aware of

his own claims, powers, and rights. He was the centre of his own circle. He had the disease of a sore personality.

Yet it would, however, be unfair to forget how much a boundless yearning for others' confidence was galled by what he took for groundless distrust, or how far his sensitive traits furnished him for his task; as it is impious not to remember, that the hand of God, fashioning every creature's frame, proved its carving in that peculiar face and brow. A different treatment of him, some have said, would have saved him to his religious brotherhood. But such a man, by fate or will divine, we were to have. Mutual irritation, as a foregone conclusion, could not be helped betwixt the conservatives and the hot reformer thwarting their prejudice, crossing their track, and scaring them from their ease. Conflict is inevitable in such a case. Hard blows, in words at least, will be given and received. The passions think themselves eternal; but nothing is more perishable, rave though they may, as if theirs were the endless tossings of the sea. How soon, in any noble mind, they go down! When, especially, Providence hangs up a portrait in that hall of Death which is the gallery of Time, what a new emotion affects our survey! Death does not alter truth; but it overcomes the excitement of individual dispute and sectarian rage of

taking sides. Thus another thought of the unique minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregation in Boston rises slowly on the minds of men from his vacant pulpit, from his dust on the Arno, and from his seat of higher light dissolving all human mistakes. We see the flames of his wrath subside under the unquenchable glow of his love for his companions and his self-consecration to human good. We ask how far the work he was called to depended on the perhaps to us disagreeable idiosyncrasies of his mood. We reflect how far weapons of indignation and scorn may seem lawful to one, who, however deceived, is persuaded he is in the right. Even the benignant Channing once cried out, in a conversation fresh in my thought, "Should any contempt of wrong be like the Christian's?" We hesitate harshly to reprove a born and professed fighter for the bruises he himself gets in the battle in which he deemed it necessary to engage. It is the worst misfortune of having adversaries, that they are apt to circumvent us with that very mischief of theirs against which we contend. If Hercules is not stung by the serpents he strangles, or rent and gored by the wild beasts he destroys, he may be consumed by the poisoned shirt he wears; yet nevertheless, for his labors to rid humanity of its pests, be a hero to all time. Mr. Parker, in his behavior translating the myth, was bent on apply-

ing his powers to annihilate what he regarded as malignant abuses in the way.

Practical philanthropy was his mark, of such nobleness in ways of quiet beneficence and public reform, that we must forgive him if ever his efforts were ill directed and vain. Men, as well as irrational creatures, sometimes scream when they cannot act, and buzz where they may not pass. Rarely did a stroke of his not draw blood as he meant. All the shams of society were to him unpardonable sins, of which he reckoned on his list more than did Jesus Christ, — sins he must fain fall upon without mercy or delay. He was more officer than judge. He felt there was a great deal of unapplied truth which he must engineer; and he worked deeply on the times that needed his heavy hammer and cutting edge. In a style pithy as Cobbett's or Dean Swift's, he fondly rendered his service. So, among the prophets of heaven, we must number also our American Saul. But he was a minor prophet, if narrow action be less than comprehensive sight. Yet few of the major ones of this period have left a signature so strong. Not an original seer, he would carry out the visions of other men. He was the sheriff of ideas, from them appointed to execute the doom which deeper councillors pronounced. He could not bear that the conclusions of learning or the perception of any spiritual reality should remain idle dreams, una-

vailable for the behoof and improvement of mankind. At all risks, he determined to put them into act. He would force all affairs to be amenable to their control; for want of gift freshly to discern, substituting a transcendent volume of knowledge, industry, and strength to perform. Truths which dropped soft as feathers from the lips of ideal men, became, by wondrous practical transformation, stiff and sharp as spears and riders' lances in his hands. Like Spenser's iron man Talus, he went out over the land; and whatever error or sin was disclosed to him could not hope to escape the flail. He was as one beholding vile buildings in some disreputable or inconvenient street, unworthy the space they fill, and urgent, alone or with a mob hustled together, to blow them up or burn them down, although it was not in him, by any plan of creative beauty, to build a temple in their stead.

His sternness in his public speech was no affectation; for, in his lowest tones in private, one noted something of the lion's roar. But the prey he followed was what he deemed the iniquity of the age. Whatever want of poetry, sentiment, or all-embracing wisdom, attended a mission so conceived, there was, at least, no paltering or compromise. He was not indisposed to be seen prominent himself in the rough utility: for an immense ambition, like a spur in his side, pushed him forward; and he labored with the

delight one always has in his proper vocation. He was aware how suited were his spiritual members to the function he undertook; and in all encounters, however made, supposed he was "about his Father's business." He often violated good taste in his manner and style, and no doubt lacked some of the sensibilities, piercing to the foundation of the mind, from which good taste proceeds. He seemed ever making up his mind and setting himself to some grandeur of accomplishment. He would have pleased delicate and bashful persons more, had the dramatic air been less evident in his life, which is slightly suggested by his directions in reference to his death. On account of his being so manifestly sensible of his mission, something of the grotesque disfigures his majestic though angular mould. He used the tone of a schoolmaster to some to whom it was ludicrously misapplied. He did not attain to the highest standard of a healthy, happy, simple, and peaceful man. A long fever was in his body and mind. He strained himself to unnatural degrees of aim and power. He throbbed with a double pulse. He toiled with a quadruple manhood. He dropped, a premature victim to the excesses of his soul. But we cannot spare our Saul out of our annals. He was a providential figure for our day. God sent him; God put his Spirit upon him; God had great use for him: and we must not be oblivious, that, if

he were hotly impassioned to an extreme, few more than he answer to the poet's line, —

"For thee my noblest passions burn."

Those who know him as only love can make us know any one certify to the extraordinary overflow of his devotions, his remarkable gift in consolation, and ability to reconcile alienated or despairing spirits to the supreme government under which we live.

Indubitable witnesses to the womanly softness of the stern champion's heart should put, not only astonishment, but forgiveness, into bosoms aware toward him of any hate. We can denounce as he did: nothing is so smooth as the facility of censure. We are rather most concerned to find in his existence the blessing designed. Nor would I talk of him at all, but that, from the core, I feel this, too, was a man to be respected and loved. The signal merit, distorted with whatever blemish of unfairness, of his portraitures of others, entitles him to a careful delineation of himself.

Doubtless, while grieving some with unbelief of their creeds, he raised multitudes all over the country, otherwise unreached by Orthodox and accredited views, to his own religious level. If he was belligerent, let the meek understand, that He who puts the red planet in the sky makes Mars ascendant in some minds. If, by an unadjusted contradiction in his

nature, some were at once attracted and repelled, his imperfection may have offered occasion of service to such as shared his disturbance while they missed his serenity. If he were in shape like a mighty engine rumbling through the highways, and then with much noise and commotion dragged back, rather than like the star shining softly and for ever to gladden all beholders, angels and men, without a sound, let us not, because there are heavenly bodies, refuse the benefit of engines, which indeed we cannot dispense with for any higher ministry of stars. If, on the ground of his temper, he cannot attain to any homogeneous and universally accepted credit, let us try to see him through a better medium than extravagant odium or a partisan fame.

I have spoken of Mr. Parker's moral habit. His special tenets are of less moment. It was remarkable how, immediately after his demise, his dispositions were universally from press and pulpit the subject of remark, while his opinions seemed buried in the ground or sunk in the sea. We over-estimate our special denominational creeds. Nobody will for mere belief of miracles be saved, or for unbelief of them be lost. Nobody will reach heaven by climbing on a heap of dogmas, but only by flying on wings of love. But hardly in any affectionate way did he attack the sins of society or the superstitions of the church. His theological heresies were the head

and front of his offending; but nobody was ever more ready to indict any by whom he was himself arraigned. He even charged on some, who thought he went too far, the secret treachery of opinions like his own, which they were ashamed to divulge, and afraid to enact. He hastily took their agreement with him for granted, without discrimination or sufficient proof. Those whom he suspected of disloyalty never pretended to hold to a plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, or the literal correctness of all wonderful stories in the Old Testament; but, while maintaining a divinity in psalm and prophecy and the Mosaic law, they affirmed a supernatural dispensation in the New Testament, which he used all his resources to flout.

In all sincerity he chose his career; but he had not faculty to penetrate the purport or appraise the contents of a religious tradition. He understood not, in its Christian application, the solidarity of a common sentiment, or the continuous and indissoluble unity of the human soul. He could do nothing with enduring institutions and operative principles in the life of mankind, but analyze and reduce them to ashes in the crucible of a speculative brain. He had not imagination, simple reverence, and holy wonder, to admit the marvels at which, on the road of investigation, the scientific understanding balks, but which are welcome to the higher reason in every artist and

true spiritualist, to poet and painter, to Dante and Shakspeare and Milton and Raphael, to genius of all sorts treading lowly on the mysterious borders, none ever measured, of the unseen world. A conscientious man, striving ever to a punctilio of equity to be just to all, he was yet in a wind so high, and so furious in his drift, as ungenerously to impute falsehood to brother-students dissenting from his word. Christianity to him was a system among other systems, to have sentence passed upon it by certain abstract categories of the intellect, instead of a vast, vital, organizing power, taking up the life of the age and the race into its endless century-growth, running across the land, flowing under the sea, like the fabled river, to infuse its sap into our ancestral blood, and make our very energies, and whatever parts we play well in the world, but offshoots from branches on the trunk or leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations. Not a profound philosopher, he yet had, of the value of metaphysical and partial generalizations against the make and providential movements of human nature, an overweening sense, from which issued a ready exaggeration of his own function. Contrary to Paul's pithy warning, he fancied he bore the root, and not the root him; though he is far from being alone or first to entertain this not very modest notion among remarkable men of our day.

Mistrusting his brethren's fidelity to their own con-

clusions, Mr. Parker took their serious construing of his position as persecution. He was contemplated by many, perhaps by all, of his friends, as a martyr. To the Association of Ministers to which he belonged was ascribed the crime of cruelty; and that Association has of late been publicly summoned to answer some questions he printed, as an arbitrary tribunal for them to answer at before all flesh, and to express regrets for their harsh handling of him. What did they do? They never expelled him; they never tried him. They subjected themselves to misconstruction as a band of infidels for avoiding in all ways any motion to his harm. To the unparallelled honor of their charity, it was impossible for them to lift a finger against his welfare. Theological self-preservation bound them not to make light of his revolutionary views, the adoption of which would have been their dissolution; while the resolute disputation they made built for him the pedestal of glory he stood upon for the hour, to which by no surpassing talents would he have ever been raised. In the tone of the debate, his brethren had the spiritual advantage. The severest language quotable from conversation or the press during the strife is his, not theirs. But corporations among us are weak against individuals, living or dead: especially bodies with the faintest ecclesiastic color must always expect the decree to go against them in a summary, Turkish way.

What was to be done in the case? Was Mr. Parker a teacher of Christianity? It is denounced as sheer venom or Pharisaism to say, No. But, verily, Mr. Parker did not profess to be a teacher of Christianity. He proclaimed absolute religion, in oversight of the fact, that a religion must be relative to the human mind; and that, of all religions ever known, this relativeness is in the Christian most beautiful and complete. Ignorant of his own sins, and imperceptive of the deepest needs of the human soul, he found in no gospel any emphatic design, saving power, or final authority. Disowning Jesus as a Master in spiritual things, though he would inconsistently allow Michael Angelo or Homer or Plato to be such in philosophy, poetry, and art; stigmatizing all approach to God through him as whining and whimpering through an attorney; and laughing at the pathetic symbol of the Lord's Supper, as the rattle that pleases or straw that tickles a child, — why should he have insisted on being counted among the preachers or disciples of Christ? He has been called an iconoclast; but iconoclasts commonly make their assault on temples from without: he raised his hand against the church inside. Ungracious seems all abatement of praise: but charity is not liar or fool; and I must affirm his position a false one, however the man was true. A respected clergyman in Boston a quarter of a century ago, withdrawing from

his post in unnecessary compunction for a legitimate interpretation of the table of communion to which his parishioners could not assent, presents a singular contrast with Mr. Parker's downright pertinacity to remain in the ecclesiastical fellowship, and force upon his ministerial brethren those more serious negations of the works which explode the historic image of the Son of God. He wanted, and only waited, to be expelled. "Drive me away, if you please," virtually said the politic man, who never lost his shrewdness in his heat; "make a victim of me. I will never go. On you be the obloquy of the hunt!" There is but a qualified magnanimity in such a stand. In recent panegyric, he is styled the only thoroughly faithful preacher of morals in the land. It is pity, in a world where neither sunlight nor the favor of God is shut up in a corner, a broad observation can discern goodness of any pattern in but a solitary point, when there are many men who would at once have won, as soon as he, an American and European notoriety and party leadership, could they have reasonably reached the inferences to which he so rashly leaped.

He did not shake the Church, though he rent somewhat the small section of it in which he lived. Allowing his transparent integrity, absolving him of all duplicity of intent, I claim for the family brotherhood he was of in religion a procedure as upright as

could arise from the strongest wish to adjust their fealty to the law of Heaven with the liberty of man; and, fine as the liberty of man is, the law of Heaven is earlier and finer.

Not by our wits, but by the "inexorable logic of events," as the divine providence marches on, is the debate, whether the gospel be a final lesson, to be closed. Meantime, the ablest critics of the Christian faith, from Porphyry and Julian to Voltaire and Hume and Paine, die at least in the era and reign of the wonderful person whose claims they discard. Our friend — of whose candid compliments to the great Jewish youth let us not be unmindful, inadequate as they appear — himself sickens in the realm of this head of the race, and will have the date of the Lord's kingdom graven on his tomb. So will it be with us all. Every undertaking, with our critical apparatus, to overlook and measure the Master, fails. We cannot, on this mountain of the Lord, get high enough for its downward survey. From no wondrous balloon can we see it dwindle. The verdict, not of twelve, but twelve thousands of millions of men, is for him as Redeemer and Guide.

To the general substance of this award, who has a bill of exceptions he can succeed to file in? It were as likely and beneficent an adventure to uncivilize as to unchristianize the human race. It were better to drop the chief comforts and useful inventions of life,

and turn all discovery back into barbarism, than to throw away the facts and precepts of the faith which has never become less new for being so old. So far as Mr. Parker's enterprise went to purge of accretions of error the popular and prevailing Christianity, let us thank him for a great contribution to human weal; but where deficient insight, combined with inordinate egotism and intemperate zeal, tries, with poor surgery, to cut into its genuine members, let us shrink from all partnership in the at once profane and futile attempt. The attempt is not made from the legitimate point of any higher life, but from untenable, however industriously fortified, ground, such as the logical head has not seldom been too quick to offer against the human heart and soul. As a knight-errant of the order of Templars, let us welcome Mr. Parker, not as perfect saint or sage. He tore off the veil of error, but brightened not the countenance of truth. He cut down the poplars, but planted not the elms. He ripped away poisonous and tangled undergrowth, and ploughed a deep furrow, but sowed little wheat and corn. I know not for what thought I am in his debt. His heroic example is to all a precious legacy.

"This, too, shall pass away," was the inscription chosen for a human dwelling. I am profoundly convinced of its prophetic truth for that speciality of Mr. Parker's opinions, out of which, betwixt him and

others, came a grief in our day. It will not apply to any service he rendered, with such will and abundant endeavor, to the cause of freedom, education, temperance, natural piety, the relief of the perishing, and the comfort of the poor. But neither will it hold of the spiritual type he disdained, of supernatural glory in the revelation, in human flesh, of the Most High. That which, with massive but loose and inaccurate scholarship, he assailed, will endure while men and their schemes rise and sink. *Christian* is a living word in all earthly language, for which, in its magnificent, compound meaning, there can be no substitute. We may not arrogate it to ourselves; we may be slow to refuse it to others: but to despise it in its actual sense is to renounce manhood, disown the Deity, and sin against the Holy Ghost.

Let us cling to it, untroubled by the disdain of sceptics, or by the sublime assumptions which any, wise and holy on a fond hypothesis, make of the worthlessness and folly of all, who, in matters of philosophy or society, differ from themselves. Let us not follow those, who, in a Christian era, under a notion of enlargement, chiefly wish to make Pagans of themselves. Let us believe in that spiritual world beyond, beneath, encompassing and pervading this, — not apparent to the senses or subject to the understanding, — which turns all our supercilious airs into the conceits of an empty soul, as, in the revelation

that has come to us, it shows itself most great and clear. No writing or history, indeed, can exhaust the mind of God. Not limiting the Infinite Spirit to any one manifestation, even Christianity, let us, however, emphasize justly whatever disclosure it vouchsafes. We need not, as do some, fear that realizing the particular grace of our Father now will shut in the grand, ever-retreating, and infinite horizon of possibility for its future displays.

So I testify of Mr. Parker's aspect to me; not forgetting how differently he appeared to others, and not presuming to imagine the decisions of the central Judge. I may have said only what will either offend his foes or grieve his friends; while nothing I have named in his praise but has been my own pleasure, and every contrary word my pain. Spiritual greatness is too rare for us not to lament our inability to accept any one, who has won wide distinction, into its rank for a model man. But this man lacked the repose and simplicity inseparable from the truly great. He stood not like the mountains, that rise to heaven, and refresh the earth. He moved not like the orbs, that send lustre afar, without leaving their own station. Sad to the soul is it to write a sentence any reader will deem detraction; but lying commendation would be more sad. Mr. Parker's vindication of the rights of men is his glory: his contribution to that general license of mind and speech and pro-

cedure, which is the main evil of our time and land, is the shadow of a fame that can never shine in vertical light. Freedom is a blessed boon, but not the best; and it becomes a bane when insubordinate to truth. We have sown a seed of such independence, as gives us, in not a few of our youth, and in some even of our moral teachers, a crop of crudity and conceit. In the intellectual generation of this day largely appear the pride and vanity, boastfully by those, whose particular offspring they are, baptized for courage and progress. Standing still or advancing slowly is better than bravado and haste.

But although mournfully feeling that Mr. Parker in some ways promoted incidentally this unhappy tendency, while aiming at the wholesome liberation of the mind, I believe his unfortunate influence will be transient, and his good must abide. Not being a member of the Unitarian denomination, or of any association so styled, I may trust that my general witness to a remarkable character is devoid of wounded recollection or theological bias, while it involves no one but myself; and, whatever ground others may take, I must declare it is not Mr. Parker's application of any true learning to modify the claim of the Scriptures, or to expose any holding of them in a superstitious regard, that would excite my remonstrance, or call from me any sentiment but of respect. The Bible does not support Christianity: Christianity

supports the Bible; and Christianity will be in heaven, whither it might seem some persons expect also to carry the paper and print of their sacred books with them when they die. Insulting our religion, by decrying its whole supernatural character, is another matter, which the Unitarians did not consider with Mr. Parker too soberly. To make light of it would have been to break up their order, and surrender their commission. The question of miracles, as certain external signs of the supernatural, has its vital importance, not, as many thoughtlessly fancy, chiefly in their value as proofs, or any use to be made of them, great as their use undoubtedly is, but practically in the result attendant on a process instituted to cut them out. Who can cut them out, without cutting into the inmost verity of the gospel? If they could be removed safely, without touching the truth or spirit, present influence or immortal prophecy, of our faith, even then of what power and beauty would there be a loss from the record so dear of the life of Jesus! For, of all the philosophic pretences of the day, none is so shallow as that of any offence to the soul and deepest understanding of man, in what we, with imperfect language, call superhuman deeds. So the princes themselves of science among us will affirm. What but the laws of nature, in the production and propagation of all kinds of life, are the subject of the latest scientific dispute? while no

advocate on either side but puts the miracle somewhere, so inexpugnably strong are nature and the truth of God. Supernaturalism, in the education of the human soul on earth or in heaven, may change its instances; old wonders may successively fall under ever-enlarging laws: but new marvels will rise in their stead; and, after some æons on his eternal track, the sciolist, who casts out as chaff every prodigy he cannot now master, may learn to be at once more modest and more wise.

Mr. Parker, in his criticism of the gospel-facts, appears peculiarly unsound. The tide seemed to set his way; but it was only an eddy. Its main flow in the channel of divine manifestations will be evident in the future as in the past. But peace be with him, who knows more now than any of us! Peace everlasting to the soldier who has laid down his arms; who had in him such pity as well as wrath, that "he could not bear to throw away a bunch of withered flowers," and such generosity as to bestow his splendid library on the city of his home! Yet, seductive as is all transcendental speculation, we reflect, at his sepulchre and over his page, on the vain magnificence of every plan to make out of abstract intellectual axioms a religion for the human race. Some unsettled thinkers are daunted at each fresh rationalistic demonstration, as a necessary step forward in the manifest destiny of truth. In a timid

policy, affecting bravery, they would go with it. They have not learned how old and various is error, and that this anti-supernatural peculiarity is no surprise now, but tried and rejected in manifold forms ages ago, although its argument must be met ever anew. The witnesses in the case have been so numerous and so grand as to establish it for nothing less than a conclusion of the mind of man, that reason alone, separate from providence and history, unhelped by divine interposing, and unwedded to the Holy Spirit, cannot suffice for the salvation of the soul. What more than a cursory glance at the condition of the world is needful to prove that the office of him, who, being reason to us in addition to reason in us, proves himself the Word made flesh, is not yet over? While the thought of God can never be spent, unspent too, as yet, is the manifestation of that thought in time, in the mission of his Son. Whoever feels that the last drop has flowed, and the fountain of this favor is dry, will, of course, cease to preach Jesus Christ. But be it our thanksgiving to Heaven, that the civilization of the earth still grows, while its redemption advances, by looking to him as its Head!

The Immediate Vision of God.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

BY

C. A. BARTOL.

[Reprinted from the "Monthly Religious Magazine."]

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
245 Washington Street.
1860.

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The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

University Press, Cambridge:
Printed by Welch, Bigelow, and Company.

SERMON.

REV. 4, 2: — "And immediately I was in the Spirit; and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne."

You will bear me witness, that I seldom preach what is called a doctrinal sermon. If I do it to-day, it is because I think it seasonable and useful in the aspects of the times. "I was in the Spirit *immediately*," says the writer of this book. Whoever he was, he certainly was an inspired man, if anybody ever was inspired, or if a divinely exalted heart and sanctified imagination be essentially what by inspiration we mean. — "Immediately I was in the Spirit."

But this statement does not fall in with most of the thinking and the popular theology of our day. If we were asked what substantive word of general meaning recurs most frequently in the human speech of this age, we should answer, It is the word, of precisely contrary signification, *Medium*. This is a material word in Natural Philosophy. Through what *medium*, light or air, solid or fluid, electric or magnetic, was an observation made, a result reached, a discovery confirmed? It is a sentimental word in society. Through what *medium* did the acquaintance, introduction, message, or letter come? It is a word, sometimes very spiritual and sometimes very gross, in religion. By what mediation, personal, ecclesiastical, or dogmatic shall the soul of man behold, arrive at, and know God?

This last is the most important question that can be asked. Let me, in answer to it, maintain, by the warrant of reason and all Scripture, as well as of our text, the possibility and reality of an interior and immediate acquaintance with God. That the soul has momentous *mediate* or indirect relations to its Author, through nature and history, through Christ and the Church and all living humanity, I do not deny, but gladly and gratefully own. But that in nature and the Church, in the flood of events and the host of persons, the soul of every one has or may have an immediate relation also to the Most High, I both affirm in the light of truth, and I might cite the loftiest experience, the most ecstatic piety, blessed living and triumphant dying, in proof. Of all the literature, however, in which such things have been recorded, excepting only the Gospels, and perhaps some of the Psalms, the Book of Revelation stands at the head. The author of the Revelation asserts *his* direct heavenly vision. In this immediate opening on his intuitive mind, what did he see? Here certainly is the decisive point, conclusive of all controversy about the Godhead. When all was clear in a blaze of light, through all height and breadth of perception and prospect, what did he see? A throne, and *One* sitting on it. There was no *Trinity*, then, when the sky was uncapped, and the doors flung wide from the mansions of glory, and the very constitution of the heavenly hierarchy unveiled. The Greek pronoun used allows nothing but unity. There was no *third* or *second* person visible in the supreme seat disclosed to the prophet's eye.

It was not because he did not see what there was to be seen. Certainly no believer in the Book and its infallibility can take that ground. It was not because the supposed second person in the Godhead was absent at the time, on earth and in the flesh. Long before, the Saviour of the world had risen and ascended; and, as we learn elsewhere in this very book, he was actually in heaven

receiving homage as the Lamb and Son of God, but not as the absolute, all-perfect, and eternal One. As to the third person in the Trinitarian Godhead, not only did none such occupy the throne of the universe, thus made apparent to the great seer who is supposed to have had his earthly observatory of heavenly things in the isle called Patmos; but none such, as *a third person*, was visible, or anywhere *extant*, in the scene of supernal splendor described. The Spirit, to this sublime scribe of the Apocalypse, came not as a person at all. It was a *presence*, that encompassed him. It was an air he breathed. It was a power he was in. It was an effluence of God himself, who sat on the throne, the *object* of his sight, yet moreover passing to and beyond with measureless and infinite reach, to fold him as the subject of eternal and incomprehensible love.

Nor was this any peculiarity of John. Whenever there is the same immediate vision, the same thing will of course inevitably be seen, namely, the unity of God. Such a position, however, may by some be called in question. Trinitarians, formalists, theologians, and ecclesiastics in general may deny it. They may say, John, with his inspired imagination, could have this glimpse of the essential *one*ness of Deity. Paul and Peter in their apostleship could have it. David, celestially smitten to sing and sweep his harp-strings, could have it. Isaiah and Jeremiah, with their burdens of predictions and lamentations specially laid upon them, could have it. Moses, raised up among the Hebrews for a leader of the people, and a herald and ante-type of the Messiah to come, could have it. That Messiah, when he came, could have it in immeasurable view. But common and uninspired mortals can have it no more. The human soul — that, on earth, depraved and degraded thing — cannot have it. Immediate spiritual communion of inward joy with God is a possibility no longer. The *vision* of God in any way is a historic fact alone. It is a record in certain documents. It is an antiquity which scholarship has transported to us

over the tide of thousands of years. So the Protestants will tell us. The Romanists in turn declare, it is a limited fund, of which this great corporation of theirs in the Church is exclusive trustee. Although the immediate vision, where that is possible, may be of unity, yet for common men, for the mass of men, it is pronounced impossible. We are dependent on a medium; and that dogmatic, ecclesiastic medium certainly teaches a trinity. Nay, in man's inability to realize unity, the trinity is a device of mercy to give him a practical understanding of God.

It has come to this, then, has it? to this pass, our miserable polemics, as the result of ages of argument, have brought us, that we can have no direct feeling of God! Mankind, his own children, can have no feeling of their Father! The human soul, his offspring, cannot lean on his bosom and be sensible of the love and wisdom of which it was begotten and born! Paul was not right when he said, that in him we live, and move, and have our being. The Inspirer is gone. Inspiration is dead and buried. About forty men in all, since the foundation of the world, have been inspired, — to speak and write the Bible, — but of others none! Nay, — knowing God in my own breast, beholding others around me that thus know him in his essence and unity, and reading in the Bible countless affirmations of our power to apprehend the one infinite reality, — while every moral creature of necessity affirms and takes this power for granted in every word and act and inward motion of prayer, — I will not deign to stoop from the height and clearness of such knowledge, to refute the contrary assumption. It is absurd, irrational, and on the face of it self-refuted.

Besides, observe to what wretched consequence it leads, of shutting us up in unavoidable illusion! If John *saw* that One, without distinction of persons, was on the throne, such at any rate must be the *fact* in this case of divinity, as Trinitarians themselves must admit, whether *we* can see it to be the fact or not. If, on account of our weakness

and sin, we must see the Divinity threefold, then all is, we must see it as it is *not* in fact. We must see double, as we say, or treble, as a jaundiced, distorted eye does, when there is but a single object. If God is revealed as threefold, he is revealed as he is not in fact, that is, he is revealed untruly, in accommodation to the weak and guilty human mind. Many theologians boldly take this ground, that we cannot see God as he is, but only under some disguise or false appearance, as we see the sun through a cloud or piece of smoked glass, or as a mock-sun is painted in faint watery reflection and repetition through the mist on the horizon of the earth.

To this I put but one question in reply. Is such a lying communication to be ascribed to the Source of all mercy and truth? No! otherwise indeed he communicates the truth of the unity in which he sits on his throne! Throne, as you know, in the symbolism of the Scriptures, means supremacy. Here, then, in one text, we have the two ideas of supremacy and unity as constituting the Divine nature. Indeed, the Trinity of three equal persons, first, second, and third, in the Godhead, is self-contradictory. The second person cannot be equal to the first. In the very order assumed for it of being second and secondary, it is of course inferior and derived. That there are three great names, heavenly offices and influences, reason admits as freely as Scripture declares. But the co-equally personal Trinity of the creeds, in any statement of it ever made, thus, like a shell with an explosive mixture inside, is blown to atoms on the way by what itself contains. The *second* cannot be the causative, commencing, and creating force, but must itself be dependent thereon. In truth both learning and genius are well aware that the Trinity is not an original inspiration of the soul, or teaching of any divine prophet, or belief of the first centuries of our religion, but the ecclesiastical invention and prudential metaphysical construction of a later age.

But to any one who disputes these points, and also denies the immediate vision which patriarchs and prophets, Psalmist and Apostle, affirm, and every holy soul has had, — to any one who sees no sense in Christ's own declaration, that "the pure in heart shall see God," — I shall reply, furthermore, that the vision of him through any true *medium* or *mediator* is the vision of his *unity* still. It is only when the medium or mediator is allowed to become a substitute for the object which its only business is to disclose, that any doubleness in our conception is introduced. If we choose to make the medium or mediator another deity equal with the original one whom it but proposes to show, then we have two gods, three gods, as many gods as there are mediums or mediators; and we may worship, as Romanists and Romanizing people do, the Child and the Virgin, the Host and the saints. But we can do it only by violating, and just in proportion as we violate, not only the soul's immediate relation to God, but also the very office for which a medium or mediator exists. What is that office? Never to be itself a finality! Not to be opaque at all, or ever to stand distinctly between to stop our vision! It self-destructively would lose and abolish thus its one quality, which is simply to manifest what is beyond itself. This, according to its truth or perfection, it always does.

Do you query as to this position? I need only refer to familiar earthly illustrations to prove it. *Glass* is an ordinary material medium. But two persons on an evening walk through a neighboring street see in the entry of a dwelling-house a light burn so clear, they cannot decide whether there *be* any glass betwixt it and their eyes. The glass, like a good medium, indeed, makes nothing of itself, and disappears. I saw a diamond, glued to the under side of the top of a jeweller's case, yet through the transparent partition shining so clear, that a thief, passing by, might be tempted to try to seize it, it so manifestly seemed to be on the outside. The medi-

um did its work so completely as utterly to vanish away. *Air* is a medium. I stood some years ago, in Switzerland, on the Wengern Alp, and gazed over at the Jungfrau, looking like the snowy vertex of the sky, being nearly three miles above the level of the sea. Its distance from me seemed horizontally but an arrow's flight, though it was ten miles off, so fine and modest a medium the clear air was to make the mountain known. I walked in a hollow of some hills, after a snow-patch, to which I imagined a few steps would fetch me, to quench the thirst occasioned by a very long and laborious ascent; but, after I had discovered and begun to seek it with a half-hour's fatiguing jaunt, the snow-patch still kept me at bay with its far-off glittering crystals of frost, so spotless was the medium of the atmosphere through which it was beheld.

When, too, the medium is one of organized life, we have evidence to the same result. The *face* of a man is the medium of his soul. But when, by the working of a noble soul, it has been wrought and transformed into a faultless medium, we do not much peruse the separate features, — face, forehead, and mouth, — or dwell on the fleshly substance and shape; but, through all that is external and material, the inner power, thought, and love of our admired and endeared ones pass into our own bosoms. This explains the fact, that intimate lovers and kindred cannot, even so well as comparative strangers to them may, describe each other's physical characteristics. Two warm friends of a man once disputed, and were unable to decide, on a matter so obvious as the color of his eyes. It was, of course, because his eyes, faithful mediums, as God meant they should be, had done nothing for his friends but to convey his heart and mind. What did it matter whether they were blue or gray or black? We speak of the qualities of a voice, — of a sweet, rich, loud, mellow voice. I hope it is not in poor taste or a heresy to say so; but it is a bad voice that draws attention to itself, though

its tones were as delicious ear-drink as can come from an organ or Æolian harp. The best voice is that which most disappears and is consumed in its meaning, and which you cannot remember or even hear in any separate sound, save as a pure and perfect *medium* of the sentiment or idea it would express. So of all mediums. *The imperfection of the medium* is what the so-called school of Spiritualists at the present day complain of, in the communications from the unseen land they profess to receive.

So of the great and truly perfect Mediator between God and man. The office, the glory, of Jesus Christ is not to be part of a Trinity, second person in a Godhead, but to be a medium to show God himself, to bring *him* near, to break down all walls that had intervened, never by any means to make or be a new wall, and no wise to eclipse the Almighty Friend with his own personality, but just to let the absolute Being and Glory, in its own wonderful unity, through. In one word, the Mediator discharges and fulfils his work when he sinks from sight and draws us into immediate view of our God and Father, such as elevated and blessed the inspired penman of our text. So then we end where, in this discouse, we began. Mediate knowledge of God concludes in immediate, and both in unity.

We may doubtless properly consider Jesus Christ, in his own life and character, as an individual being by himself; but in *his capacity as Mediator*, that is, his highest capacity, his charm, his beauty, his excellency is, by whatever he does and says, to acquaint us with Him that sent him. So of all things which are mediums or mediations to us of the Divine. As the sweet singer, Herbert, tells us, —

> "A man that looks on glass,
> On it may *stay* his eye;
> Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
> And then the heaven espy.

So we may look on or through Jesus Christ. He is the glass of God. All the objects of nature — stones, trees, stars, and animals — may be studied in themselves for their particular attributes. But when to the true, that is, lowly and reverent, man of science, as he studies them, appears the consistent plan, on which throughout the creation is made, suddenly the whole manifold existence, organized and inorganic, becomes a transparency for the being and unity of God. The mediation leads to immediate view, and that contemplates always and only One. So Kepler, the great astronomer, declares that through the maze of systems, vanishing like a cloud, he saw God passing by, making him the observer stand in wonder mute and still. In that vision was no trinity, but unity alone.

Not the knowing head alone, but the feeling heart, demands oneness in the object of its highest worship and love. When we are stirred with gratitude, when we are kindled with spiritual affection, or straitened in our sore need, while what is most precious to our eyesight is lowered into the grave, we want but One. We go and can go to but one Deliverer, Benefactor, and all-sufficient Friend. All about twos and threes, trigonometrical modes and persons, confuses us. God can be put into no such logical pound with triangular fence. As Luther sees Melancthon sick and ready to die, he turns to the window and clasps his hands in prayer. The attendant physician, the kneeling and weeping friends, the room and furniture, are lost to his sight. He looks up and pours out the most fervent prayer, crying, "Our Lord God!" for the recovery of his friend. No threefold conception of the Deity is in his mind. That is forgotten, left behind in the creeds of synods and the speculations of the schools. He is a Unitarian then and there three centuries ago, as John was nineteen centuries ago, and, in all he says afterwards about the merciful answer to his request, recognizes only the

One Source of all pity and love. Even the adorer of Christ is, while adoring, perforce a Unitarian, for in his adoration he makes him to be the only God.

As the *head*, in the clear light and before the open windows of the universe, can own but one Creator; and as the *heart* can love and adore but one Father; so the *conscience and will*, too, in all their work of duty, can see, in the Apostle's phrase, but one Lawgiver. All science and experience, spite of huge ranks behind in darkness still, marshal the van to this result. Moral obligation, progressive knowledge, and holy, unbounded love, in the mind and breast and life of man, thus accept and confirm the report of that sky-piercing gazer from the rocky isle in the Ægean Sea, of *One sitting on the throne*. May they prevail to form in *us* sometimes the state of mind represented by that modern poet of spiritual truth, Wordsworth, in his book of "The Wanderer":—

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His *mind* was a thanksgiving to the Power
> That made him; *it* was blessedness and love."

8

THE DUTY OF THE TIME.

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1861.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

BOSTON:
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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

PRINTED BY GEO. C. RAND & AVERY, 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

NOTE.

THE discourse was preached before the volunteer company under the command of Captain Dodd, of this city, as well as to the usual congregation.

THE DUTY OF THE TIME.

"KNOWING THE TIME."—*Romans* xiii. 11.

THE reason for understanding our time is that we may perform its duties. Our first duty is self-congratulation and thanksgiving for the time in which, by God's appointment, we live. *Bad times! Dreadful times!* is the frequent greeting in our houses and by the way. It is not a pious greeting, but infidel and atheistic. The time is good if only we are. The "former days" of our fathers were no better than ours. A finer dawn than this never shone for the servants of God and followers of Christ. But do you say it is a time of trouble, disunion, division, and horrid civil war? Yes; but not only so. It is a time of patriotism too, of heroism, of faith in God, and faith in one another. It is a time to see something besides the pedler's cart; to hear something grander than the sound to an idle ear of a hand-organ; to care for something more than driving a sharp bargain; to purchase with blood, if at no lower price, the application of endangered but immortal principles of justice, humanity, and truth. Thank God for the good time of 1861! Lexington-plains or Bunker-heights shall not shine in our annals brighter than Boston streets with the marching for the country of to-day.

The times worse than they were a year or ten years ago? A time of distress, conflict, danger, uncertainty, necessarily poorer, or less desirable, than a time of ease, comfort, self-confidence, and luxury? No! In prosperity, people decay. Men grow corrupt, and women vain. Youth wastes its strength, and becomes early old in vicious experience, when there is plenty at hand, no motive to self-denial, and every means of indulgence. Well did a gray-headed man, who had built his character and fortune on hardship, say it was absolutely frightful to contemplate the sloth and pleasure of the day. Is it not better for the ship to be torn in the tempest on her course, than to rot at the wharf? The nation was beginning to rot in the midst of its riches; to be dissipated in its boundless possessions; to be lost in the conceit of its territorial estate, and to fancy through half its borders that an inferior race was made, with manly sweat and womanly honor, to contribute to its enjoyment, opulence, and service. It was a very perilous condition. We were puffed up, North and South, with success and self-opinion. We were not very good or holy anywhere. We were in jeopardy of becoming politically dissolute,—worse than being disunited. God has interposed for our rescue. A higher will than man's has brought the crisis. The trumpet, blown from Heaven, summons to a struggle against our own sins. The fog of doubt and corruption, that hung close, foul, and suffocating around us, clears up as with a peal of thunder. The bad time was three months ago. The bayonets bristling through a thousand miles, awful as is the sight of their glittering sharpness, are a better omen than anarchy. The rage of battle is preferable to public degradation, to falsify-

ing of freedom in her own name, and general decline of conscience through the land.

The country is going all to pieces, said one. No; the country is being mended! It *was* going to pieces when those in office under its roof, sitting at its board, and living at its expense, stole with impunity its property, betrayed its defences, and used their knowledge of all the passages in the people's house, to show the way for assassins to rob and murder the inmates in their beds. All this is changed or changing now. The smitten and for awhile sinking or quivering beam of justice is rising slow and sure against all the weight of wrong. I thank God that my lot on earth is cast in this region now. It is again a martyr-age. The breed of confessors has come back. Old and young are exalted and nobler, all around us, than they were before. The great question that has risen to be settled, has increased by more than the scripture-cubit our moral stature. All our intellectual and spiritual proportions are expanded. No poor words of my speaking can describe, but only tears and heart-throbs own the glory of this unanimous disinterestedness with which the wealthy empty their coffers, and the stalwart lavish their strength, and mothers bestow their sons, and husbands, brothers, lovers, friends, and all the dearest relations are laid on the altar,— that altar of their country, which is the altar of God. It is the work of the Lord, and not of man. It is a good day to live. "Things go from bad to worse in the United States," said Louis Napoleon. But the more rapidly worse they grow, the sooner they will be better. The world never saw a greater day than this in the issues of lasting moment that are involved. Never was there a war

into which such lofty motives went, or in which so vital and enduring issues were to be determined. Does history tell us it was a good day when our ancestors struck for liberty, and broke the chain which bound the colonies to the British crown? History, with steady pen, will tell generations of our children and grandchildren to come, it was a good day when their forefathers, we of this period, resisted the advance of a sterner and more fatal than English despotism,—made room for the independence of mind, and thought and speech that was choking, and fainting, and dying among us, to breathe once more; and the mountains, and plains, and prairies of twenty millions of people sent their offspring in a gathering of unequalled grandeur, to the rescue. A sublime sight; the myriad isolated, superficially cold individualities of New England, that have been standing each as on its own glass-legged stool, to give out its own spark of electricity at pleasure, now flaming and flowing together in a common feeling! Egotism is gone. Pride is abolished. Avarice, the monster, is dead. Fashion is exchanged for enthusiasm. Classes are nowhere seen. Mere talk and ambitious rhetoric are over, resigning in favor of deeds or of words, like Luther's, that are themselves half-battles. As sometimes the Connecticut River over-runs its banks, and fences and property divisions are obliterated, and trees stand up to their waists in water, so the dry ground of our ordinary plodding is turned into a surging lake of emotion. I have heard it called a *mania*, sweeping us out of ourselves. But, truly, it is a very calm and settled and self-possessed sort of madness. With all the motion and interest,—so that you cannot, from man, woman, or child, high or

atch in the air a stray word of any conversation u pass but relates to the subject,— what order and, I say, characteristic composure! Our soldiers in more insulted, hooted at, stoned, their muskets ched from them, yet keeping orderly step with ling faces, and not raising a gun to fire till directed ıe civil chief there, exemplified well this sobriety. r splendid behavior, in the fame of ages, shall offset, e great picture of this time, the blackness of the ling mob. This made them, not murderers, but yrs. A special divine ordination, and no chance, l the date of the now forever doubly illustrious teenth of April, for blood, from the very same ity of the first engagement of the revolution, to be shed at the beginning of a far greater struggle. That blood made of Massachusetts one man. One could almost covet it, wetting the cars and streaming there on the pavement, for his own blood. We do claim it as ours! We may have a humble State pride in what has won unbounded State praise. The blind mob unwittingly did a service to the truth, as the mob at the crucifixion contributed to the salvation of the world. The few drops ran back a torrent into our veins. It revived and nerved us. It recruited all the North for the campaign. Being holy blood as it was, may it sanctify us to holiness as well as courage! May it be subservient in us to a love for our fellow-citizens, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-creatures, that will purge us of all blood-thirstiness, and consecrate us without anger, malice, or revenge, to the accomplishment of the widest ends, which we will never relinquish, of honesty, true brotherhood, and final peace. Let war itself be to us

no matter of jesting or rejoicing, but a sad necessity, — the means to uphold right, wicked men drive us to use.

Is it said we are plunging into fratricidal strife? Not only civil war, but all war is fratricidal, as all men are our brethren. But are traitors to their country more our brethren than are dwellers on a foreign shore? I know not what you will say, but only what I must say myself. He, that would promote equity and goodness in any region on earth, is my brother. God grant there be no more harm to fraternal flesh among us than we need to wake the fraternal soul! Want of universal brotherly feeling has moved the strife. "The next pretext for disunion," said Andrew Jackson, in a letter written up and down with angular strokes, as with his sword, "will be the slavery question." God grant the next everlasting bond of union be the equal freedom of all!

But it is a time not for self-congratulation only, in the general awakening of other men. It is a time, too, for personal self-sacrifice. Our income is to be halved, our expenditure for our country doubled. Our kith and kin are, when called for, to be allowed to go into the hazards of the fight. Bear witness, those already gone from these very seats! Behold a token before your eyes in the troops, whom we welcome to our worship, officered from our church! In the flames at Norfolk of our burning stores and ships; millions melting in smoke rather than they should fall into the enemy's hands; in that by no means total loss, spiritually considered, see a signal of sacrifice! In the munitions of war at the Charlestown navy-yard, that make one ship as costly as many a whole town of buildings, as she goes before the breeze, the most wondrous engine and accumulated mass

of inventions from the hand of man, see what human nature must pay to right its own wrong! Sacrifice is the specific for the exigency, the duty of the hour. In whatever way we can be useful, let us throw ourselves in! Jesus Christ threw himself in. We have preached self-culture. Our Master's principle was not self-culture, but self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice let us preach! Not what a fine thing we can make of ourselves from earth or heaven, for time or eternity, with our study and science, literature and art, should be our aim; but how we can help and save others. For this it will bless us to lose half our property,—like the first Christians taking joyfully the spoiling of our goods. This indeed is what we have been in a fortnight regenerated to do. A little while ago we were not what we are. A shot at our country, holding up her colors in her hand at Fort Sumter, echoes in our ears, and we are born again; Pharisees no more, but lowly publicans in the kingdom. This religion alone can gain the battle, while the terrible North, as the fate and finger of God, moves to meet the tropical South. All self-sacrifice now is in place. If fighting be not my particular vocation, I should be ashamed not to appreciate the soldier. If sewing be not my particular vocation, I should be ashamed not to appreciate the women who make the soldiers' shirts. How it inspires us to see the hero rising where we never imagined him, the saint appearing from hiding in many a quiet bosom, and the population far and wide uplifted! Let our economy and generosity at least show the sacrifice, of which so many in the risk of all that is mortal are ready to furnish the proof; while of actual slaughter, we will pray, and you soldiers pray with us, may there be only so much as is necessary for the ransom of liberty, union, and national

life! But precious things come dear; we must be willing to give the price.

In or out of battle, it is a time also for prayer. Prayer the thing in this busy time? Yes, and I will tell you why. It is because prayer is a power with God; for only they can heartily pray who are for the right; and their prayer brings Almighty aid. It summons good angels to hover over the ranks of the honest and brave. It makes the cloud of witnesses surround and attend them as an unseen host. It must fetch adverse influence from the heavens to those that combat for a treacherous and inhuman plot; till the displeasure of all pure spirits shall weigh strangely upon them, and the judgment of the Most High unawares oppress and discourage their souls. The doom is writ for all in evil undertakings, that they soon shall be melancholy men. They feel it in the air, in their hearts, they know not why. It is the opposition of spirits and the prayer of the good. To the wicked king, before the day of battle, the ghost said, "Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!" *Be not down-hearted,* exclaimed a soldier to some mournful-looking friends at the State House,—*you pray for us, and we will fight for you.* Not in wrath or vengeance would he fight who said that, but at the bidding of the God he believed to be on his side. God is for those who are for him in his creatures' good. When we read, in Homer, of the heathen gods mingling in the fray, we call it a fine fancy. But it is a reality, which makes the poetry everlasting, that celestial strength is always pledged to righteous enterprise. Let us implore its descent abundantly in this solemn hour of our land. We propose nothing for which we cannot pray! God cannot prosper aggressors who shoot and stab us in the

back as we go peacefully to defend the Nation's Capital, over the nation's highway. God will not give the triumph to those whose stealing and lying, treasonable abuse of office, taking of salary while wounding the hand by which they were fed, surrendering of forts, and demoralizing of our troops for our ruin, all have been a shooting and stabbing of the nation in the back. Even the dollar is afraid of them, and in their sinking stocks runs away; Christian women, grown warlike, pronounce their doom; for the doom is spoken to whatever Christian womanhood grows warlike against; spirits from above, of light and goodness, not technically reckoned in the number of our troops, range themselves with us; and gentle daughters and sisters wish to nurse the wounded, and are almost sorry they cannot join the ranks of the well. So far as may be consistent with the rectitude of God's laws, and the accomplishment of the purposes for which we enlist and shall carry, may the work of the avenger be short!

Once more, it is a time to maintain our civilization, as well as war. We can, I believe, finish this controversy, and keep up the order of society too. We can send the soldiers, and take care of their homes. We can open our treasury for the military equipment, and have enough for the poor. We can gain the victory, and starve, meantime, no species of productive industry or honorable trade. We have ample resource to do it. Liberty shall prevail with threefold preponderance over bondage and tyranny, without putting all her sons into uniform or turning her entire territory into a camp. For such as stay at home, it is a time to stand at their several posts, and discharge their manifold functions for the common weal, that the old and the young,

the weak and the sick, be not neglected, that those for a time widowed, childless, and without their dearest friends, — God grant a glad coming back! — may be comforted, and all social needs supplied.

One word to you, soldiers, whose aspect shows you girt and ready for the duty assigned you at this era of time. To that duty by those in command, I am sure you will be well and bravely led. To the emergency that has arrived, your own mind is made up. Wherefore are you in your array, but that you have judged there is something for you to prize more than life? The existence, union, liberty, flag of your country, is what you esteem more than life. Not conscripts, but volunteers, you are inspired with willingness to die, if need be, for a sentiment; and that, let me tell you, is manhood, nobility, divinity in the human soul, and, if you fall, glorious immortality. If God will, may you, among the deliverers of your land, return safe to the homes that will yearn after you and cover you with answers from heaven to their ascending petitions, when you are gone. But you do not go to be shielded! You go to be yourselves, with your own exposed breasts, your country's shield. If for this any of your blood should be required, it will be sacred blood, enviable in our sight, offered to the Most High. Be courageous, be temperate, be patient of trials and privations harder to bear than the excitement of conflict; be full of tender pity, as of stern resolve, with a heart to feel, such as a naval captain on the Minnesota told me his men had. Forgive and commend to divine mercy the enemies you must oppose. Prove to advocates of the peace we all desire, that the Christian virtues can flourish in the field of war, and bloom in beauty in your

souls! Dishonor your pure cause with no speck of hate, or deed of violence. Set up and keep up your banner. Let it not go down unless you all go with it! With but half a heart we went into the Mexican war. Give a whole heart to preserve this government from being destroyed. Do your part to decide well the momentous issue of the hour; and though it is a time of sober thinking and tearful parting now, there shall come a time of joyful meeting hereafter. There shall come great reward in the results of your devotion to redeem your native soil, and re-establish the republic. There shall come, flying back from heaven, the freedom our fathers brought over the foaming sea. There shall come, beyond every contention or division, to all who have fought a good fight in their time, eternity of holiness, blessedness, love, and peace.

God help us all to uphold the standard, which has in its folds no meaning of the venomous serpent raised by some, but whose stars of benignant order and light the stars in the sky shall not outlive! God help us to stand by America, our own mother, all the more for her present sorrows, as we would by the parent that bore us! God help us to heal the wounds of liberty in our land, as we do those of the tree of liberty, whose old wrestling with the storm did something to inspire the human struggle for independence! Let us say, with the officer returning from abroad, "our country shall have us and the last drop in our veins." As she feels round to find herself, let her find us her living members, and let us so identify ourselves with her that, mutilate her who will, she may be sensible of her own identity. If war be necessary to save her life, it is a holy war. Let us wage war to keep off evils worse

than itself. May the thunder-storm of battle pass, and carry our corruption with it, leaving the air pure. God give the triumph to the right! and may we all be, in his mercy, again together, if not on the face of the earth and in the light of the sun, yet in another wondrous region, which we look for, of good fellowship and unity with the faithful and the true, and all souls redeemed from their sins.

9

OUR SACRIFICES.

A

SERMON

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

NOVEMBER 3, 1861,

BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF
LIEUT. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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SERMON.

"THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL IS SLAIN UPON THY HIGH PLACES."—2 Samuel i. 19.

WHAT *a dreadful sacrifice*, I have repeatedly heard it said, and you have repeatedly heard it said, if you have not repeatedly said it yourselves, as tidings of one after another fresh calamity from the theatre of the nation's struggle smite on our ears. But no sacrifice stands alone, begins and ends in itself, or is ever to be regarded as so much blank loss. Let us not overlook the use of sacrifice. It is the law of our life, that all earthly progress in every good cause starts in sacrifice, lives on sacrifice, and without ever-new sacrifice would faint and die.

It was a great sacrifice, and David so esteemed it, when Saul and his son Jonathan, and two other sons besides, lay dead on the field under the arrows of the Philistine archers, who took great spoil of the Israelites' wealth also and their weapons of war. David writes a dirge on the occasion, perhaps the earliest from his sublime pen; and, if so, then the tender muse of his sacred poems truly was born

in sorrow and baptized in tears, as the very child of sacrifice. Yet, sad as the occasion was, it was not wholly lamentable. The death of Saul from the dart and the sword, and the fall on the field of Jonathan, whom David loved as he probably never loved man or woman else, with the knitting to him of his very soul, were not sacrifices absolute. Great use was there in the seeming waste of that royal and princely blood. The Philistines with their savage barbarous host were not helped on to victory by the slaughter that exacted those precious lives. Their stroke recoiled. The blood of Saul and Jonathan, that ran out of their veins, apparently to stop still and clotted as a pool on the earth, ran back somehow and was re-infused into the people. It made the blood of the whole kingdom tingle with unprecedented life and zeal. The damp sprinkling at the mouth of the furnace kindles the fire it but superficially quenches to a hotter glow; and no vital current that still flowed was so mighty for the triumph of the Israelites as that which was spent and spilt like water on the ground. David, warrior and king as well as psalmist, was kinged indeed, as he was crowned in form, by the martyrdom he mourned; the wild tribes of Amalek, the freebooters and enslavers of their day, were scattered before his sceptre and spear; — and, had there been no other fruit from the gore that enriched the ground of Gilboa, the ode itself that has come down to us with immortal inspiration, a song and a picture too, were

worth, in its stirring influence as a grand celebration of friendship and honor, the lives of a thousand men. Though David curses the mountains to have no rain or dew, food for all time has been gathered from their growth out of death.

We have had ages of success in this country; now has come our age of sacrifice. Manhood as noble and leadership as brave as Saul's, youth as lovely and winning as Jonathan's, have been immolated to that spirit of war which so pervades the race of man, like the air overhangs land and sea, and rages as fiercely now in our American borders as once on the Hebrew shores. But is it a bad age, undesirable to live in, because it is an age of sacrifice? No, — every sacrifice for a worthy object is really in the soul no sacrifice at all. We never made or can make a bare sacrifice for truth and justice, our country and God. The blessed use overpays all our surrender. When, in any affair, we get more than we give up, are we not to be content with the dealing? "*These are our sacrifices*," said one man to another on leaving this church last Monday. "*And our glories too*," was the reply. Fidelity to our convictions and living as we believe, at whatever cost of substance or existence, are the only glories we are equal to; — and he is but a craven who weighs comfort or fortune or peace for a moment in the scale with honor and duty and the public weal. What is your or my flesh and blood in comparison with loyalty to our principles? Verily, it is to be ac-

counted but as so much dirt and stones in the streets, or a little dust in the vast sweeping of the floor of mortality into the grave. If it be wanted for any worthy service, let us say, *Here it is!*

Much has been said of the sacrifice of property, which might all have been spared had we interposed no obstacle to this Southern rebellion, had we smothered our resentment at the insult to our flag, and let the insurgents with their institutions have their own way. But in what a torrent to repel them we drain our funds! Foreign writers, especially in England, have sent over sardonic speculations and queries how we, with our government and banks, shall solve the financial problem looming through the clouds of battle in our lowering political sky. In the American land and American soul Providence will find or put value enough to solve it. Europe may dismiss both her honest over-solicitude for our welfare, and any premature exulting at our downfall, disbeliever however she may be in our democracy, forgetting her own revolutions and consuming wars. There has been some destruction of property of which only as a melancholy abomination we can think. But it has been not at our own, but the anarchists' hands, that railways and bridges are wantonly destroyed and coast-lights put out. Nearly all at least of our sacrifices of property, the fruit of industry, have been in the legitimate furtherance of our righteous aims. Yet an enormous sacrifice we must own it to be. The mustering and accou-

tring of forces, the pay-roll and rations for subsisting the army, the huge negative loss in a wide desertion of the pursuits of productive industry, the vast expense of the naval military power in its splendid fleets, — one of which has just sailed: Heaven-sped be it on its righteous errand! — and all the munitions of battle; — the treasure that is fired away in the explosive powder, whistling ball, bursting shell, and countless missiles, most of which are lost in space or buried in the ground, barren of any result; — the time, the strength, the skill, all of which are money, consumed in the long indecisive strife, taxation aggravated and the future pledged; — our imagination staggers in attempting to sum up the sacrifice in the form of property which labor and capital and trade hardly earn and slowly accumulate, — property, yes, perhaps a thousand millions, enough to endow countless colleges and asylums, lavished on the demon of war.

But if, with all this expenditure, a stand is made against oppression and wrong, if a prospect is opened for liberty and union, if the republic can be redeemed by this sacrifice, shall it not be made with a joyful will? Truly, all profusion for such ends is economy, — and excellent housekeepers they from whom it comes! To what better account can our property be put? What should we do with the heap of our riches, if we were allowed to go on swelling it, in a course of endless prosperity? Nothing but good, think you, abolishing distress and poverty, equalizing the human lot, promoting

science and art, building up at home and in heathen parts the kingdom of God? — or much evil too, hardening ourselves in avarice, enervating ourselves with luxury, corrupting ourselves with vice, and going the same down-hill track other nations have taken, Rome and Babylon, Nineveh and Tyre, with the fat and recalcitrating Jeshurun, whose name personified the degenerate Israelites, amid all *their* milk and honey, of old? Dubious, from human nature as well as history, to such questioning would be the reply. But we are *not* allowed to go on uprearing these ant-hills of our golden sand. We are stripped of our increasing wealth. Our glittering houses of earthly gain, under the tramp of the living ideas of the time, are broken and diminished. Great and grievous appears the sacrifice. Simple sacrifice, however, it is not. One advantage will come of it. We shall at least never rot in our riches. Those stooping from age will now no longer more with gold than with years be cumbered and bowed to the ground. Our youth will not, in idleness and dissipation, run riot with the means otherwise bestowed. Our children, with our estates, will be devoted, in some mode of service, at home or at the seat of conflict, to the commonwealth. Nay, we shall, with this substance of ours, not only serve and sacrifice to, but rescue and for our posterity perpetuate the commonwealth yet, for all that has come and gone of our temporary reverses and the power of treason, so poor but for its robberies, to keep still on foot; — and what price for

such ransom of the land shall be deemed too high? Truly, it shall not be reckoned with silver or much fine gold. With it, as with wisdom, not even rubies shall be compared. If freedom be the purchase, the money it comes to shall be a very little thing, though the purse of Crœsus were emptied.

But we have only begun to tell the story of sacrifice when we speak of property alone. We might be better off, reduced to Spartan simplicity, by losing half of that. I think many of us would be. We are making a great sacrifice, however, of happiness too. The weeping of young and elder women, which you and I have noticed in the doorways, as the successive regiments formed and passed along, shows but a few drops of the flood of grief within. The heart-throb as you part from, perhaps never to see again, that which is dear to you as the apple of your eye, is not light, though it makes no noise, like the pulsing drum and trumpet, in the air. The anxiety of wives and mothers, lovers and friends, respecting the absent, however meekly borne as from the will of God, wears on the springs of life. The report of a fatal result to some object of affection rends the heart-strings in which his form was enwoven. When tidings of wounds or death have reached one dwelling, the doubt pervading the entire community whither now the angel of death will fly, and on what threshold next the waiting inmates may see the crimson stain, weighs as a burden which only the grace of Heaven can help to bear. The whole Christian feeling of the people too is troubled and torn

at the horrid spectacle of war between fellow-men, fellow-citizens, nay, offspring sometimes of the same ancestry, begotten and born of one parentage, perhaps rocked in the cradle together and consecrated from the womb to brotherly love, now arrayed on opposite sides, and seeking to pierce each other's breasts.

But the sacrifice even of happiness in all this affectional and moral pain we must make cheerfully. Do you say it is an excessive sacrifice? Whether it is excessive depends on what it is made for; and I plead, there is for it reason enough, and a fully atoning object. It is no more than belongs to our actual cause. Jesus Christ did not hesitate to promulgate his religion, though he foresaw it would divide families and make a man's foes to be those of his own household, and put a sword into numberless hands; for, spite of all such mischief and misery, he knew how preponderant to the world would be the benefits of his Gospel. We must not draw back from our dread crisis and ordeal of fire; for it is the only mode that appears of maintaining our fathers' enterprise of a free and Christian community on these Western shores. What other practicable method there is will you tell me? I see none. As the bitter sacrifices multiply and grow severe, some are tempted to ask if we have not in all this business made some horrid mistake. They shrink from further waging the terrible strife, and are almost ready for any mean compromise. But the sufferers, from whom the sacrifices have

been or may be taken, do not shrink. They have counted the cost. They, like Jesus, have had their agony beforehand. It has been in the garden more than on the cross. Therefore they, like him, endure the cross so meekly, with a serene beauty of behavior by which some, who think only of their affliction, are amazed. They conclude their offering to country, to liberty and God, when they send their sons and brothers to the war.

Besides, in this matter of sacrifice, let us remember, sacrifice in some shape we cannot avoid. It is for us, as for the Hebrews, standing among their flocks, to determine what particular sacrifice we will choose. Sacrifice, greater or less, we must make. We have but an alternative. Should we withhold our present sacrifice, what must be the substitute? Our whole political system broken up! The banner of the United States, — God bless it! — not only fired at on one fort or lowered from a single staff, but everywhere displaced, banished, and destroyed! The seat of government taken, and the federal authorities, by the vote of the whole people fairly chosen, disgraced and dispersed! An end to that dream of liberty for which our sires crossed the sea, and were willing to cross the other narrower but more fearful sea of death, as so many of them did. A worse despotism than they fled from, a slavery they would have shuddered to foresee, and as they look down from heaven must deplore, spreading without check through our territories, prescribing as a sovereign

our legislative policy, winning or forcing the magnificent stretch of our soil to itself; or, if the stubborn old Puritan stock should still revolt and hold out against its insolent sway, leaving this little corner of New England out in the cold here to shift for itself and be subject to all the ignominious dictations of a neighboring despotic realm. Will you make *such* a sacrifice, instead of the sacrifice you have already brought? One or the other you must elect. Which, brethren and sisters, shall it be? How should we like sacrifice coming in this style, of the kicks and buffets of one domineering empire or of a row of arrogant rival States? Would not all this other sacrifice be the greatest and worst? For one, I must say it is no point of wavering with me. By no reverses is my judgment changed. The will of God, which is equity, is not changed. Your resolve, which is patriotism, is not changed. No, — rather than fail to vindicate the proper institutions of the land, let us rise, and let us fall, to the last man! Let us not be nice in our preference as to the blow that shall smite us or the ditch into which we shall be thrown. Let us pick out a big burial-place for what may remain of us or ours; or, should we survive our country and American liberty, let us emigrate to some other clime, till it please God to take us to the franchise of heaven.

But we have not come to despair of the republic. We do not expect its foes to conquer. It is not unlikely their strength, kept up with valor so

fierce and grim in a bad enterprise, when it yields, may suddenly give way, with awful and utter collapse. But only by the virtue of our unfaltering resolve pressing hard upon it. There is nothing for us, then, but to stick to that side of sacrifice we have espoused already, and turn it from the horn of a dilemma into a horn like David's, exalted with honor. We must gain the victory. To gain it in battle, we must gain it in our hearts; we must gain it in our households, we must gain it at home. But one end of our army in fact is in the field. The other end is here. It is composed, not of men, but women. Tender maidens and venerable matrons are in it, instead of soldierly veterans and valiant youth. The unsheathed needle is all their armory, instead of cannon, musket, and sword. But it serves as well; nay, it is, in their hands, essentially strong to support cannon and musket and sword. If our case is won, to them as much as to the ranks in uniform will the credit be due; for, without woman's siding with him, in nothing can man succeed. Well is it recorded that woman was formed of man and brought to him. "The rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman." Were her encouragement withdrawn, I should be unnerved, if I could be by anything less than the abandonment of the Most High. It is glorious to see woman's rights by woman herself all absorbed now in woman's duty. Let man and woman together yield the sacrifice of this sad but necessary war. We thought in-

deed war for us was over. We heard it grumbling on in the distant corners of the earth; but we fancied the monster, formerly ravaging here too, now a phantom for us, gone from our paradise too far to come back, as in a quiet night we see Mars and the Great Bear so cool and noiseless in the sky. Yet it revisits us in all its wrath. Let us deal with and carry it on in such a spirit and design as shall convert it from an enemy to a friend. Let us make it, not the ruiner, but regenerator of our land. Then all the sacrifices it exacts will be sanctified. God willing and his children faithful, they shall be sanctified. By the same blast which blows away the first froth of self-confidence from the surface, the deeper purpose is stirred. Our gloomy fear, too, as well as vanity, the wind shall scatter. As I looked at twilight lately from my window, I saw the evening star in splendor such as I never saw equalled before. Clouds had been on it; mists had obscured its face. But they had passed with fugitive haste, nor robbed it of a single beam. Why with such especial brightness did it shine to the eye? It shone so brightly because it had been dimmed! So shall it be with this other planet, of light and freedom, our country in the West. Clouds may blot its lustre. They are over us now. But they will break, as, at this moment of my speaking, yonder storm breaks and lets into these windows a clearer ray. We may sacrifice our sunny happiness for a while. But not for outward happiness

were we made, but for inward blessedness, through self-denial at first, completed in ecstasy at last. If we can bless each other and society by coining our comfort and heart's blood into a self-sacrificing service, let us not hold back.

Familiar events prove that to property and happiness we must personally, like the Jews in old Canaan, for ourselves or those dearest to us, add the sacrifice of life. To one, among many such noble and widely commemorated sacrifices, I wish, in closing, to refer, not to gratify myself or any others peculiarly concerned, but, through the public attention, already fixed on it by circumstances of thrilling interest, for the benefit, as great as can be derived from any sermon, of delineating what I must consider a model of human worth. William Lowell Putnam, born July 9th, 1840, Lieutenant in a Massachusetts company, fell bravely fighting for his country, in the act probably of at once leading on his men and making a step to the relief of a wounded officer, in the battle of Ball's Bluff, October 21st, 1861, and he died, at the age of 21, the next day. The State that gave him birth, and to which he gave back honor, joined with his kindred and friends in celebrating his obsequies in this church, last Monday, October the 28th. The coffin lay on the same spot occupied, nine months ago, by that of Dr. Charles Lowell, his maternal grandfather. The corse of the soldier and hero, surmounted with the sword unwielded and motionless in its scabbard, was not unworthy to succeed here that of the

preacher and saint; for spiritual weapons were no cleaner in the hands of the first than carnal ones in those of the last. Striking was the contrast made by the youth's silken locks and smooth, fair cheeks, cold in death, with the white hair on the furrowed brow that had also reposed at the shrine so long vocal with well-remembered tones of an eloquent and holy mouth. But there was more union than separation. The benignant resolution of the elder's expression was repeated in the sweet firmness of the young man's lips. They seemed as near together in spirit as circumstantially wide apart. The two venerable names of Lowell and of Putnam — the eminent jurist, as beloved as he was distinguished * — were well united in that of the youth; for he justified every supposable law of hereditary descent by continuing in his temper and very look, with the minister's loving earnestness, the singular cordiality, the wondrous and spotless loving-kindness, which in his paternal grandfather's manner was ever like a warm beam of the sun. The delicacy due to the living allows me only to point to a picture such as is seldom exhibited, in

* Samuel Putnam was born 1768, and died 1853. At the bar he was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of Commercial Law, a chivalric sense of honor and duty, and uniform amenity of manners.

On the Bench of the Supreme Court, where he served for twenty-eight years, the exhibition of these powers of mind and elements of character gained for him universal affection and respect; and his opinions in that branch of the law are esteemed among the most valuable contributions to jurisprudence to be found in the Reports of the State of Massachusetts.

his only surviving grandparent, of an intelligently contented, industriously cheerful, Christian old age,— still growing riper and fresher towards almost ninety years. A worthy grandchild William was. He bore out in action, in danger and death, every rising signal and promise of his brief but beautiful life. In the conflict, he cared more for others' peril than for his own. He sank, from all his forward motion, under one mortal wound. But, while he suffered, he smiled. He deprecated any assistance to himself as vain; he urged all to the work before them, and even forbade his soldiers to succor him. "Do not move me," he said to his friend; "it is your duty to leave me; help others; I am going to die, and would rather die on the field." With noble, yet well-deserved support, however, he was borne nearly a mile to the boat at the fatal river's brink by Henry Howard Sturgis of this city, who left him only to return to fight in his own place, and afterwards watched him like a mother in the hospital, hoping for his restoration. As he lay prostrate, knowing he could not recover, he beckoned to his friend to come to him, that he might praise the courage of his men in the encounter, rather than to say anything of himself. With such patient composure he endured his anguish and weakness, probably no mortal but himself could suspect how far he was gone. He sent home the simple message of love. Brightly, concealing his pangs, he wore away the weary hours. Cheerfully, on the Tuesday morning which was his last on earth, he spoke to his

faithful servant, George. He closed his eyes at length, and did not open them again, presenting, and perhaps knowing, no distinction between sleep and death. He "is not dead, but sleepeth," might it not have been said again? But, like the child raised by our Lord, he slept but a little. The greatness of his waking who shall tell?

I looked often and earnestly on that young man's face, in the house and by the wayside; and now that I can see it in the flesh no longer, it still hangs and shines conspicuous in the gallery of chosen portraits in my mind. I would fain put into some photograph of words what it expressed, and what the likeness fortunately taken of him largely preserves, respecting others' testimony while I render my tribute, and blending their views with my own; for I find in all estimates of him a notable uniformity. The first impression which any one beholding him would have received, was of a certain magnanimity. The countenance was open, and, as from an ample doorway, the generous disposition to meet you came out. There was a remarkable mixture of sweetness and independence in all his aspect and bearing. From his very gait and salutation you would perceive that his mind was made up, and he meant something by his glance or utterance; as one who knew him said, there was *character* in whatever he did. I am not sure a discerner of spirits might not have gathered, before he elected his part, from his effective carriage and fine physical development, signs of a military taste. Yet, if the

martial inclination were in him, it was combined with a strong aversion to take life or inflict distress. He proved once more, as it has been proved ten thousand times, that the brave is also the tender heart. But above all mortal considerations of pleasure or pain was his regard for justice and truth. He had a rare native rectitude. He never deviated from sincerity. If anything could grieve him, or, even in his childhood, move him for a moment from the admirable felicity of his temper, it would be any calling in question of his word. But the sensibility in him that felt all forgave all too; and without the sensibility that measures our forgiveness, our forgiveness is nothing worth. Beyond any passion, he evinced the reason in which his passion was held. Coolness in him covered enthusiasm; the gravity of deep though early experience repressed the sparkles of natural humor; a heart wistful of affection attended self-reliance; the modest and almost diffident was the courageous soul; by ready concession to another's correctness in any debate, he curbed a mounting will; and he suited the most explicit clearness of opinion to the perfect gentleman's ways. With his seriousness went along a keen sense of the ludicrous, by which almost every highly moral nature is quick to observe what is outwardly awry, as well as what is intrinsically wrong; but he was more apt, when he laughed, to laugh at himself than at other folks. He could contend also, but never from love of contention. He would fight only for a great object; he went to the

war in his country's emergency, at the outset proposing to go as a private; and he intended to return to the study and practice of the law if he survived. *If he survived:* but no sanguine thought of surviving did he entertain. He had no reserves; he was a devotee in arms. He offered himself as though less to slay than be slain were his end. No more of hero than martyr was in his mood, as in his doom. He threw his life in without scruple, with the ancient judging it sweet and decorous to die for one's country; and the parental presentiment, that die he would, was matched in the entire readiness for such an event with which the always fearless son, under no shadow of his own apprehension, marched on to the fatal fray. In every extremity he was self-possessed. If by one word I must mark the quality most prominent in his deportment, I should call it *balance.* Did this unqualified courage, in one extraordinarily conscious of existence, and with constitutional tenacity rooted in the present life, spring from the faith he so vividly had in immortality? and did that faith in turn spring from a profoundly religious trust in God? I believe it! I believe even the exuberant, vivacious, frolicsome boy had in him the germ, afterwards to open, of all this faith and trust. Impulsive, he did not act from impulse, but from that contemplation on the truth of the universe which told him on what impulse to proceed, and marked his way over the earth into the heavens.

Precious intellectual gifts, mostly philosophic,

though with no want of imagination, were in our brother, so that his friend abroad, Guépin, expected in him great scientific attainments, — while he spoke French, German, and Italian, in the style of the common people, whom he loved, as well as the dialect of the refined circles. He was fond of reading, but only of the best works in composition of any kind; and he left an exciting romance half finished, at the hint of something not wholesome or altogether lofty in the author's tone. His mind and heart were in unison, and on his young companions, as well as elders, he made the same stamp of a superiority permitting only one idea of him. It were hard to tell whether the reflective or executive faculties prevailed, so exact in his very nature was their poise. But the moral in him ever presided over the intellectual. Not for distinction, but duty, he lived, as he died. I know how the dead are eulogized, and what a eulogy I give; but out of the sincere thoughts of my heart I give it, — that those who knew him best, while they admired his talents, were never able to discover his faults.

Such is one of our sacrifices of life. A dawn predicting individual excellence through a long career, as plainly as the yet beardless Raphael's picture of the holy marriage was said to be prophetic of all his subsequent fame, has suddenly withdrawn its lustre from the earth. Is the sacrifice too great? I ask his kindred, is it too great? Would you have your boy back? Under the old

dispensation, when a sacrifice God would surely accept was to be made, a firstling of the flock, a lamb without spot or blemish, was singled out for the altar. A firstling of the flock, a lamb without spot or blemish, has been selected now. God himself, for this very purpose, as I think, of a measureless blessing to enliven the common heart, has chosen a victim from our beloved fold. No, we would not have him back. We would have him where he is! In the victim may we see the victory too. In the follower, as in the master, may the twofold lesson of triumph with sacrifice be seen. May the Divine wisdom, that loses life more certainly to save it, and gives up to gain all, shown so well in a new example, have imitation everywhere and continuance without end. Be humbly proud, be sacredly envious of the dead in the pattern displayed; for imitation and continuance it has! The enlistment, at the public need, of educated young men is not damped, but inspirited, from a companion's or kinsman's expiring breath. That breath passeth far through the whole air, into their nostrils! "I must go," said one of them to his father, — "I feel like a poltroon here at home." "Go with my blessing," was the father's reply. As the father himself told me this yesterday, he could talk no farther, for tears, but turned away. May the spectacle, so frequent among us, the most beautiful spectacle now beneath the sun, of boyhood tearing itself from mothers' embraces and fathers' arms, and happy homes, and loving dissuasives, to

consecrate itself to country's good, prefigure another spectacle, of a country purged of its errors and renewing *its* youth. May Heaven bless to our redemption every vicarious sacrifice, of the wounded and still exposed, as well as the dead; — and so may all loss and self-surrender be sanctified in a perpetual resurrection, from the Most High, on earth and in heaven, of "the beauty of Israel," slain upon *our* high places, till the blood of the martyrs, which is the seed of the Church, shall be also the life of the state. Standing, for us and ours, "as on life's utmost verge," at the edge of whatever may come to mortals, so to the Eternal we pray; — and may the Eternal to what even on earth is immortal in us too, answer our prayer! Then we shall not have sacrificed on his altar in vain. All our sacrifices will redound alike to his glory, our country's welfare, and our own final gladness and peace. It is no sacrifice of truth, justice, freedom, or any human right, that we make. Only lower and cheaper things we sacrifice to these principles which are the attributes of God. Fixed be our faith that something, not of the dust and not laid low on the field, something which the funeral procession cannot marshal, nor the mighty state precede, nor the whole earth, whose mouth opens for the dead, swallow up, has escaped alive above the bonds we yet wear, into the region where is liberty, unity, peace, and light, with no need of the sun, for the Lord God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

10

THE RECOMPENSE.

A

SERMON

FOR

COUNTRY AND KINDRED,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH, AUGUST 24.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

PRINTED FOR FRIENDS.

BOSTON:
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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D

Printed by
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SERMON.

"He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." — Romans viii. 32.

When any expense is incurred, sacrifice or surrender in any way made, we determine its wisdom or folly by asking, What is it for? There are things costing a great deal, but worth little or nothing; and there are things which no sum of money, amount of labor or offering of life can purchase too dearly. Paul represents God as satisfied with the subjection to strokes of human malice, even to the vilest death, of that beloved son who might be supposed most precious to him of all creatures ever clothed in flesh. But the Father relinquished him to his fate because of the blessings his agonies should buy and bestow, for the salvation of the world.

For an object that passes reckoning or imagination of value, the loyal citizens of the United States

are giving, working and dying now. Some may be dying while I speak. Vast is the outlay, but transcendent the design whose accomplishment will be infinite reward. I will not say that everything is at risk, — that national existence, political order and human liberty are on the wheel of fortune or in the hand of chance; for I believe they are in the scales of Providence, not to be finally compromised and stolen away by the wiles of the devil. Yet they will be weighed out to us in the exact measure of our desert. Therefore we are not, like Oriental fatalists, to wait on events, but to hear the trumpet which summons us to whatever human beings can do, dare and suffer, in pain or death or grief, for the sake of whatever above a barbarous and savage existence, human beings can prize. Nobly Lieutenant Lowell, in acknowledging to his classmates the present of a sash and sword, declared for himself and his compeers, that they were going forth to fight and fall, if needful, not for "the Constitution and the Laws, — that is a superficial cause, and the rebels have now the same, — but for Civilization and Law and the self-restrained freedom which is their result." The point could not be better expressed than in the private letter from which I take leave to quote. For nothing other or less than the principles of justice, the conditions of human welfare,

the rudiments of society and rational decency we are called, in an era of supposed light and knowledge, to contend.

This church has brought to the altar of God and native land, in the crisis, with its share of treasure in property, far more than would appear to be its proportion of blood. On the last Sunday that I had the privilege to address you I was ready to beseech God to spare us any further such contribution. But, though made in submission, it would be an ignorant and improper deprecation. God spared not his own son; why should he or we wish to spare our children, when the cause that demands them is so noble as the rescue of a continent from anarchy and slavery? There is a classic story of the innocence, in a certain score of virgin lives, that had punctually to be sent to save a fair region from being ravaged by a devouring monster. We have our monster, worse than any Grecian mythology can show, and how much harder to be appeased! To redeem our territory from being laid waste, what, beyond all exploits of ancient heroism, will we not devote? Said a mother, whose eldest boy at the moment lay dead and clotted in his gore: "*If I had ten sons I would give them all in such a case.*" Said a sister of the brother whose living face she should no more see on earth: "*It is the time for*

a man to die." Indeed it is! Will fever or slow decay or any ordinary mischance, think you, be a better reason or method of exit from this visible world, than the bullet, aimed at the nation's being, which we receive into our own breast? No; and if our friends and kinsmen, making their throbbing bosoms the shield of the commonwealth, have sunk that she might survive, blessed forever, in sight of God and man, be the graves that have taken the place of her sepulchre! They are not places of death, but spots of resurrection. If a God and heaven there be, the souls of these martyrs have been received by God into heaven. Not in vain were they cut down. They had an occasion to perish here below, and depart to immortal joy, which no possibly favorable combination of circumstances could ever have improved. The field of honor was to them a better death-bed than they could have found under any roof, even of their parents; and our holy expenditure of them with their lavish consecration of themselves is repaid as Jesus told his disciples theirs should be an hundred-fold. "Do not move me from the ground where I lie," said one of our officers; "it is glorious to die for one's country." Though his body lay there, did not his spirit, when he thus spoke, move and ascend very high and very fast? All we spend is therefore repaid.

First, it is repaid to the country. Our offspring are hers. She has consecrated them in the solemn issue of necessity to which she has come; and the blood that flows out of their veins flows into her circulations. Parental hearts, that are patriotic too, pardon me for saying that your children belong first of all, after God, to their country. Next to the claim of the great Father comes that of the mother-land, not any foreign land wrongly so called, but our own mother-land that bore us. In her day of distress for sin she brings them for a propitiation. What pure and noble ones, that she could ill afford to spare, she has yielded! In common, ambitious, mercenary wars, soldiers have been called *food for powder*. But when did ever powder have such generous diet and high living as now? With a shudder one thinks of the heads of inestimable grace and manly beauty, the refined and educated faces, exposed in this rebellion to the savage thrusts. Behold, alas! the scholars and thinkers, men of genius and brilliant authors, persons of capacity and integrity to adorn senates, to exalt business and dignify professional life, who have stood, like the old three hundred, in the straits of our defence against a less excusable than Eastern barbarism, worthy to be remembered while public memory on these shores shall hold her seat, as affectionately as Athens ever

commemorated her sons! How can the country give them up? What stations of usefulness, to add lustre to the American character and name, might they not have filled? But the scythe of battle, in its wide swarth, has mown them down. They have lain weltering in their wounds. They have been obscurely buried by the way-side, as the raging torrent of strife rolled by, or their remains recovered for us to gaze at in their ghastly injuries, or dimly, with wet eyelids, scan the outside of the coffins we must not penetrate, containing them, before we commit them with the bones of their ancestry to the earth.

We recollect with a pride of sad satisfaction that all thus far who have been taken from our band here held distinguished posts in the service. By a natural aspiration the human heart covets places of honor in any undertaking, and a superficial jealousy has hinted that those whom the wealth and intelligence of the community have contributed to the general cause, have too often been appointed leaders in the army, instead of entering as privates in the ranks. But leaders why not, if leaders they were fit, as truly they have proved to be? In repeated instances they have desired to go as privates, but not been admitted to act below their capacity. Besides, who in this contest but the forward and courageous leaders have been surest and quickest to

fall? Count the long and splendid roll of our officers among the dead in the year that has gone! I will not mention their names. You know them by heart. But I will ask, now their bodies, pierced by the balls of the foe, are in the dust, what envy can exist not in the crimson current forever washed out? I will say, the country has lavished on this dread controversy, among her citizens, of the bravest and best, to be her champions and heads. What atonement is there for their loss, — for the bloody conclusion of the widely-known and honored and of the uncelebrated noble too, — sometimes making the common line of battle grand as any heroic conduct of it, who bore but a musket on their shoulders, not a sword in their hands? I answer, the atonement, ample, sufficient, satisfactory, is in the cause they not only fought for but promoted, more in expiring than on the glittering march; for the patient groans of religious martyrdom lift up a righteous enterprise better than even the resolute shock of arms, and no positions these men could have occupied, till three score and ten, would have unfolded their lives into usefulness greater than of their death which has made our common humanity itself, in the track of ages, once more historic and sublime.

But their kindred as well as country have a recompense for their fate. When the life which is

offered is actually taken, what a costly gift! To all connected with them in ties of peculiar regard the mortal bereavement is an unspeakable, here below an irreparable loss. Our sympathy flows especially to those whose sons are with them no more. The fair and strong supports of their age and infirmity taken from underneath them, more sensible and rapid must be their own decline. The blossoms of human promise, whose fruit they expected more anxiously than husbandman ever watched his orchard or garden, have withered away. What fame they might have reached in peaceful life, what help rendered to their fellow-creatures in civil pursuits, to what eminence in art or science arisen! How they might have cheered with their success, blessed with their piety, buried with their tears those who now must go in untimely procession of gray hairs, after their blasted youth to the tomb! Looking at the budding vigor so suddenly prostrate on the bier, how they must think, if Nature had only been allowed her way, their children's lease of life might have run to double or treble of the term which a horrid hostile violence has made so short. But, O ye parents, for what seems, so viewed, only calamity, utter and premature, overlook not the recompense. Behold the fruit, better than of autumnal orchard or garden, they have borne in their spring, in a short

time accomplishing the purposes of a great age. Yours and your country's consolation is the same. With her, consider the cause they were not only offered to, but carried forward when they fell. It is a law of God, wonderful and eternally admirable, that every worthy enterprise shall be advanced by those who die for it even more than by those who live and toil in its behalf. What precious plant, that grows in the field of human welfare, but has been watered in its seed and nourished to its maturity by human blood! What do we live for but to promote the glory of God in the good of our kind? and in what is the good of our kind but a true society, a Christian nationality, a just liberty? Who would not rather die than live if he could so better win these incalculable boons and seal their charter to his posterity for a longer period? Who would not wish his children to die just when, where and how they could secure them most effectually to a country or a race? If they have fainted and swooned, the last chill damp come on their foreheads and their faces grown pale, as from their veins ebbed the drops which were the pledges of such benefactions, let us willingly resign our offspring. If they developed their higher faculties, showed their best nature, proved by their achievement and endurance the mission for which they were born,

became dearer and grew loftier to us, demonstrating for the first time fully to our delight their proper selves in this hour of need, let us be content to have them die, pass on and up. If they went with a true heart to the contest for all we hold and honor; if courage, patriotism, devotion to God and love of their fellow-men, the only glories of our nature, inspired them; if they shrank not from the pass more terrible than over Alpine summits through which equity and freedom must follow after them; if the wounds were in front that pierced to their vital parts, let us not with any bitterness lament the gracious sacrifice which is the purchase of the common salvation. Be their relics interred in unknown dust by stranger-hands, or fetched home for solemn funeral-rites, it is all one to God; it signifies not to them; it differs little to us in the light of the reason for which they suffered. Mourners over the ashes of your beloved, let me tell you, your sorrow is your privilege. By the blow, with which you are smitten, you are exalted. Fathers, I not only would comfort you; I adjure you to rejoice in the sons you have begotten to such honor. Mothers, I not only weep with you; I assure you, the sons you have borne were never yours so much as now, that, in an ecstasy of zeal for all that is sacred on earth, through momentary anguish, they have been translated to

heavenly bliss. In a mysterious passage of the New Testament it is said, *Women*, — as though their tender and loving nature merited such favor, — received their dead raised to life again; and, in a sense too deep for flesh and blood to realize, you so receive yours more alive than ever, now all of them that belonged to death and dust has dropped away, appearing to you as glorified spirits, transfigured, as alone mortals can be, by the motives from which they acted and the sentiments with which they drew their last breath. As your natural grief turns to spiritual satisfaction in their behavior, you are rather objects of envy than of pity; and so you have your recompense. Worthy as you may be in yourselves, yet to be known, as you will be more widely, as their parents, is for you an added title of honor.

Once more: They, the vanished, whose garments have been rolled in blood, and their clothing of mortality wrapped to be put under the sod, — even they have their recompense, and the greatest of all. They have indeed given up everything in the world. Perhaps a long career of prosperity, enjoyment, good standing and great influence among men, was in their constitution; but they have voluntarily let it be crossed and cut short by the sword. Perhaps the fairest lines seemed to be written on the leaves of their book of life. But they closed the volume,

beyond all romance, they had with transport but just begun to read, and raised their eyes freely to the grim destiny in the dark valley instead, embracing pain, hardship, the dissolution of their own frame, as a substitute for ease, luxury and large inheritance. O wonderful soul of man, that must be immortal, being capable of such things! Yet, in earthly abbreviation, overthrow and ruin, blighting these hopes, what standing and influence in the community, that shall never again see a shadow of them on the landscape, all the more they have, such as no handsome merchandise, professional reputation, political elevation, no studious art or science could equal, redeemers of a nation for long centuries to come as now they are, while their eternal lot of being is a reward of pleasure too pure and ineffable for pen or human lip to describe! They have died for their country, but Christ died for them; and well does Paul represent God's giving his son to agony as the earnest of a disposition of benevolence which no tokens can exhaust or intellect comprehend, and only the apostolic phrase "all things," a synonym for a universe and infinity of blessedness, properly designate. So they too receive infinite recompense.

How practical the comfort of this truth of threefold recompense has become to us in our own

homes and in this religious assembly! You know that another of our number is gone from us, — one of the four captains that fell together in the battle of Cedar Mountain, and the fourth officer during the year slain from among ourselves, in this rebellion against God and man, while a fifth sank under a fatal disease. I need not mention the name, long familiar in this place as it is, which has already been on all your tongues. He too has dedicated his prime to the duty of the hour, as, had he lived to the 11th of October next, he would have been twenty-nine years of age. If there be an unselfish pride that becomes a Christian, this band of worshippers, spiritually descended from the genius of that pre-eminent preacher-patriot, Jonathan Mayhew, may have a holy pride in what it has done and suffered for the common deliverance in a greater than the revolutionary question. My friends, let me say, we are true to our antecedents! This ecclesiastical body, which had a hand, a century ago, in breaking the ground and paving the way to the declaration of American independence, has yielded vital treasure, nowhere exceeded, to redeem and perpetuate the rights of man. I confess, satisfaction mingles with and runs deeper than my sorrow, from a peace that passes all understanding, at the contemplation of these deathly trophies,

our undying honors, to which one monument more is now joined. On dreadful conditions is our new rescue. The eloquence of the pulpit was our chief influence then; the manhood of the pew finishes the work now. Alas! how much of it returns not to our eyes! To have the dark and heavy burden, instead of the living form, enter your abode, strikes nature with sadness to its depths. But your spirits soar with the spirit of the released exulting to the skies, while it becomes me to commemorate here, for the common interest, this fresh instance of individual valor.

The captain of Company K, in that 2d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers which will fill a shining page in our history, at the motion of his own will, obedient to the pleading within him of his country's call, gathered his men, and from his situation of independence and comfort went into all the labor and hazard of the war, with the simple purpose of doing his part, — as he has, with unspotted honor, — to solve our awful problem. The colonel of the regiment testifies to what we learn on all hands of the respect he won from his brother-officers and the devoted regard of those whom he led. His personal behavior rose uniformly to the highest tide-mark of noble sentiment and actual fidelity. In the unavoidable and admirably planned retreat

of General Banks before overwhelming numbers, near the Shenandoah, though so exhausted that, had he fallen by the way, he could not have risen again, he was faithfully in his place. All the hardships and privations of a soldier's life he bore with signal fortitude, while absence weakened no familiar tie, but only drew him more strongly in all affectionate bonds, the tenderness of his heart overflowing on occasion of a Christmas visit he was able to make to his home. When unusual perils had been around him and he came out safe, he gratefully recognized the providence of God in his preservation. In one of his letters he speaks of the brief and solemn communion he had with a comrade in the terrific perils and threats of the rebel pursuit. Upon him, as upon so many, from the sober air of our great struggle a breath of sanctity seemed to pass. His health, not wholly strong when he left, had by the great heat of the weather become so much impaired that he asked for a furlough. This was not granted, on the ground that his was a case rather for resignation; an idea he would not for a moment entertain, preferring as he said "rather to die there than think of it, as he must be a great deal sicker even to ask for it." So, as the engagement came on, which, when he intimated his need of repose, he had not anticipated, he resolved, persisting

against all remonstrance, weak as he was, to take his share in it and his chance with the rest. But, so extreme was his bodily weakness, that it was necessary for his servant to assist him to the field which proved fatal to them both. He toiled on and up the hill in the neighborhood, — well called of "Slaughter," — fast as possible to the point of hazard and decision, where, so far as can be known, he was instantly killed, and, without suffering, passed away.

It is difficult to conceive a grander situation, or a nobler end. Men have gone into fight jubilant, their blood leaping in them with expectation of a speedy victory. They have gone cool and vigorous, with firm and even pulse of heart and foot, trusting in the strength of their own right hand to quell the foe. They have gone under orders, to resist which was more dangerous, and falling on a sharper sword than to obey. They have gone for revenge. They have gone for mere hire and salary; and they have gone under impulses of duty, conspiring with conscious energies of body and soul to accomplish their designs. But to go in the utter debility that from most persons takes away the little courage they possess, to offer to the whistling iron hail the body that has already been the well-reached mark of disease, to spend one's breath in being aided to the scene

of action, yet have resolution left in the soul to perform one's military office with the able and the well, till one, already bent with pain, drops under the missile of doom, is a position unsurpassable of the moral sublime. A penetrating and sympathetic imagination is required to appreciate it.

Think of the trampling haste and fierce onset of squadron on squadron, the dust and smoke, the din and roar, the commands and groans, the gleam of armor with the cannon's lurid blaze and loud report, in strange, appalling intermixture; then see the captain of his company, who should have been on his bed, more eagerly insisting on being present at the spot, than if mines of gold instead of the mouth of destruction had been his search. Remember how you have felt when the basis of your own physical system has been undermined, and what competency so you would have had for such a struggle, — and then award the just meed of approbation to such a sacrifice as our friend, with some beside him, was nerved to make, and which the country and Almighty God will accept. Private was the funeral of this last leader from among us, who thus proved the sincerity of his vows. From all publicity domestic feeling shrank. No sound of muffled drum and mournful military music fell on our ears; no subdued flash of reverted weapons met our eyes. But the feeling

of his brothers in arms at home and at the theatre of continued strife, was with us; and there was no more genuine affliction than among the survivors of his company on earth, while his spirit had ascended to greet in heavenly rapture the souls of companions departed with himself.

The 9th of August will be added to other dates, the past year, of the memorable bravery and endurance of our troops. Not unrecompensed, but sanctified to our salvation shall be the deeds they performed, the stand they made, the blood they shed. Behold how their example quickens others to follow in their steps! No dismay arises from the shrouded forms of those who sleep, nay, who we believe beyond our sight awake! Extraordinary suffering has certainly produced no disheartening here. From this religious society at this moment other captains of companies, with lieutenants and privates, more than have fallen, are going forth to the nation's rescue, with parents' blessings, self-devoted and ready, in the ardor of eternal righteousness that can make them ready, for any earthly issue. God have them in his holy keeping! For their conduct in whatsoever circumstances, prosperous or adverse, we have no concern. You have none, and I have none. We are sure they will do and bear, in all emergencies of fortune, whatever men with help from heaven can.

They proceed on an errand, as holy as the spirit can give, for the general benefit when all that is dear to us or may be valuable to our posterity, but for divine mercy in their fidelity, is at stake. On other wires than those stretching through the air, and branching over your houses, messages have come to them from that Operator who sends no lie or false report to his creatures, and the termination of whose unseen telegraph, ever tingling with despatches, is in the living breast. I say not, — they will do us honor. They, as well as those preceding them, have done us honor. To their kindred, fellow-worshippers and the whole land may their self-dedication be a substantial boon!

Let us, first and last, trust the great Rewarder who sits and judges in equity, and whose throne cannot be overturned, that this river of sacred zeal for what he has declared to be chief in his own regard shall not resemble so much water spilt on the ground, but be the very buoyancy of our vessel of state with all the rich freight for unknown distance she bears. Trust in him is our supreme duty, despair the most deadly sin. On that morning of melancholy burial, I rose ere it was yet light. But the day was at hand. Out of night, out of cloud, out of tossing sea came up the mighty and glorious sun. As I stood and gazed at his flaming orb, I said, —

night and cloud and tossing sea are not all! There is light at the centre, — light no gloom can invade or quench, light vast and potent to overcome every vapor and shade. My friends, night and cloud and tossing sea are not all in the hemisphere of our civil affairs. There is spiritual light at the centre of a grander than the solar system. Out of the very turbulence, confusion and angry heap of our political tempest, social mists and rolling billows of dispute, a brighter luminary than the sky can hold will ascend to cheer succeeding generations with beams of that goodness and truth which shall be its lustre and warmth. The day of our redemption is at hand. It will arrive when not only President or General but the whole folk shall act, and we be willing to take the sword of the Lord, which is equity, instead of our own weapons of pride and vanity, into our hands. Already he is girding and arming us. The very heart of this community, whose government is its servant, God is educating with agonies out of its sins. When its heart is right, he will give it the land. The dawn shall yet break upon it unvexed with storm, in perfect calm of peace, the moment it shall have learned to practice the universal justice and freedom it has professed.

Meantime, sad as it is to say it, nothing is left us but to strike for honor and duty, for national

nobility and civil life, the hard yet merciful blows, on implacable men, that are to settle aright momentous questions, knowing that the stain of blood will from earth and water pass away, but the gain of principle abide forever. Let us imitate the activity and patience of nature, while our struggle with the forces of darkness shall last. Let us not believe in the strength of wickedness to annihilate or hold back the radiance of truth. What is so rare and seldom desired, let us do right without wrong in doing it. Let us conspire with him whom it has been said we cannot hurry, but whom neither are we able to postpone. He is not backward. Let us bless him as we see acts of friends or foes to him and his children, proclamations and repudiations, orders and countermandings, motions of loyalty and rebellion, all providentially arranging themselves as so many onward steps to the millennial glory yet to come, alike by the perverseness and fidelity of individual men the national soul moved to repentance, and the public will striding to reform, the moral globe turning steadily on its axis, a glimmer of love and real humanity brightening and broadening on the line of the horizon, and the old prophetic words in these ends of the earth with us coming true: "*Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.*"

NOTE.

I CANNOT let this discourse pass into print without recording the name of RICHARD CHAPMAN GOODWIN, now added to those of WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM, JAMES JACKSON LOWELL, ALBERT DODD, and ELISHA BELKNAP JOHNSON, already commemorated in the same place of religious worship. On the altar of the nation their mortal lives are thus far our part — may they prove to be the whole we must render — of the sacrifice. Freely, as unoffending victims, they have received of the chastisement for the common sin. But how slowly, even by anguish, we are sanctified, so that some say we are just where we were a year ago. Not so. Pain and grief, in our ordeal by battle, are doing a humbling, exalting, glorious work. In this heat God is maturing the public conscience. He is purging away the first crudeness of our idolatry, inhumanity and vain-glory, with the censoriousness in which alone we are adepts. by this furnace of suffering on his ground, whose fires we share with those whom we love. Partly through the process of trial we have got, and shall be released, the divine rod removed, when the office of punishment is complete. Let us meantime, with dearest remembrance, celebrate the noble ones who have gone forth our substitutes for the stripes under which they have sunk. Let us ask heavenly blessing on the friends now on the way to danger and endurance for the rescue of country and liberty from the foe. Let us take comfort in the faith that their self-offering may avail to an end so grand.

THE REMISSION BY BLOOD:

A Tribute

TO

OUR SOLDIERS AND THE SWORD,

DELIVERED IN

THE WEST CHURCH.

BY C. A. BARTOL.





BOSTON:

WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,

245, WASHINGTON STREET.

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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

BOSTON:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON,

5, WATER STREET.

SERMON.

"WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION." — Heb. ix. 22.

THERE is nothing at which human nature so instinctively revolts as the shedding of blood. Not a few persons find it hard to reconcile their Christian and humane feeling to war, and especially the civil war that still rages in our land. Patriotic men, who support the Government, and devoted women, who minister means as effectual as powder and ball to maintain military measures, yet shrink from the horrors of the strife. Chaplains, nurses, and surgeons, who have heartily proffered their service, shudder at the scenes of torture and death, in field and hospital, through which they have to pass. Rank and file of regulars and volunteers sicken at their own chosen business; and mounted officers, riding, as they charge, over the dead and wounded that have fallen on either side, turn away their heads, while they must still spur their horses to the fatal shock. Many honest citizens at home wonder and query if this horrid mutual slaughter of fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen could not have been spared, or might not be even now stopped, without more destruction.

But to all interrogators of its reason, or objectors to its continuance, comes an answer in the doctrine of our text, — that the shedding of blood, as the type and extreme instance of suffering, is necessary to the purging-away of human sin. The blood of calves and goats was sprinkled on the Hebrew books and people, on their tabernacle and every holy vessel, as a solemn signal of the pain with which all iniquity must be cleansed out of the soul. The blood of Jesus Christ, the better sacrifice of the unspotted Lamb of God, was poured out on the cross, an unparalleled spectacle for the gaze of all time, as the same hint and supreme token of the mortal endurance by which atonement must be made for all transgression. But his personal anguish did not suffice; the few drops in his veins, though so rare and costly, were not enough. There was need for further pangs. Paul tells the Colossians that he rejoiced in his own sufferings for them, — by which he filled up what was lacking of Christ's afflictions. All disinterested patience to bear shame and misery for others' welfare is akin to, and goes to complete, that of Jesus. Every martyr to the cause of truth and duty in the world mingles his blood — I say it reverently — with that of the great Redeemer of mankind.

For the sins of our country there was no remission but by the shedding of blood. A great wide-spread stain of corruption had sunk into the public mind. How we were besotted with the low glory of our vast domain and multiplying population! What pride had seized us for the great Babylon we were building!

What boundless material prosperity, tempting us and our children to self-indulgence, was mining and rotting the constitution of the rising generation! How our cruel slavery, tightening its hold of the soil where it had been planted, and stretching its monstrous length into new regions, was belying the fundamental principles of our institutions! By various and conflicting errors, we had become alienated into hostile sections. Two forms of society, two modes of law, two styles of character, two plans of progress, two nations under the appearance of one, were rising portentously to confront each other. The continent began to tremble, and threatened to split, with the fearful opposition of customs and ideas severally arrayed with the banded strength of millions of men; and the mutual accusations that fallen Adam and Eve started in the garden reached among us the highest pitch. We were on the edge of ruin, from the dissolution of all internal bands of order and common justice; and the United States, as the Count Gasparin truly said, have only just been saved, — saved, if at all, by the shedding of blood. One averse to fighting in his principles, and born for peace in his dispositions, is forced to admit that the only deliverance was by the sword. We had but this alternative, — war, or a free republic to live in no longer. We took the war we could not avoid without civil death. History presents no case of disease, in the body of any commonwealth, for which such remedy was more indispensable. Rhetoric could not cure us: it had deluged the land, and not washed it. Congressional orations, editorial pens, and pulpit-

homilies, fell short of the mark of our desperate exigency. Political combinations failed worst of all: by their cunning bargains and briberies, they added to the iniquity. Philanthropy, with noble zeal and thrilling eloquence, took the case in hand; but, as a profession, with great virtues it had vices of its own, and could not get its best messages of words accepted, and converted into practical fruit. Room was left only for the stern mediation of war, — the remission by blood. The declaimer, sophistically proving by copious authorities and precedents the propriety of doing the most injurious things; the reformer, forgetting that his work is no immediate stroke, but a process with steps and degrees; the writer, private author, or official functionary, fancying, after the notion of our folk, that he could turn his hand any way, and be, in his advice, a better strategist, captain, or general, than any in the field, — has to give place to the man of war, who alone, under God, can settle the immediate question. Let us with honor remember the soldier, who, while we eat of our luxuries, drink our cooling draughts, and sleep at our ease, marches dreary miles through the hot day or rainy night; rushes self-forgetfully to the cannon's mouth to save his country; falls dead without a murmur, or lies in his gashes, content that they avail in its behalf; and returns to his post the moment his limbs will bear his weight, knowing, as he, too, so well does, that without the shedding of blood is no remission. Nor let us withhold the meed of respect from our brave and disinterested leaders, but confide the utmost we can in their purpose and

skill. Unfair and unnecessary distrust of them is the darkest omen any conjuration could raise. Especially let there be generous dealing to that gentle and devout chief now most conspicuous at the centre of peril, who complains so little when by civilians he is censured and reduced; who goes on from the highest incentives, without sign of one mean motive, under circumstances that would disgust and depress ordinary men; who carries with him the heart of the people, and is a magnetizer of his whole army, so that you cannot talk with a disabled private in the cars, or invalid on a furlough, or read a letter from a lieutenant under his orders, without feeling the contagion of love and zeal with which he inspires all his troops; whose apprehension, if he have any, is not for himself; who, though wary doubtless rather than bold, yet is slow for the cause which he can be swift for when the occasion comes; who organizes, if he does not snatch, success; whose opinion and foresight are justified by events; who saves his force from being annihilated by miscalculations not his own, proceeding from however good intentions in others, to give him the claim of a martyr, if he did not prevent it with that of a hero; who has just executed, at the seat of conflict, an exploit which the foreign princes that have just sailed say will hardly be credited in Europe, and which would, among experts in his art, increase his reputation, if, as one of his officers remarked, that were necessary or possible; and who is now our representative man in that bloody solution of our problem which alone is left.

Think what we may of individuals, we are, as a nation, in the providentially appointed ordeal of battle. The country bleeds for its sins: it must bleed abundantly; though we trust it will not, like a sacrificial victim on a Hebrew altar, bleed to death. Our murmurs at the length of its probation are because we have underrated the amount of retribution indispensable to its relief, as we have the terrible power of the foe against which it strives. What cry so frequent among us as the impatient one to crush the rebellion? But on what indequate conceptions it is raised! This rebellion is no hornet's nest of a little swarm of noisy insurgents, to be crushed in a moment as in one's hand. It is the Great Rebellion of the Western, if not of the whole world; arising from a form of social existence that has grown up in contradiction of our liberties, but of tremendous power. To crush it, — to seize, bring down, and tame the wild head it has reared, — requires more than a dash of Napoleonic genius; and Napoleon had no such labor. It asks the prudence of a Washington too. Besides, it is doubtful if it would be well for the country to have the contest short. We should understand and submit to the severity and length of our trial, as the consequence of our sin. For that we are in Purgatory; which is a place in this world as well as the next. This territory of the setting sun has never before witnessed an operation so awfully sublime, of the justice and restoring mercy of God. Our atonement by blood has come. The nation bleeds, and the lives of hundreds of thousands of men — for it

is mounting up to that — are the drops. The North bleeds and the South bleeds; for the North and South, however unequally, are sinners both, and must be sufferers together too. Let us use every fair agency, of the white race or the black, to forward our righteous cause, but surrender the foolish conceit of our redemption as a sudden possibility, and resign ourselves to whatever agonies Heaven, as terms of pardon, appoints. Not as by the lifting of a finger, not as by the explosion of a magazine which we fire into, but only after a long and painful purification, are we to be released.

I am not blind to the evils of conflict. War is an infliction of horrible distress; but let our piety, our diligent industry, our courage, our equity to every class in our borders, attend to lighten and bless the scourge. Let us distinctly perceive how requisite, in the pass of unfaithfulness reached, to pay the full tale of blood; and let us kiss the rod, held in a higher than any human hand, which is the instrument of our remission. Let each one meekly and resolutely bend to take his portion of the common suffering in which, as a cloud, we are together baptized. When one member bleeds, every artery and organ in the whole body bleeds. When our country bleeds, we all bleed with her. When your kindred — sons and brothers, husbands or fathers — bleed, your breast bleeds with theirs, and it is your blood that oozes from their veins. Is it not your own? When, by vital sympathy, we partake the temper of consecration with which our defenders expire, we are consecrated, we expire, with

them: we would, in a moment, freely do so at God's call. I, for one, should, at this crisis, be ashamed of talking, if my heart did not bleed into my words.

Solemn yet comforting is the teaching; for we can be reconciled to our lot only by the reflection, that these — as Jesus said in his prophecy to the Jews — be the days of vengeance for our cleansing and remission. Therefore, year after year, the lands and seas and streams have been red with human gore. This West Church has contributed, as you know, an extraordinary number of men, and some precious lives, to the support of the struggle. Lieut. Putnam was the first to fall; and what was mortal of him was buried with tears and all touching tributes of love from this spot. It becomes to-day my office to mention with words of respect those who have since died for the same sacred cause. Many of you will remember the fine appearance of a volunteer company worshipping here with us a year and three months ago. You will particularly bear in mind the stalwart form and soldierly bearing of their commander, Albert Dodd. Springing to his country's side in the hour of her need, he commenced recruiting directly after the outbreak of hostilities, on the morning of April 19; and at noon, the next day, his corps was complete. They left Boston, in the steamer "Cambridge," on the 2d of May; having been publicly addressed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, who earnestly desired that they might reach Washington, and show that a Massachusetts ship, manned with Massachusetts men, should be the first

to arrive by that route, as the Sixth Regiment was the first to go through the city of Baltimore. They were ordered to Fort M'Henry, where they served their time of three months; and, when the term expired, returned to Boston to be disbanded. Previous to this, however, Capt. Dodd, meaning to persevere to the end, had applied for a commission, which he obtained, as captain in the Seventeenth Regiment of regulars, stationed at Portland, in Maine. He reported himself on the 5th of September, and at once resumed the duty of enlistment. He remained at Fort Preble till March, when he was ordered to Perryville, in Maryland. He passed through this city with his men on the 4th of that month, and was immediately called into active service. He was at the siege of Yorktown, from which his division followed up the enemy; till, on the 27th of June, bravely leading a charge on the rebels near Richmond, he fell at the head of his command, at the age of thirty-one; having been born Nov. 15, 1830.

Those who knew Capt. Dodd perceived the noble qualities and elements of a character promising to unfold in heaven into greater perfection than he attained, or is possible to any, on earth. But no portrait I could draw, would, in its lights and shades, be so lively as that which he, with gentle-hearted and beautiful lowliness, unconsciously painted of himself in his letters, from which I am not forbidden to quote. He wrote lately, "When the fight takes place, it will be a desperate one. We shall have rough work. God help the right! I feel as though I was on the side of

right: therefore God will help us. If I should fall, my dear father and mother, consider that it was to uphold our dear old flag when trampled upon by traitors. I trust I shall bring no disgrace on you, and hope I may win a name you may be proud of, while in the discharge of my duty. I often think with regret of my many sins of omission and commission in my poor life. But I will not talk of the past. I live for the future. Should we not meet again in this world, I hope to meet the kindest of parents again in a better world." In another letter, with a mixture of foreboding, humility, and courage, he says, "I do not expect to fall; but it is well to look to the future. I am not afraid to die. I know I am a sinner; but I think I can look death calmly in the face, if need be. I am cheerful, and feel that our old flag must continue to wave." Once more, let me cite from his last letter, dated 8th of June: "I am hopeful as to the future, — hopeful, if I am spared, that I may some day see you all again; and hopeful, if my lot is with those who fall in this great struggle, that I shall meet all those who are dear to me, in a better world. You can do nothing for my comfort. Kindest love to every one. God bless you all!" Patriot-soldier, self-dedicated to the defence of what is dear to us all; willing to give, as he has given, his life for his native land, — let his own words, not my poor ones, embalm his memory! The last time I saw him was with some flowers in his hand, as he went down the wharf to embark on his first expedition. I told him I hoped I should hear the best tidings of him. He answered,

modestly classing himself with his men, "I trust we shall give a good report of ourselves." Such a report he has rendered, we may believe, at the bar of heaven, as well as the tribunal of earth. Were not the flowers the prophecy of his heavenly bliss and glory?

But my account is not ended. On the same theatre of battle sank another of our friends to the ground. James Jackson Lowell, acting captain of a company, whose commander, Capt. Schmidt, dreadfully lacerated at the battle of Ball's Bluff, had been obliged to withdraw, was, as we are assured, — though not as yet positively informed of the moment or exact article of death, — mortally wounded on the 30th of June. James himself was also disabled in that same former fight, in which his cousin, William Lowell Putnam, received the fatal shot. How for ever linked in our annals will be their names! Lovely and beautiful in their lives, in the manner of their death they were not divided. Lieut. Lowell had from the Potomac been brought home, to spend, in his recovery, the last days that should be permitted him, under the roof of his parents, where he was so tenderly cherished. As soon as his strength allowed, he went back to the war, not from any liking for war itself, for he had no military ambition or taste, but from a pure sense of duty, because he conscientiously thought it his place, as a young man, to go; and he was never known in his life to be absent from the spot where he himself felt he ought to be. When, a short time since, he wrote to his parents, "I mean to do my duty, and I think I

do," he indicated the key-note of all his conduct, and very law of his being. A more precious head, for whatever designs were busy in it, has not been laid in the dust of this strife. A purer heart has not ceased to beat. He cannot be better described than in the word *thoughtful.* Of most rare and remarkable intelligence, his keenest perception could never exceed his kindness and consideration for others. No one had a stronger feeling of the importance to human freedom of the issues of this contest, though he looked steadily with his judicial mind to effective measures and practical results; identified himself with no scheme or party, but spoke and acted always for the right from a moral nature predominating over all ideal enthusiasm. Apt and profound in every sort of study, quick and catholic in his sympathy with all men, kept from bias by the wonderful balance of his faculties, and hindered from wronging anybody by the breadth of his affections, — he was such a natural Christian, he could nowise be a partisan. His soft eye; his sensible face; his modest look; his bearing, so utterly without pretence; his liberal use of his talents and means; and his making no account of any thing he had done,—formed a combination of personal charms, from which none, observing him, could withhold their love. I never, from his childhood up, beheld him, that I was not attracted to him; and all his acquaintance made but one troop of his friends. That wisdom, which the Apocrypha tells us is a loving spirit, wove an early crown for the brow of this boy, who was so confiding and communicative,

without being specially demonstrative of his own feelings, that he took quiet, unopposed possession of all hearts; who was so right in every case, that Equity seemed to hold her scales in his mind; and who never, by a lie or wilful fault of any kind, gave his parents occasion to administer a rebuke. Such a youth, of spotless purity, and with endowments predicting eminence in any profession he might have pursued, his parents and himself have laid, like Abel's firstlings, on our great shrine of sacrifice, to be accepted, we may believe, as of great worth in the sight of Heaven. He was born on the 15th of October, 1837; had the first part in the Latin School in Boston, and also in his class in Harvard University, at his graduation in 1858; spent some time in the Law School at Cambridge, and gave instruction to private pupils. At the call of the State, he qualified himself for the service, having already been an officer in a college company; and, at the age of twenty-four, to that higher work which must be reserved in peaceful regions for such as he, he has passed on, missed, lamented, and regretted, yet far more rejoiced in, here below.

Since the foregoing lines were written, particulars have come, beautifully illustrating the traits I have specified, as they also give us the satisfaction of following him nearer to the close. We learn from Lieut. Abbott, who was wounded at the same moment, and carried to the same hospital where James at first, at his own desire, lay on his blanket outside the building, that he knew at once that his wound was mortal; mentioned the similarity of it to that of his cousin

Putnam, with whom he considered the nature of his wound a new bond, and spoke of meeting him shortly. He was perfectly sensible and happy; said that he did not feel sorry for himself, as he felt ready to die; had done his duty, and did not regret his fate; though he was very sorry for his family, who would feel it so much. The only direct message he sent home was, "Tell father, I was dressing the line of my company when I was hit." This shows the composure with which, in the fierce onset, he maintained discipline and confidence in his command. While under the influence of ether, he gave orders to his men as if at their head. Lieut. Abbott said, that, as he lay and listened to James, he felt, if he could only die like him, he would wish to die at once; that no end could be more beautiful. Lieut. Riddle also expressed the same feeling. When he was struck, feeling the blow to be fatal, he ordered some of his men, who stopped to help him, to go on, and leave him, as he was of no further use. His last thought was for others, not for himself; and he died as he had lived, doing his duty. The uncertainty I have intimated in our knowledge arises from the fact, that, while he lay on his bed, word came that the army was falling back, and that all who could move must follow; which Abbott, who was wounded in the arm, was able to do, but, before leaving, had, at James's request, one of the most trusty men in their regiment, who was also wounded, placed next to him for company. This is the last we know of him; but the surgeons, having examined his wound, said it was impossible he should live through

the night. As, however, he was left within the enemy's lines, although a rumor has arrived of his being alive on the second day afterwards, no certain statement can as yet be had.

To the memorials in this discourse I wish to add the name also of Elisha B. Johnson, eldest son of esteemed members of this church, who died, not of injuries in the field, but of disease of fever at Fort Albany. He was born Jan. 10, 1834; and expired May 17, 1862. On account of his growth from boyhood, and residence with his grand-parents, at his deceased mother's request, out of the city, he is personally, to most of us, but little known. But, I am well informed, he was a good and true soldier, beloved and mourned by his comrades. Warm-hearted, generous, and true, he won the esteem of all with whom he was associated in the relations of this life, before he rose to a higher. To these three several households, joined as they are in the same bereavement, may God, in mercy, spare the son, from every one of them, still exposed to all the hazards of the war! Enough, if it please him, have we had for the present of the halo of death round the heads of our beloved! Enough sacrifices for that altar of country, which is the altar of God, have been taken from our fold!

My friends, while, in our kindred and religious connections, we have suffered thus sorely, though for our honor, more than would seem to be our proportion of the hardship of the conflict, let us recollect all who have likewise suffered, and keep the object of the common suffering in view for our support. Let

us trust and pray that its object may prove to be its effect, and that this American community of States may experience from the hand of God a remission by virtue of the shedding of so much blood. Innocent blood, indeed, it has often been; but innocent blood, willingly poured out by the lovers of country and mankind for others' deliverance, — how effectual it is to the awakening of all that is holy in the human soul! Nor is it allowed by God to be gratuitous and unrewarded in the martyrs themselves. Jesus was exalted: so all who suffer with him — as all do who suffer in his spirit — shall be glorified together.

To the country, too, that survives her successive bands of individual children, this painful experience shall be blessed. It is said that gray hairs have sometimes come quickly, even in a night, in consequence of extreme distress. This nation of ours, of late, has been growing old very fast. The last year of war has added a century to our moral age, carried us into our majority, and put us among the older nations of the globe. May our juvenile vanities and precocious excesses drop from us, and sobriety, humility, temperance, and justice, as the fit clothing and accompaniment of our boasted but yet so imperfect freedom, come instead! This must be the moral result. Such a drinking of the cup of the Lord's indignation, which is only his deeper and spiritual love, cannot be in vain. May it be for the healing of the whole land! May the bitter drops which the North has tasted, and the dregs emptied on the lips of the South, be sanctified alike to both, and to the great

West, that is with us in a common lot! May the Holy Spirit, which bloweth where it listeth, and can wrap all our boundaries in its breath, move, in the heart of all our people, serious inquiry into the reasons of what we endure at his decree! The Most High grant that this sea of blood may be no waste and superfluity! May the worship of wealth cease! May the haughtiness of oppression be brought down! May the burning of revengeful passion be quenched! May the new race, arising in all our borders, be so regenerate in its ideas and aims, through these judgments that punish us, that all the citizens of all the sections of our soil shall be able to live together in forgiveness, love, and peace! Then, in that remission, they will no more shed one another's blood.

NOTE.

As this Sermon passes from speech into print, I desire to add, that I shall not regret what I have said of Capt. Lowell, though any possibility should restore him to us in the flesh as one alive from the dead. In regard to Gen. M'Clellan, I am not ignorant of the sincere and able criticism of which he, like other officers, is the subject. But he has done the best he could; there is no substitute for him; and, while the cry is to raise more soldiers for his relief, it may be well to remember that *encouragement* is *re-enforcement*. The discourse keeps close to its particular theme; but I cannot send it out to the public without repeating the conviction I share with many, that God will bless us according as we are *just* to our country, to the States, to liberty, to the refugees, the slaves, and the colored race. Wherever the *proclamation* can be the *fact* of freedom to men held in bondage by rebels, why should it not be made? Why should human beings, fit for laborers or soldiers, simply because they are Africans, not be employed? How can we expect or deserve effectual help from them before we show ourselves their friends? Little as we may think they know, there will be divination enough among them to understand whether we are so or not, and to respond with emphasis, when our mouth, so full of blame to each other, shall find room for a kind word to their condition. Of one thing we may be very sure: God will not prosper, but punish us, so long as we refuse to own his image in all our kind. That he may, by events and his own spirit, inspire a clearer and stronger policy in our Government, as well as a nobler sentiment in our people, it becomes all Christians to pray, and evermore to strive.

12 John A. Morison
from C. A. Barbl

A

TRIBUTE

TO

MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

DECEMBER 21, FOREFATHERS' DAY.

THE NATION'S HOUR:

A

TRIBUTE

TO

MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

DECEMBER 21, FOREFATHERS' DAY.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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THE NATION'S HOUR.

"THE HOUR IS COME." — John xvii. 1.

WE have all some time felt like saying so. The smooth earth runs up roughly into mountains and down into gulfs, that produce the whole circulation of its life. So our human habit is broken with critical hours, on our behavior in which hangs the destiny of our being. The grave George Washington, in a particular battle, was exalted above himself by the interests at stake, and moved like the Archangel Michael in the scene. Such is everybody's experience. The man at the wheel, when the vessel winds through dangerous straits or grazes by sunken rocks on a lee shore, is more astir with the stimulus of hope and fear, touching his mind and whitening in his face, than in any ordinary navigation. An assault of temptation, when our character trembles in the scale; a trial at some bar of judgment, where our honor is involved; a wrench in our ties of love, causing mental agony; a paroxysm of disease, threatening an exchange of worlds, —

brings us to such a peculiar hour, by exciting, beyond the usual routine and monotony of existence, our faculties and affections to whatever effort or ecstasy they can reach. It is vain to say one moment is just like another, and of equal rate. So in itself it is, but not to us. The moment when you are betrothed or wedded, or a child, perhaps the first, is born to you, or a friend leaves you or dies, or victory crowns or defeat puts back the cause you hold dear, marks the almanac, pricks the circle of the sun, and is printed in your heart. Even Jesus, the wonderfully calm one, in the bosom of the Father, and in full vision of all that time or eternity could bring, had an hour on which all for him turned. It was an hour of agony. He foresaw it: far in the distance, like a cloud, it rose. He asks whether he should pray, "Save me from this hour." He answers, "But for this cause came I unto this hour." When, at last, it was at hand, he went down the valley betwixt Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, crossed the brook Kedron, entered the garden of Gethsemane, prayed "one hour" of bloody sweat in preparation for his cross, and, with its shadow falling on him darker than the overhanging night, declared the hour of his gloom to be the hour of his glory.

What is the hour to which *we* have come? It is the Nation's hour, and yours and mine only as we make it hers in the period of her trial, and decision of her fate. A nation's hour is not measured by one

revolution of the hand on a clock, or by an inch of shadow on the dial. It is a long hour that has arrived for this country. It has taken in two summers, and is in the second winter now. The hour, weighty to determine the future condition of our posterity and this hemisphere of the globe, has come, but has not gone: we are in the midst of it. Our conduct, like that of Jesus, has much to do in determining its character and import; and God is using our action, with that of our rulers, the citizens, leaders, soldiers, of the land, as elements in the great result to come. Let us offer all we are or have of thought or word, deed or sacrificial blood, that can be instrumental to a right issue for the common welfare.

But, as the worth of the hour depends on the position and prospects of those to whom it belongs, what is the nation here whose hour has come? Nations are of many kinds; the American nation unlike any other. No nation can we recognize as satisfying our idea, or fulfilling the providential design, but that whose seed our fathers planted. As the hour of Jesus was at midnight, so how theirs was at the very midnight of the year! What an hour for themselves and humanity, when they forsook the comfort, art, and refinement of an ancient home, at the call of God, making the little "Mayflower" another ark, to preserve, not animal life or earthly treasure, but the convictions of their breasts! What does this twenty-

first of December, this fresh anniversary of their landing, charge us, but to remember the civil and religious freedom, the Christian order and law, the equal rights of men, for whose assertion they came? It was one of the world's critical hours when that forlorn hundred of persecuted Puritans took their wintry voyage for some region in the Western wild, where their principles might not be dug up and destroyed by sharp tools of the tyranny of Church and State as soon as they were set out, but spiritual worship, and a pure reign of God on earth, rise, thrive, and flourish for human good.

Why do I say it is the nation contemplated by that little band, who, as one said, were sifted as wheat from three kingdoms, for the culture of a better race, which is now in question, and whose hour of doom or delivery has come? Because only from them did the new style of nation, distinguished from European aristocracy and despotism, to blossom in our Declaration of Independence, take root. Their eyes were not the only ones eagerly fixed on this balance of the planet toward the setting sun. Many besides them sailed across the sea — Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English — on other errands, inspired with the longing for material riches and political sway; taking possession of large areas from Newfoundland to Cape Horn, with the putting-up of crosses and coats of arms, cutting of kings' names on trees, wav-

ing of banners and giving of titles; seeking mostly the milder climes; ravaging the interior with fire and sword against the aboriginal populations, or cruising in ships after each other in the Mexican Gulf or among the swarm of neighboring islands, to pick piratical quarrel, and rob each other of gold; gain and empire the motives that sped a thousand keels and arrayed successive hosts in arms. The Pilgrims' mission was to sow the continent with liberty, justice, and obedience to God. They had no other intent. They objected not to the cold and ragged territory to which the winds and waves had borne them, if they could graft its growth with their holy persuasions of what was due to their Maker and mankind. They were willing to commit their handfuls of grain to sandy furrows, half released from snow and ice, for a scanty crop, foregoing all harvests of plenty and luxury, if a commonwealth of manly virtue and godly devotion could but spring in the desert of their refuge. They alone socially succeeded in rearing such a government on these shores. They themselves, in their life and death, were the sowing and the seed of truth, first and only broadcast in these vast latitudes. Though exceptional persons not of their company, like William Penn, proposed humane objects this side the water, the Pilgrims alone carried them out, and raised them up toward heaven in lasting spread and strength. Imperfect as, in the weakness of human nature, igno-

rance of the age, or necessities of civil fellowship, their toleration became, driven into savage warfare as they unavoidably were, they, and none else, vindicated the view of a nation for ends of divine glory and human safety above what had before been created or conceived; and the Revolutionary struggle, which separated their descendants, with the associate Colonies, from the British Crown, befell by reason of their faith, heroism, and suffering, as fruit drops ripe from the bough.

Now, for the nation they projected and began to build, the hour has come; the hour to decide whether it shall perish, give place to tribes of a meaner type, against that hope of our fathers, for which we, like Paul, stand and are judged this day, or whether it shall survive and be glorified. In the old fable, the life of the Greek hero hung on the alternative of his strangling the serpents sent to his cradle, or the serpents' strangling him. The infancy of this nation was beset by the monster whose venomous and wily strength has not yet been overcome. Four months before the colony began at Plymouth, a Dutch man-of-war entered that very James River, since so famous, with twenty negroes for sale. Nay, in the preceding century, on the track of the naval explorer, Hawkins, followed a series of adventurers straight from England to the Canaries, and thence to the coast of Africa, to hunt down the natives, fill their ships with cargoes of

wretched slaves, and force them on the West-India planters for whatever price they chose to give. The bondage of man to man has been a native production of some soils. The Occidental curse of slavery was not indigenous, but introduced first by cruelty from that very land which now chooses to forget its responsibility for the exotic it bore hither, and, with a horrid consistency to its early work, gives its sympathy still to slaveholding against liberty, in our struggle for life. Does it wish to have the serpent prevail, and the free manhood, that might threaten its own arbitrariness, poisoned and crushed? Has it a secret hope, that the bloody thorn, so deep in the side of this Republic, will not be plucked out, but torment us to our grave? Would it see us laid out in our shroud? Opposition in such a quarter shows us at least the dreadful strength of the evil with which we are summoned, in a death-hug, to close.

Quietly and justly of this matter may I speak, and will you hear? Human slavery is not the fault alone or peculiarly of this age or country, of the self-willed South or the compromising North. It is the sin of civilization. From Egypt and Greece, Judæa and Rome, to America, it has stretched. The Old World has been full of it. England and France have had their hands deep in it, and cannot lift their fingers into the light of history without showing ruddy stains, which all the waters of the sea cannot wash off. Russia grap-

ples with it now through her immense domain. What is the nature of the sin? It is treating our fellow-men as things, using them as our tools. Only they who never do this are clean. Are we, brethren and sisters, all of us, even those most loud for liberty and justice, quite clean of it ourselves? Alas! how we respect the *persons* of men more than their *personality*, the outward appearance and advantage beyond the soul, wealth rather than worth! Are we aware that this, too, is the sin of slavery? This sin comes to a head in that part of these United States where men, women, and children — little children blameless as those you bear and nurse — are bought and sold, and bred for the buyer and seller; the most holy bonds of relationship broken; so that, as a surgeon from this church in North Carolina lately told me, in his observation, chastity seemed hardly to exist or be known as a virtue toward or among the colored folk; — husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, in ties like your own, — O sacred name of humanity! — parted as so many lots of merchandise, advertised in the newspapers as goods, put up at auction like wares in your commission-stores, sent south in gangs or coffles like so much avoirdupois load in a freight-car, and forced asunder at the owner's death for the necessary legal division of property, — a circumstance, the unavoidableness of which, a noble Virginian woman, who had emancipated her slaves, assured me, sufficed in her mind to condemn the

whole system; — and worse, if worse can be, men delivering over to the barterer, for a consideration, what is part of their own flesh and blood. More than the bleak climate, more than the strange heretic, more than the savage with his glittering tomahawk, did the germination of a system, involving all these things, menace the governmental fabric which the Pilgrims proposed; and it is on the claim imperiously made for its unlimited territorial extension and perpetuation, contrary alike to the heart of our fathers and the scheme of the framers of our Constitution, that the present conflict is waged.

Other accounts, I know, are given of the origin of the strife. One man says it was provoked, not by slavery or any of its pretensions, but purely by anti-slavery fanaticism; a second says that he can count on his fingers the names of the politicians whose ambition brought it on; and a third, that it arose with the formation of a sectional party at the North. Mr. Calhoun anticipated it with any disturbance of the exact equipoise of Slavery and Freedom, singular things as they are to weigh so nicely together. Many have fondly hoped, that, though vital opposites, these two could lie coiled up closely in one constitution for all time, and not fall out. Desperate efforts, terrible sacrifices, have been made to reconcile them; nor will I brand the patience and labor expended to keep them from deadly grip as all so much iniquity and folly,

although finally proving so utterly vain. Heaven did not mean that they should be so united, and for ever agree. Heaven ordained their mutual claims to be resolved here, front to front. Does antislavery vex you? It was born of slavery; could not help existing more than any other effect, — offspring of a parent, oxygen of the air, or conscience of man. Explain as we will the symptoms or proximate cause of our trouble, it is no accident, but written in the book above, with a pen furnished to the divine hand by the institution itself, aiming at unbounded predominance, before the holding of the Charleston Convention or firing of the Sumter gun. Why that outbreak? *The hour had come!* The impossibility of postponing the issue — which should govern, Slavery or Freedom — opened this war; and, maintained for Freedom, God's war and man's war it is, to prevent the laying of Slavery for the corner-stone it is affirmed to be, but rotten timber it is, in the edifice of good government. To settle this question of foundations, — on the long, indecisive duel of argument, has followed the shock of arms.

> "Now's the day, and now's the hour:
> See the front of battle lower!"

The abolition of the slavery which is its cause is not its object, but will be its effect; else we have no sufficient recompense for its pangs. Its direct object is the existence and authority of the nation, whose hour

has verily come. For that, we have accepted the ordeal by battle to which we were forced. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not," said Caiaphas the high-priest concerning Jesus. He spake not of himself, but "prophesied," or spake from God, the evangelist adds. Is it not better that a hundred thousand men should die than that this nation should perish? My friends, I am not fond of blood! Word has repeatedly come to me, that I should not speak as I do on this subject if I had sons; but God, who enables me to speak as I think, forgive me, if the having sons would rob me of my sincerity! Has the gift of sons, or their expiring on the field, hindered some of you from speech as strong, and testimony, before and since their departure, more convincing, than I have ever used? Nay, some of your sons, who have so breathed their last on earth, have I not loved as my own? Are you bereaved of them? I am bereft; we are all bereft. What pillars, had their lives been spared, they would have been of this church! But this church, so domestic, this quiet family of ours, always shrinking from public notice, in the hand of providence, as they are torn away, is held up before the community, bleeding at every pore. Yet, if this nation shall be preserved in part by our contribution, liberty and union won and made perfect, neither you nor I, nor yet the church, will lament our offering, but feel with thanksgiving, that, precious as

were the victims the great crime has exacted, we have yet supplied the full price of blood. So other churches, of every name, sharing our sacrifices, will confess. All Christian denominations, mingling vital drops from the veins of their members, should be cemented in a faith and charity and patriotic zeal, from which differences of theological speculation should fall like the withs of Samson, sundered as a thread of tow when it toucheth the fire.

But while each household or assembly of prayer will commemorate its own dead, commending their spirits to God, you know the occasion for natural grief and spiritual transport in enrolling on the long list now of our heroes and martyrs another spotless name. Major Sidney Willard, acting Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, commissioned first as captain of a company, which he raised in two days, instead of the eight allowed, so great was the confidence in him, — thus rising with a rarely rapid promotion, — was born in Lancaster, in this State, on Feb. 3, 1831; fitted for college at the Boston Latin Grammar School; graduated at Harvard in 1852; entered in due course upon the practice of the law in Boston; and in August last, — the next day after his marriage on the 21st, — at the simple dictate, in his own soul, of duty to his native land and mankind, from his happy home, from his professional business, from his dear and devoted wife,

from all the promises of his chosen career, he proceeded to the theatre of action, because, to use his own words, *the time for him had come.* For him to go at all, seemed, to all but himself, almost a superfluity of devotion, as, being an admirable tactician, he had already done ten times his part, in training eight hundred men, from Boston to Cambridge, Weston, Wrentham, Waltham, and Wayland; and instructed twenty officers for the camp and the field. But he said he could no longer look his men in the face here: so, with little taste, though great talent, for the actual campaign, loathing contention, drawn by nothing but a moral inspiration for the cause of liberty and right, he turned his back on comfort, bade his friends and beautiful prospects farewell, faced the fierce struggle of the day, uniformly, amid all military exposure and hardship, kept up to the highest standard of human behavior, with a sleepless, simple feeling of what he ought to do, till he fell, Dec. 13, in the attack on Fredericksburg, and expired the following day, after lingering about twenty-four hours, — his hour having indeed come; his hour to die; his hour to be translated and glorified; his hour, this body of death we still wear dropping from him, to have nothing but life remain. I am sorry with a personal grief to miss him. I am glad to speak of him, — him of whom all, who speak truly, must speak well. What shall I say? I will say, he was a good son, a good brother, — there

is one to say, a good husband too, brief as was that earthly tie, — a good soldier, a good Christian, a good man. I will say, he was without reproach of any obliquity or impurity from his childhood to his grave. I will say, he was born into the Church, nurtured in a religious faith, an honor and joy throughout his course, from the day of his birth, to his believing parents, to all his kindred, acquaintances, associates, and friends. I hold him up, without hesitation, as a model of completeness, to young men. Probably no man, in all the huge multitude that has gone forth, had a more harmoniously developed body and soul; yet he was, from the first, of a sensitive, shrinking nature, with a humble estimate of himself. His intellectual unfolding was slow, but lasting and strong. He achieved no remarkable distinction in college, and had few, if any, intimacies; but, through all his modesty, his spiritual qualities beamed, and were fully appreciated by his class. Though no cynic, he was free from the smallest tendency to dissipation, was disgusted at the very thought of it, and never once entered into a festive entertainment. When a Freshman, being in a company where some indecent language, too common among young men, was used, he denounced the utterance, rose, and left the room, though the room was actually his own! Yet, to those who had wandered, he was a lenient judge. Walking, as he always did, to Cambridge, — not riding to or fro in a single in-

stance, — on one occasion he came up with a student, who, having yielded to the cup, had fallen by the wayside, took him on his broad shoulders, and, notwithstanding all the rude and angry resistance of his blind burthen, carried him safely to the college-grounds. Of his exceeding kindness of heart, I, as doubtless many, from personal experience, were it proper here, could furnish details, showing how ready, from amid absorbing engagements, he was to give, gratuitously, important counsel, and spend hour after hour in others' service.

He was not only inwardly disposed, but made himself physically able, to do all manner of good. As early as his tenth year, he began to frequent the gymnasium for exercise, which he persevered to take in the open air; economizing his leisure to scour every road and path in the region, till he could walk fifty-five miles in a day; making, meantime, the keen observations, to which, by a peculiar love of nature, he was impelled. He was at home on the water as on the land, and published in the "Atlantic Monthly" an account of a "Night in a Wherry," — I know not whether more extraordinary for the fearless exposure it portrays, or his equal skill with the oar and the pen. His private letters are remarkable for a deep transparency of natural feeling, through which shine the solid principle and conscientious delicacy of exquisite color, by all his diversity of accomplishment only

adorned. Those letters bear abundant evidence, in pen-and-ink sketches of tents, military positions and evolutions, with other objects, of the faculty for drawing, which, too, he possessed and had cultivated. He was a lover of music; and, though his aptitude for it was not marked, he resolved to master the elements, and succeeded so that he could execute scientifically on the piano the choice tunes which alone he was willing to play. In college, he disliked the mathematics; but, after his graduation, his circumstances requiring him to keep school, he went to Charlestown, N.H., and, being put in charge of a set of bright pupils more accomplished in figures than himself, by study, early and late, he came to distance them, as their teacher kept steadily in advance, and ever afterwards showed a fondness for this department of knowledge, and a special ability for lucid description of machinery, and exposition of the laws of forces, in beautiful speech. In the ten years after his leaving the university, his information widened on all matters into a surprising variety, accuracy, and extent. He gained gradually, but never lost. In history, general literature, and the Greek language, he was an accomplished scholar; and seemed to inherit the taste of his grandfather, the honored President of Harvard University. Under his sober mien was hidden a wit too, a perception of the ludicrous and quiet humor, so unobtrusive and kept in the background, that few but those nearest him would suspect its existence.

His moral habits, however, were his charm and crown. He was inured to self-sacrifice. A Christian soldier, he bore the cross with the sword. In frame a giant, he was in gentleness a child. I was often struck with the mild voice from that ample chest, the sweet look in those powerful features, the soft planting of that vigorous step; and all who looked on him must have observed the nobility of expression that stood not in contrast, but correspondence with that lofty stature. His self-control was no natural gift, but a virtue resolutely acquired over a temper threatening at the outset to be impetuous and warm. Those who knew him best cannot recall a deviation from the strictest integrity, a failure from the highest generosity, or a taint on his entire sanctity. Into his complete manhood he confided, let me tell you, children, as a child in his parents; and his parents had occasion only to trust him. All domestic affection in him was most lively and strong. A cherished member, as he was, of this church, I call gratefully to mind the emphatic approbation, which, from his large soul, he gave to its open communion. He was an earnest antislavery man. Slavery was abhorrent to every sentiment of his nature; and his ashes would reprove me if I had not chosen to-day a theme consonant with his convictions. Has not he, whose body lay lifeless and cold yesterday at this altar, a right, out of his silence, to speak in my voice?

Such was the person whose life has just ended in the late rebel snare for our slaughter, not war, at Fredericksburg. At the southerly side of the town, on an extended plateau, at the end of which rose the side of a sloping hill, — on whose crest stood the first line of the rebel batteries, and their infantry in rifle-pits below, — he, marching on foot in front of the advancing regimental line, without badge of distinction, waved his sword, and called his men. "Come on, boys! remember South Mountain and Antietam!" in which battles, being on duty elsewhere, he had not been personally engaged. Half over the plain, a Minie-ball struck the steel vest he had on as a token from Col. Wild, — and would not have worn of his own accord, previously in a skirmish having carried it on his saddle, — became flattened, glanced off, and entered the groin. He fell on his face, soon turned slowly over, said, "My God, I am shot!" was taken at once, by friendly hands that would not leave him, to the rear, and thence to the hospital, where he died the 14th of December, the first day of the week, the day of the resurrection, of worship and prayer, soon after our last Sunday-morning gathering here was dispersed. Lieut.-Col. Pratt writes, "He died calm and easy, like a person going to sleep; and was sensible to the last. He was a brave, noble man, and a good commander; and his loss to the regiment, I fear, will never be filled. God grant that we may all be as well prepared

as he was to lay down his life for his country!" God grant, let us add, that a sacrifice so spotless and so great may be sanctified to that salvation of the country it was made for, and which will reconcile to it those dear to him; that we may be willing to pay the cost for which the Most High yet holds out his hand; that our hope and faith and courageous zeal may never fail, precious and unblemished as may be the selections from the flock demanded for the atonement of our sin, or however long our trial may last, before He, who suspends all human fortunes on the beam of his justice, and receives to heavenly recompense the souls of the faithful, shall decree our national redemption and release! His ordering will be right and sure. There is no chance bullet to him, and no pure error. Every drop of blood, even in what seems, humanly considered, such carnage to no end as that on the Rappahannock, though spilt as water on the ground, he shall gather up, and make precious, till the sum is full and our ransom is bought.

But we have obligations; and they are conditions, appointed terms, of our deliverance. From Him, that sat of old as a refiner to purify the sons of Levi, the hour to try this people, and each individual soul's loyalty to the whole, has come. I feel a solemn joy, that, as a body, we have not been wanting to the time. Many of you have paid tribute unspeakably dear. You have not kept back your own flesh and blood,

when it was part of the price of the land. With some, not of our number, the query has arisen, whether the youth of this society have not been plied with too much urgency, and spurred in over-hasty numbers, to the public service. But, express regret who will, as at an excess of our zeal, from you, who have made offerings to country, liberty, and God, I have heard no regret. You, who have laid your sons on a nobler altar than Abraham built, have not asked to take them back. You, for whom the knell has struck, whose children are dead, or have been wounded, or are still exposed, would not withdraw them. Your hour of agony has come: theirs, perhaps, has gone. But, in whatever pain or grief, you know that you not only give them: they go themselves to the shrine of patriotic work and religious faith that is reared for them by the Almighty Father on the earth to-day. What remains for us all, but to live up to the value of their blood, whether it still flow or have ebbed in anguish away, remembering God's faithfulness, remembering Christ's promise of triumph to those who should follow him in the regeneration for which he was sent, and remembering that now or never, far as mortal vision can reach, after long degeneracy to a pitch of political corruption, the regenerating hour for this nation has indeed come? As with Jesus, may it have come for us, not only to suffer, but be glorified!

NOTE.

As the author of the discourse has said one regretful word of the attack on Fredericksburg, he cannot refrain from expressing his admiration for the whole spirit and motive of the war, as conducted on the loyal side. The perseverance of this quiet, sober, and, save in healthy argument, uncontentious tribe of the Northerly and Westerly States, to handle the carnal weapons they are so unused to, which are more fit and warm in the hands of a relatively barbarous society, can be born of nothing but the righteousness of their cause. Only this can explain the wondrous spectacle of New England, New York, Ohio, Illinois, and the rest of the Free States, turned from an abode of husbandmen, herdsmen, shop-keepers, and sailors, into a blazing battery, manned ever anew with ranks of volunteers, — sometimes scholars, lawyers, merchants, ministers, farmers, — ready to take the place of the dead. We are not discouraged, and will not be. Never from a worthier people, for a better cause, did a nobler soldiery come; needing only the leading of political wisdom and military genius to accomplish any success, and build up the empire of Freedom for all time.

It is sometimes reproachfully said, that our defenders are less in earnest than the insurgents. Let me answer, that the earnestness is not on both sides the same, but different in kind. The earnestness of a party of travellers is not the same as that of the band of robbers by whom they are assailed. The earnestness of an *inspiration* does not resemble that of a *conspiracy*, but will

outlast and put it down. The earnestness of capital offenders against the Constitution and laws, who feel or fear their fortunes and heads are in danger of confiscation and the gibbet, and who have no alternative but rule or ruin, is not that of those who feel strong and superior in their position; who are loath to strike back as they are malignantly smitten; who fear to alienate those they would recover and reconcile; who are weakened with tenderness for the neutral and wavering, and led by inclination to temper vengeance itself with the mercy which traitors avail themselves of freely, and are so little apt to return. Besides, let us not be unthankful to God, that an uncivilized, half-savage society does take to blows more readily, and is better at them at the outset, than those who have heretofore habitually aimed at distinction, not in duelling, street affrays, border disputes, and filibustering expeditions, but in learning and science, youthful education, gentle manners, industry of agriculture, trade, fisheries, factories, and the mechanic arts. These are the things to which our heart and strength have gone. Many incidents could be related, showing the gentle and peaceful temper in which we maintain the conflict. A noble Western mother writes to me, "My army-boy is of a tender heart, and shooting people goes hard with him. He has carried his knapsack eighteen months, and it has made *my* back lame." Yet, though it is the wrath of the lamb against the tiger, let us still remember the sentence of Revelation, that *the wrath of the Lamb* shall prevail, and the mighty call on the mountains and rocks to fall on them, and hide them from it. Therefore let no sentiments be possible to us in this contest but of good cheer and faith. Let us fear nothing but drifting away from the principles the Pilgrims brought, and for which they and their children bled. Let us live in vision and inspiration from a hope of what this Nation, in a fresh fidelity to them, may become. Let us labor and suffer together for her sake, knowing that we share a common fortune; that the hour of one is the hour of all; the interest of one, the interest of all; the duty of one, the duty of all; and the emancipation of each one, only in the emancipation of all.

It is not for the sake alone of our brother departed, whose memorial is pure, that we bear such abundant witness respecting him, and the cause for which he lived and died, but in the hope of a public benefit among his fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers wherever our testimony may reach. The youth especially of our community may derive benefit from the contemplation of an example, itself formed on no lower aim than to unfold in entire integrity every power of body and soul. We learn from one of his companions at school and in college, — whose name would make his words everywhere of weight, — that Sidney's character was fashioned, from the first, on principles established by deliberate reflection; and that he did not, like most young men, allow his views to be determined by accident or the pattern set by those around him. Instead of being himself as clay to be moulded by external influences, he adapted circumstances to his own lofty purpose, and made, of all things earthly, building materials for the structure, somewhere still standing, after his moral design. Of his extreme tenderness of conscience, a token is fresh in the writer's mind. Some conversation having arisen respecting slavery at the South, I said to him, "Yet social and legal justice is not done to the African, even at the North;" the mournful motion of his head, in assenting to which, I can never forget. At every point, his truthful feeling bore the test. May such be the style of the rising generation in our land! So God will be with us as with our fathers.

APPENDIX.

THE foregoing discourse — published at the request of a number of gentlemen of the West Church — gives an opportunity of adding some memoranda, furnished in substance by a friend, touching the brief military career of Major Willard before he entered the army; together with some extracts from his letters to different members of his family, showing his affectionate character, his spirit of enthusiasm, his patriotism and zeal, and his vein of quiet humor.

He possessed, perhaps to an unusual degree, the capacity of governing and influencing men. This became very manifest in the large number of men he disciplined for the war, — officers by the score, and privates many hundred. In particular may be named the "Washington Home Guard of Cambridge," — a corps of various ages, taken from the different walks of life, and including many his seniors, and several of the learned professions. This corps was formed partly for drill and discipline, and partly to infuse a martial spirit in the community, which would find its appropriate response whenever the country should call for their service in the field.

At first, he was known in person to a few only of the Guard; but his reputation as an accomplished instructor

had preceded him, and he was invited to take charge of the corps. He accepted the invitation. A cordial union and sympathy soon grew up between instructor and pupils, and widened and deepened day by day. He was soon chosen to the command, and continued with them until he left for the war.

His competence for the command was unquestioned; and the strict discipline which he exacted was submitted to with pleasure, — a free tribute of respect to the man and officer.

This was shown when they appeared in public, as at the dedication of a building for the Guard; an account of which was published at the time in the "Cambridge Chronicle." Several distinguished persons were present by invitation, and the hall was crowded with the ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge.

After a public parade of the Guard under the command of Major Willard, on returning to the hall, the President of the Guard* called upon him to respond in behalf of his command.

He spoke in a clear, earnest, and deliberate manner of the relations between the duties of the citizens and the soldiers; of the present condition of our country, and the wonderful manner in which our citizens had shown their aptness for all the duties and requirements of good soldiers; and expressed his confident belief, that, with such an army properly disciplined, victory and success to our arms were sure.

Of the meagre report of his remarks, the following is all that space admits of being copied: "He said it was sometimes difficult to determine where liberty should end, and

* Hon. Emory Washburn.

obedience commence. The rules which prevail among military men are those which the good sense of mankind has transmitted after ages of experience. Discipline can be enforced in such a manner as to be easy to all concerned, and to command the most cheerful obedience. There had been an effort in the French army to make each company able to support itself. Each had its baker and its cook, who were ready to act when circumstances required their services. But in no army in the world was there more ability to support itself than in the Sixth and Eighth Massachusetts Regiments; and this was shown in their passage through Baltimore. When sailors were wanted from the ranks of the volunteers, the county of Essex furnished them; and the counties of Worcester and Middlesex were not behind-hand: they were all able to take care of themselves. What the soldiers of Massachusetts wanted was discipline; and, with it, he thought no soldiers in the world excel them with their ready and cheerful obedience.

"In our State, there were a hundred and fifty-seven thousand men liable to military duty. With twenty-five thousand of these men properly disciplined, instead of stopping at Washington at the opening of the Rebellion, they would have marched directly to Richmond."

This was in May, 1861; and the united testimony of every competent general in our army since that time has fully justified the view here expressed.

On the evening of Aug. 19, just before his departure for the seat of war, the Home Guard, desiring to manifest their personal respect for their late commander and associate by some sensible token, took the opportunity of the last evening when he could be present at their drill, in presence of the Guard and many invited friends, to present him a beau-

tiful military sash and a handsome silver pitcher, upon the latter of which was the following inscription; viz.: —

THE
WASHINGTON HOME GUARD
TO
CAPT. SIDNEY WILLARD,
CAMBRIDGE,
Aug. 19, 1862.

The presentation was made in a very touching manner by the President of the Guard, and in terms expressive of the warm affection and respect they entertained for him. Capt. Willard was sensibly moved by this very hearty and unexpected manifestation. He responded gracefully and with much feeling. It is now a subject of regret, that his remarks were not preserved.

His commission as captain in the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers bears date Aug. 13 last. He left for the seat of war on Friday, Aug. 22; the regiment numbering a thousand and twenty-five strong, and composed largely of the stalworth yeomanry of Essex, Middlesex, and Norfolk, — a thoroughly Massachusetts regiment. On the 27th of August, he was promoted to a majority.

Extracts from Major Willard's Letters,

AUG. 25 — DEC. 12.

Aug. 25, 1862, near Washington. — "We camped in the open field all night. . . . It is just like camping out in the middle of Brighton Road when it is hottest and dustiest. I am well and jolly, except when I think of you all; and then the thought that I am trying to do my duty is consolation ample. . . . Most truly your loving son."

Aug. 28, Arlington Heights. — "Our men are just getting a notion of loading and firing. We have had rumors of the defeat of Pope, Sigel, &c., but nothing authentic. We can tell literally nothing here about the movements of the armies. Regiments come and go: their tents whiten the hillside one day, and are gone the next. . . . I hope that the Thirty-fifth will soon prove itself an excellent regiment."

Sept. 2, Arlington Heights. — "I shall ever love you as I have done, not in very demonstrative mode perchance, but yet better than you think; and, while I live, you know that you have some one to depend on, to help and assist you. I hope, God willing, after this accursed Rebellion is put down, to return to old Massachusetts; and, a better and more energetic man, to make my way, so that I can aid in other ways than mere words."

Sept. 3, Arlington Heights. — "Your letter and S.'s came safely; and I enjoyed them most exceedingly. They brought a taste of home to me that was delicious amid all this noise, bustle, dirt, and fierce energy. . . . —— needs some one to help her; and of whom can I ask sympathy, in such case, but you, dear ——, who have helped me and assisted me in every way? I have had the appointment of Major to the regiment. . . . Pray, who, if any one, made representations to the Governor? If you know, please let me know. The promotion is rapid enough to satisfy the most exacting; and I shall try to fill the post thoroughly, and hope to, all but the blessed horse. My kingdom if there wasn't a horse!" *

Sept. 4, Arlington Heights. — . . . "We are still in camp; and are likely to remain, as far as I can judge, in the same place. This is our third remove, near Hunter's Chapel, on the great road from the end of Long Bridge to Fairfax Court House, about two miles from the bridge. . . . We are in full view of Fort Craig, some little distance to the north of us, with many regiments near us, and the whole of Pope's army distributed along our front. We have heard firing, and have sent out pickets, dug rifle-pits, and stood guard and drilled, but have as yet not encountered any

* Reasonably enough, perhaps; for, in all his life, he had never mounted a horse but twice, — once only riding a few rods, when a schoolboy; and a second time taking a short ride when in college.

enemy; and, to judge from the snoring of the officer in the next tent, he, for one, hath not the fear of Johnny Rebel before his soul."

Sept. 9, Brookville, Md., twenty miles north-west of Washington. — "We have left at Arlington Heights all our baggage and tents, and have been turning in in the open air."

Sept. 13, Washington. — . . . "We broke camp at Arlington Heights last Saturday night. . . . Every thing left at Arlington Heights, only what we could carry on our backs, besides the sixty rounds of ball-cartridges. Tuesday night, we were at a little town called Brookville, about ten miles north of Rockville; and have been brigaded with the Twenty-first Massachusetts and two other regiments, with Col. Ferraro, a Pennsylvania man, acting brigadier, in Sturgis's division, Reno's corps, and Burnside's army. . . . On Wednesday morning, the colonel ordered me to take one of our wagons which was broken, go to Washington, get it mended; go to Arlington Heights, break up our camp there; turn back to United-States Q. M. Thomas the two hundred and fifty tents; collect the thousand knapsacks and the officers' trunks, find a place of storage in Washington; send thirty or forty sick men, who were left in camp, to Alexandria; collect the guns, get all the equipments, belonging to the regiment; and bring back to the regiment upwards of seventy well men, with a wagon-load of hospital-stores, baggage, &c.; and find the regiment, which, I suppose, will have moved forty miles at least from Brookville before I rejoin it. Besides this, I have to finish my being sworn in; to procure a horse; to fill about three hundred small commissions, which the officers, learning that I was going to camp and should have control of the baggage, intrusted me with; see to the mail; and, in short, clean up all that had been left loose. So I set out from Brookville, Wednesday, at three, P.M., and walked and rode into Washington; where I arrived at nine, P.M.

"Your letters all came in a bunch; and I had a splendid time reading them."

He describes, at some length, the difficulties and delays in doing business at Washington. He suceeeded at last in accomplishing the business of the regiment, purchasing a horse and a major's equipments, and set out for camp; bidding adieu to some near and hospitable relatives, who had given him the most cordial reception.

Sept. 18, Washington. — . . . "I sent the detachment off Tuesday evening to rejoin the regiment, and must follow just as soon as I can. I have received all letters and parcels so far, and am most exceedingly obliged to all dear ones at home for them. . . . My regiment is perhaps seventy miles distant, — a long way in this *bebothered* State. The great thing which I regret in staying here in Washington on regiment business is, that my regiment may have been engaged in the fighting, and I not there, — a source of great trouble and regret to me. I shall go to them just as soon as I can."

Sept. 19, Friday evening, Washington. — "I shall start at nine, to-morrow morning, on my new steed, for my regiment. I have a heavy load of letters, blankets, &c.; so that I shall hardly reach Frederick before Sunday night. I shall travel the broad road through Rockville, and right on to Frederick; then hunt up my regiment, whose whereabouts I don't know.

"I shall be very glad to get out of Washington, as the air is very oppressive; and I feel as if I was made of lead, — no life, no strength. I have been working very hard in packing the baggage of the regiment and executing my orders.

"There are many sad rumors and stories about friends in the late battle, or series of battles; * but I believe nothing till it is authenticated beyond all manner of doubt. Our colonel is wounded; and I saw that Company I had had several wounded. I shall soon know what damage was done. Meanwhile, dear ——, keep up a good heart. I think things are beginning to turn for the better, and that we have beaten the strength of the Rebellion, and now bid fair to break its strength before long."

Sept. 19, Washington, Friday evening. — . . . "It has been a cause of deep regret to me, that I was not present with my regiment in any of these recent battles. I had fully counted on being with them when they first faced the enemy; and would have cheerfully foregone completing my mustering-in as Major, could I have been present when they came under fire. . . . There are sad reports here of the killed and wounded. . . . Col. Wild is badly wounded in the left arm, and some familiar names of Company I † appear in the list as wounded. I hope to be with the regiment most earnestly before forty-eight hours shall elapse."

* South Mountain and Antietam. † His own company.

Sept. 21, Sunday night, Frederick, Md. — "Here I am in Frederick, after two days of unequalled tribulation, and wear and tear of the flesh. I have actually ridden from Washington here, forty-two miles, since eleven, A.M., Saturday. . . . I rode at a very dignified pace out of Georgetown and towards Rockville. . . . I did not venture on a trot. I expected to bounce off as soon as the beast tried that gait; and luckily there was a hill to climb for the first mile, and my luggage (nearly a hundred pounds), besides my own weight: so that he, though strong and spunky, did not attempt any thing more than a walk. When I got some distance away, I touched him with the spur, and impressed on his imagination that I wanted him to trot; which he did. It is an awful pace, not for speed, but for the amount of bounce thereby extracted from the agonized human frame. I bore it as long as I could, then reduced him to a walk again; and so we went, alternately from walk to trot, from trot to walk, till I had bumped through twenty-two miles, to a little cluster of houses called Gettysburg, where I stopped last night.

. . . "I left there this morning, and have ridden for twenty-two miles through scenery which would delight mother's heart. The Blue Ridge looms up magnificently; and to-morrow I must cross it, and pass two of those battle-fields which have rendered the last week famous, and which I have just missed. Col. Wild, by newspaper report, is badly wounded in the left arm; and, I suppose, Lieut.-Col. Carruth is in command. I shall start for Sharpsburg (twenty-two miles distant) to-morrow morning, and rejoin my regiment.

"I came into Frederick as the afternoon bells were ringing for church; and, for the moment, Weston and Boston came back to me; and I wished I could have been in old Massachusetts to enjoy a New-England sabbath.

"I am safe and well, though much bumped. I had far rather and easier walked it."

Sept. 22, Boonesborough, Md., Monday night. — . . . "I have to-day, while on my way from Frederick hither (sixteen miles), learned the fate of my regiment. We have lost, in two battles, nearly every commissioned officer, killed or wounded. The colonel's left arm is gone at the shoulder, and the lieutenant-colonel is shot through the neck. Capt. Bartlett is killed, and Capts. Andrews and Lathrop are the only ones fit for duty in the regi-

ment. I believe my men (I shall, till the lieutenant-colonel recovers, be in command of the regiment) are not more than ten miles distant; and I hope to reach them to-morrow.

"But you can tell how sad a thing this loss of officers and men (fifty-two killed, two hundred and five wounded) is; one quarter-part of the regiment gone, taking out the sick, and necessary attendants. The thousand that marched up State Street, little more than four weeks since, now number hardly more than six hundred; and I almost dread seeing the diminished ranks.

"The range of mountains which we stormed is huge; and the gorge through which I have been riding to-day, if its flanks were protected, could be held against any force. The national road runs through this pass in the mountains, and I have been travelling upon it all day.

"The battle on Sunday, Sept. 14, was the most desperate one of the war. Over a hundred thousand men were on each side, with a line of battle nearly seven miles long, parallel with the ridge; which finally we stormed, and beat the Confederates back.

"My horse has carried me well. This is the third day, and I am sixty-two miles from Washington."

Sept. 23, Tuesday morning.—. . . "I have seen a number of wounded officers, my friends; and they all say that the regiment behaved nobly, stood their ground, and fired like men; though, of course, they could not manœuvre, having had no opportunity to drill. I stopped where Col. Wild was staying in Middletown, the other side of the mountains, eight miles back. He is getting on slowly; but surely, I hope. He was cheery and thoughtful, and kind-hearted as ever. He insisted on my taking his armor-vest; and Mrs. Wild fitted it for my use. I bade him good-by, and set out about four, P.M., for this place, and crossed the Sunday's battle mountain. The scenery was grand. Mother would delight in its beauty, and in the glimpses of distant prospect the openings of the gorges give.

"All the way along, I passed regiments marching toward the front, and trains of empty wagons returning; and reached this place about half-past six.

"I hear that a Major Wright has been placed temporarily in command. I suppose, when I return, that I shall take his place at once. I shall do my best, and, when we go into battle, try to do my duty."

Sept. 26, Friday, three and a half miles from Sharpsburg. — . . . "I am well, and in command of the regiment; which numbers about five hundred men.

. . . "I am not astonished to-day that my horse has broken down, and went limping along, as I expected would be the case, at the head of the regiment, — a sight for gods and men to snicker at. Infamous beast!"

Sept. 27, Saturday night, three miles from Sharpsburg, near the mouth of Antietam Creek, Md. — . . . "On the edge of a ploughed field, the whole brigade close up in mass. We have no good place to drill. I go through with dress-parades, &c., with exceeding solemnity; but the care and bother is no slight thing. I have to do the best I can; and the questions asked are very numerous, and sometimes perplexing.

"The men are suffering severely from want of tents, and loss of baggage; and the very cold nights and heavy fogs, lasting till nine in the morning, are increasing our sick-list."

Sunday, half-past eleven, A.M. — "But I think we shall begin to improve now, both in health and spirits, as the shock of the last battle wears off, and the salutary rules of discipline and cleanliness are enforced.

"I am in Ferraro's brigade, Sturgis's division, Coxe's corps, and Burnside's army. . . . I am working with all my might on the regiment; and hope, in the course of the week, to get things agoing systematically. You can hardly conceive what uphill work it is. There are but three captains in the regiment, and every thing has to be organized. Morning reports, accounts of the sick and wounded; bothers innumerable about forage, commissary stores, subsistence, &c.; servants' attendance, regiments' wash-sinks, guards, funds, sutlers, discipline, drill, details for different duties, postage, losses in battle, and every thing else conceivable.

"I did not think, when I left Boston and walked over to Lynnfield, that I should be in command of the remnant of the regiment in less than five weeks. . . . It is hard work going on short-handed, as we are now, both in officers and men. We were hurried away from Washington, and took no baggage with us. Officers and men are suffering for want of clothing. I have the only tent in the regiment; and it is a small A tent, seven by five, and tapering so rapidly as to materially reduce the space. A truss

of wheat-straw on one side of the tent is my bed; ditto, on the other side, belonging to the adjutant. A four-legged pine table (set back against the tent-pole), a desk, one camp-stool, and my saddle, constitute all the furniture."

Sept. 28, same camp, Sunday night. — . . . "I am beginning to arrange matters in the regiment; and I can assure you all, the task is no light one. . . . The horse is quite lame. I *should* have been disappointed, hadn't he done something of the kind. He is coughing and sneezing and tramping round and munching hay behind the tent at this moment. He eats most at night, — late suppers; and then stands, looking dyspeptic and used up all day, not touching any thing. Didn't I tell you of Col. Wild's kind thoughtfulness, in the midst and despite of his pain and misery at Middletown, as I stopped to see him on my way to the regiment? — how he insisted, when he, by chance, learned that I did not own or wear a steel vest, on my taking his; and, as he sat in his chair, gave directions to Mrs. Wild and myself, with the sorrowful motioning of that single arm, how we should arrange the steel-plate in the vest, — the one which he wore when he was wounded at South Mountain, Sunday. . . . I am well and lively as I can be out of old Massachusetts; which, I am becoming more and more convinced every day, is the only decent place, climate, soil, air, water, &c., &c., to live in, in the Union. . . .

"You can have no notion of the dirt of the regiment. I passed a ukase this morning, which compelled a general scrubbing of clothes and persons. They had some excuse, as there is but one suit of clothes to each man; and, when he washes his shirt, he has to go without till it dries. Ditto the beloved commander!"

Oct. 2, near the mouth of the Antietam. — . . . "I have a compliment from Charles G. Loring, who is lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general on Burnside's staff. He said the camp of my regiment was far the neatest in the brigade. . . . I have seen and been introduced to Burnside. . . . I have intense satisfaction in my position as commander, for two reasons, — it enables me to enforce cleanliness and prohibit swearing; which last I have checked to a considerable extent, — to a degree which I never thought I should be able to.

"We are in camp, guarding the entrance to Maryland. . . . How soon we move, or how soon we fight, I do not know."

He states that the regiment was for Pleasant Valley, six miles

from Antietam, by the river and railroad, near Harper's Ferry, between South-Mountain range and a little spur north-west of South Mountain.

Oct. 3, Antietam. — "I have had a somewhat exciting day of it. Last night, as I was writing, about one, A.M., the General's orderly poked his nose into my tent, and delivered me an order to the effect that the President, Gens. McClellan, Burnside, &c., would review the corps to-day at eight, A.M. As soon as the tent-flaps closed, and the sound of the retreating footsteps died away in the distance on their road to the Fifty-first New York, I grasped 'Army Regulations,' and refreshed my ideas on that important subject. I crammed the whole thing, — opening ranks, colors waving, swords poising, bands playing, &c., &c., — and then crawled upon my pallet of straw, and went to the land of Nod directly. That awful *réveille* started me into full life and vigor at half-past five; and minus breakfast, at half-past seven, with battalion formed, but horseless, I marched my six hundred on after the other regiments. We marched by the right flank into the field, and came on the right by files into line; and then ordered arms, and waited for the other brigades to take their places. We kept our place till about ten; when a salute from the guns announced the President and staff. They rode rapidly by, the President bareheaded, Burnside on his right, McClellan immediately behind, and a large *cortége* of horsemen following in front of and behind each line. As I stood eight paces in front of my regiment, the President passed within half a dozen feet of me; but all the study of the elaborate review, the passing before the reviewing-officer, the saluting, &c., &c., was entirely omitted. We stood like statues; I with my long sabre sticking up above my shoulder, and my men at shoulder arms, unmoved, while President, generals &c., &c., passed. We then closed ranks, and marched from the field."

Oct. 12, Pleasant Valley. — He writes that the Lieut.-Col. had returned, and relieved him from the command of the regiment, to his great joy; so that the Major (Col. Wild still being absent) became again acting Lieut.-Col. Of the march he writes: —

"On Tuesday (Oct. 7), we broke camp at day-dawn, and soon after started towards Pleasant Valley, — a most beautiful *intervale* between two ridges of high hills. We marched south-east, and

through by-roads and mountain-paths, across the gap in Elk Mountain. The climb was a great one, and the view exceedingly beautiful. My horse was full of life and spirits, and evinced his light-heartedness by his light-heeledness; and kicked the adjutant's horse, to the adjutant's intense wrath. I got along very well, except that he (the horse) required the whole road to himself. . . . C. W. Loring and Patrick Jackson called; and I went over to see them at Burnside's head-quarters, which are about a mile distant, on the steep side of South Mountain, commanding a most superb view of the whole valley, and Loudon Heights, which overlook Harper's Ferry, and upon which they are cutting and burning off the woods to clear the way for the guns of the new defences."

The inevitable horse still troubles him. "I wish," he says, "Uncle Sam would allow his majors to walk. The horse has passed the largest part of his valuable existence, since I became his unwilling owner, tied to a stake back of my tent, where I can distinctly hear every sneeze and cough, every motion, of the quadruped. . . . Nature never intended me for a horseman. I hate the beasts. . . . For five weeks, our men 'have fought, marched, dug, slept, ate, and camped out in the same clothes,' having but one suit." He describes his great relief since the return of the Lieut.-Col. He is willing to bear his own share, and more; "but it is hard to do three men's work, and get blown up for six," and "to tread with the greatest caution, lest you come upon the military, gouty toes of some precise old tactician, who roars in wrath at the slightest error in your course of proceeding. . . . If I live to come back, it won't be for want of all sorts of training that I am not evenly developed, body and mind."

Pleasant Valley, Sunday, Oct. 19. — During the previous week, he had been quite ill, and was so up to the end of the month, barely escaping a *severe* fever; for fever he had, being entirely unfit for duty. Perhaps it was his iron constitution, which, under God, saved him in his peril. While lying in his tent, very ill, "I could clearly hear," he says, "all the signals and calls, and all the music; in fact, all that, in the way of instrumental sounds, Uncle Samuel or private regimental pride had furnished to full thirty thousand men. I like music in moderation; but fancy the awful racket of half a dozen different bands, each playing in utter indifference to the other! — some psalm-tunes, some polkas; some one

thing, some another; then throw in the calls of full two hundred bugles, tooted in every conceivable style, and an accompaniment of bass-drums ambitiously banging, unable to keep up, but sticking to it heroically. Such are the sounds of Pleasant Valley." The shelter-tents are described by him: a rather severe joke, by the way, to call them shelter-tents; being *open* at both ends. It was very cold in Pleasant Valley. The mist fills it "level with the tops of the skirting ridges, and buries our camp six hundred feet deep in fog; and it takes the sun usually till noon to poke us out." The comfortable weather was passing away. "The men shiver, and appear blanketed and great-coated both at *réveille* and roll-call. No wonder. Almost every one would shiver to be compelled at half-past five, A.M., this season, to turn out upon the sidewalk, with ninety-seven other fellow-shiverers, and answer to his own name."

Oct. 22, Wednesday morning. — The Major had visited his dear friend, the surgeon of the Twelfth. He crossed the mountain, "and went through Sharpsburg, where the battle was. The houses and churches are scarred with shot and shell. . . . I dismounted, and walked into his quarters with him; and comfortable enough he was. He had a fireplace in one corner of the tent, with a bright fire in it, looking most homelike, made by digging a trench from one corner of the tent, covering it with flat stones (which make the flue), and putting two barrels on the end of it as a chimney; . . . making a very comfortable fireplace. I intend making one at once in my tent; for the weather now is very cold at night, and the days are very windy, blowing a gale, covering every thing with dust, and half taking the tent bodily off. . . . M. and I both agree that a soldier's life and campaigning are *beastly;* and *they are!* The officers suffer for food much more than the men. The latter have their regular rations; but the officers are obliged to forage as best they may."

Oct. 31, near Wheatland, Va., on road to Leesburg, about twelve miles south of the Potomac, he writes: —

"The regiment left Pleasant Valley, Monday (Oct. 27), and marched to near Wheatland, — a blustering, cold, windy day." He suffered much from the want of thick under-clothing, his trunk having been rifled between Washington and his camp; and, having to sleep all night on the ground, he was still in danger of the fever. The Lieut.-Col. was taken down with cold and fever,

and was left behind (Oct. 27); and the Major was again in command. The regiment crossed the Potomac at Berlin, waded under the culvert of the canal in the water, and encamped in a field. He had to sleep all of the night of Monday on the ground, in the open air; his blankets being on the wagon, and not coming up till the next day. He supped on hard bread and a piece of cheese one unprotected night. He shivered through the night, was sick, and was the next day on his back till his tent arrived. Oct. 29, marched southerly about five miles, and camped out in an open field. Oct. 30. — Ordered to march, at sunrise, five miles, to Wheatland, — "the loveliest spot I have been in since I came out. Tents in the midst of a grove, on a little ridge, above a brook which skirts the base: the trees protect us from the wind." There the encampment was a protected one. He was fortunate in getting some supplies; and, the Lieut.-Col. having come up, he felt much relieved. "We are making a short campaign; and may see some fighting before the rainy season sets in, now about three weeks. There is a talk of our going to Newbern with Burnside; but every thing is utterly uncertain."

Same, Nov. 1. — He is writing on the ground, and then on a stump. On the 10th November, near Jefferson, he finishes the letter. "We have been marching incessantly since the first date; had snow-storms; slept tentless about the whole time; had salt pork, raw; hard bread, and coffee sugarless, where we could get it, and thankful for it. Oh! it's jolly campaigning in the winter; turning into a potato-field, in a driving snow-storm, to sleep. . . . I think that we shall see a fight soon. The rebels are close to us; and, while I write, the cannonading is incessant. I shall try to do my duty like a man, when the time comes. I hope that J. will not be drawn, or think of volunteering; at least, at present. Nothing but the strictest sense of duty should induce a man to forego all the blessings of home. I appreciate them now as I never did before; and I hope to show that appreciation, if I live to see all the dear ones at home once again."

Nov. 10, Jefferson, Va. — "Since leaving Pleasant Valley, we have been constantly marching, except the three days we staid near Wheatland. The weather has, in the main, been pleasant; but we have had two snow-storms, keen and cold, as if direct from old Massachusetts, in one of which we were marched till nearly eleven, P.M., on a wrong road, very aptly described by one of the

men: 'It looked as if it had been gouged out by lightning.' In addition to the miseries of that 'triste noche,' after marching five miles in this blinding storm, and in these roads, which are mere ditches in the face of the country, used as beds for brooks, with rivulets crossing them, leaving puddles of water forty or fifty feet wide and two or three feet deep, we found that the Rappahannock and a broken bridge barred our progress. We started about four, P.M.; and were stopped at about six, in the woods, as aforesaid. There was nothing to be done but to about-face three thousand men, and march 'em back again. So we tramped back through the puddles, swamp, and brooks, till about half way back to our old camp-ground; where, for some reason, they halted us three-quarters of an hour, right in the teeth of this nor'wester and driving snow. I sat on my horse till I was nearly frozen. We then marched about two miles farther; and at eleven, P.M., halted opposite a patch of woods, and were told to camp. At once the men rushed among the trees with shouts; rails were brought, saplings cut down, and roaring fires built. Field and staff — to wit, the Lieut.-Col., Major, Adjutant, doctors, &c. — had a large fire kindled, and some pieces of shelter-tents put up to keep the wind off; scraped the snow-covered leaves away, and spread blankets; and, thankful for the warmth, went supperless to bed. That was the hardest day we have had: but I can assure you, that for two weeks, with an occasional interlude, our bed has been the nearest field; our coverlet, the starry or cloudy heavens; our food, salt pork, mostly raw, when we could get it; hard tack, and coffee sugarless. I can eat raw salt pork with any Christian in the land; and, when I am lucky enough to secure it, I carry a pound or so in my haversack with the hard bread: but, alas! I can't get a fibre now."

White Sulphur Springs, Nov. 13, Thursday. — "Last Tuesday, at one, A.M., we found ourselves in advance of the whole army; and so far forward, that a retrograde of three or four miles was determined on. . . . Our position here is a strong one. We made a night-march from Jefferson, and expected to hear a row in our rear: but nothing disturbed the quiet of our march; and, about daybreak, we reached this place. . . I am well, save a cold; and as jolly as I can be in a mode of life which brings a man down to caring mostly for a good meal and a comfortable night's sleep. Of course, I do not put out of sight the heroism and bravery ex-

hibited, and the patriotism; but the daily recurring thought is, How shall I get enough to eat? and, I hope we shall have a good camp-ground to-night."

Nov. 13, White Sulphur Springs. — "The climate is as cold here as in Massachusetts in November; . . . making your bed at dark in a field; heaping up a fence-rail fire; . . . then gathering leaves, putting your rubber blanket on them, and wrapping the woollen blanket about you, to wake in the morning with the frost-rime on the end of your nose, the fire burnt out to white ashes and black cinders; fire rekindled, breakfast a facsimile of the supper, and then the order to pack up and march; face washed by pouring a canteen of water on your hands, and fall into place; and off we go for another day's march, with the prospect of a fight at any instant; the heavy thud of cannon in the distance.

. . . "I have passed the last two Sundays, not quietly walking down Hancock Street to church; nor listening for that second bell, the time for which my intellect never could grasp or retain. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, we were the foremost of all, and a little too much so for propriety. Our pickets had a fight within a mile and a half of our lines; and the enemy were in force at Culpepper, barely ten miles off." It was rumored that the brigade got out to Jefferson without Burnside's being aware of it, and in pretty close proximity to the enemy; and, being discovered by a party sent to reconnoitre, were ordered back to a safe place.

. . . "Letters from home, telling of home-matters, are indescribably welcome, and are the only real pleasure I have. You all are ever with me in my thoughts."

Nov. 13. — He was again (and the third time) in command of the regiment, much against his will; "the Lieut.-Col., together with the adjutant, having been taken prisoner while eating dinner across the river at White Sulphur Springs." After leaving camp on Aug. 22, he was in command about half the time; and now he remained in command till he fell.

Nov. 15, Saturday, he was, for the first time, under fire; and says, Nov. 16, "I don't think I either showed or felt the least fear. The rebels shelled us; and I had to march my regiment back under the fire of our battery over our heads, and of the rebels from a hill opposite, directly into us. A fragment of shell (so the men said; I thought it was dirt) struck the road, and bounced right over my cap, about two feet above my head; and shot and

shell struck and whizzed about in all directions. The lieutenant of the battery was killed, and an artillery-man had his arm torn to pieces, besides wounded men in other regiments than ours. We had one man badly wounded in the leg. I was reading your letter during the shelling, while my regiment was lying under cover, and when that bit of dirt or iron, I don't know which, bounced over my head. . . . Home-matters are what I care for in home-letters: they are indescribably pleasant. The beast is well and *rampageous*. I hate him."

Nov. 17, near Warrenton Junction. — "I don't at all like to be compelled to do duty which I did not agree to; and this duty was put on me with this warning: 'The Colonel wishes you to take command of the camp, as he will be absent for about two hours.' . . . I occupied the house (where the Lieut.-Col. was taken) all Thursday night; bitter cold; frost; no fires allowed, for fear of an attack. I walked about all night; went the whole round of the pickets, and line of skirmishers; and then to the regiment, which was lying in the fields, . . . under the cold light of the moon, the frost whitening their blankets.

"I hate old Rampageous as much as ever. He is a snorting, prancing, kicking, biting, uneasy nuisance, . . . and pulls up all the stakes driven to tie him to: he pulls up all, except large trees which have been growing for years."

Nov. 19, Opposite Fredericksburg. — "After sleeping in the open air about two weeks, we have made a short return to a semi-civilized life; that is, we dwell in tents. These are shelter-tents, so called in delightful sarcastic phrase; reminding you of a dog-kennel. Into that you creep on all-fours, and lie with both ends sticking out, in case you are, as I am, six feet one.

"I am perfectly hardened, and used to waking up at midnight to hear the grim voice of the General's orderly. . . . Let me give you a picture, if possible, of our waking and march this morning. We (that is, Walcott and myself) were sitting before my head-quarters' fire, when the orderly came and said, 'Start at six, Major. Regiment will fall in punctually; as you lead to-day, General says.' So off I posted to my tent. . . . I took my sleep (what I could get) on a bundle of hay in my tent, and was duly aroused by the *réveille* at four. I packed my blankets; saw to the proper saddling of old Rampageous, got him plenty of corn, and had my tents struck in the midst of dire confusion. Our baggage-

wagons were driving round in very lively style; the six mules to each other frequently and loudly expressing, in their sweet, musical way, their delight at waking and working so early in the morning. The mist was thicker than ever, and no sign yet of the dull, gray dawn. The men were drying tents by the different camp-fires, cooking their breakfasts, fixing their knapsacks, and getting ready generally. The mist and smoke, the calls and shouts of three thousand men, the noise of our awful brigade-band (which had waked up also), made a row which is hard to describe. I ate my breakfast standing, — plateless, knifeless, forkless, and spoonless; keeping guard over old Rampageous, with a tin dipper of coffee in one hand, and a sandwich of hard tack and beefsteak in the other, to prevent one especially lively wagon and its six mules from cultivating an improperly close acquaintance with him, which would result in bites, kicks, and squeals, to the great detriment of my saddle and blankets.

"The wagon finally was loaded, and drove off. I finished my breakfast. Still so dark, wet, and foggy, that I could not see half the length of the regiment. I mounted old Rampageous, and gave my adjutant and sergeant-major orders to form the regiment at once; and as I sat on my horse, in front of the line, the sight was a picturesque one, — the long, dark line of men slowly forming, and becoming visible by the flickering blaze of the forest, in front of which they stood; the glitter of the guns as they shone for an instant; the quiet, sharp orders of the officers, followed by the prompt movement of the dark and compact masses; and, add to all, the faint, wet light of morning had begun to creep up on the edge of the horizon. I gave the 'Attention, battalion! shoulder arms! right face! forward, march!' and we were off this time, to halt just short of Fredericksburg, on the western, or rather northern, side of the river, . . . table-land, . . . and overlooking the city at a distance of two miles. . . . We have marched south along the base of the Blue Ridge; then turned to the left, and marched here. We have been on the move for three weeks and two days quite steadily. We left Pleasant Valley; marched along the Potomac to Berlin; crossed, camped; then south through Lovettsville, &c., to Amesville, Jefferson, White Sulphur Springs, Fayetteville, Warrenton Junction; then straight here, — to wit, a mile from Falmouth, and near Fredericksburg. We have zigzagged over the country (particularly in our marches near the Blue

Ridge) beyond all description; but now we are promised a two-days' halt.

. . . "I wish you, dear ——, the pleasantest Thanksgiving you have ever had. I shall, God willing, remember you all most lovingly on that day; and I know you will not forget me. . . . Burnside means to push for Richmond; in what way, I am sure I can't tell or conjecture: but we shall have some *very hard fighting*, I expect, within the next four weeks."

Nov. 28, camp off Fredericksburg. — "We had a quiet Thanksgiving, without any extra dinner, except an old goose and four very *diminutively small* chickens. I thought of home as I sat at the head of the mess-table (made, by the way, of cracker-boxes, and clothless), and wished that I could fill my place, for a short time at least, at home. But I have the consolation of knowing, that, as I came *because I ought, that same 'ought' will keep me up fairly to the mark.*

"I have, at last, received letters here on the infamous soil of Virginia.

"We have a large number of men here, — how large, I don't know; but, I suppose, about seventy thousand.* I wish there were two hundred thousand men; and then — Richmond."

He is just for brigade drill; never having drilled his regiment with brigade.

Dec. 2, same camp. — "I hardly think I can make you a fitting return for all your affectionate and Christian care of me, or all your patient and loving waiting during my slow struggle to work my way in life and gain a place among men. I hope, if my life is spared to return, and with increased knowledge of men, with an experience in rough, practical life of the greatest value to me, and habit of prompt decision, with the attrition of a life as open and public as my former one was secluded and fastidious, to make my fortunes more rapidly than earlier years foreboded."

He says that he is in Sumner's corps, Hooker in the centre (both Massachusetts men), and Franklin on the left. "How we are to get to Richmond," he says, "is the problem. If we go straight by land, the rebels have the railroad direct from Richmond to Fredericksburg, which they will use to retreat on, and

* Perhaps one hundred and ten thousand, as by a subsequent letter.

tear up as fast as we press them back, — leaving us to rebuild and follow as best we can over roads which are like brooks of mud, floating the corduroy logs in a yellow stream (fifty miles of such, with three or four good-sized rivers to fight our way across, lie between us and Richmond) ; while the route by sea will avoid many of these difficulties, render transportation comparatively easy and safe, land us nearer the city, and not compel us to guard an ever-increasing length of line of communication." He had always been entirely silent on the comparative merits of the generals; and now, being particularly requested by letter, states his opinion.

Dec. 5, camp near the river, opposite the lower part of Fredericksburg. His regiment just ordered "to the extreme left of the army, to support Battery B of four pieces, second battalion, New-York artillery, stationed on a range of hills overlooking the river; and the outermost part of the army in this direction, I believe."

Dec. 6 and 7. — Left flank of army on hills overlooking Fredericksburg. He states that wagons with supplies have arrived in camp; having been from eight, A.M., till four, P.M., in going three miles. "It was a magnificent night" (Saturday, Dec. 6). "The full moon lighted the snow, and the sparkle of the enemy's fires on the hills across the river could be distinctly seen." . . . The Major commanded, ranking the captain of the battery. He is on the extreme left; "unless they have removed some division down on the other side of the woods, which, like a bow, sweep round the rear of our camp."

Dec. 7, opposite the lower suburbs of Fredericksburg.—"Night; quiet till one, A.M.; then I stump over the crusty snow in company with the officer of the day, whose duties also cover the night, unless the rebels cross, and stir up my camp." He then gives a vivid description of the scene on that bright moonlight night, and the rebel camp-fires. "It is freezing in true New-England style, and the weather is as genuine an importation from Massachusetts as is our regiment. . . . My tramp to-night is to visit my pickets and guards. I have guards stationed at each of the guns, which peer watchfully through the embrasures of the half-moon in which they are placed. A cold time the sentinels have of it, and the greatest vigilance is needful; for a rat-tail file and a tap with a hammer would render useless in a moment a superb piece

of ordnance. I don't object to the trip a bit, though it will take me nearly two hours; but for my shoes, which are in sympathy with the shoes of more than two-thirds of the regiment. The soles of both have given way; and the venerated Major's toes are out, as I drew in my letter to —— I shall get along to-night by winding them round with cord (the shoes, not toes); and I hope they will stand the poking through the bushes after my pickets.

"Gen. W. and aide called on me to-day; and I treated them to dinner, through sending out a special forager. . . . I had secured a goose, . . . two small ducks, and had a pudding made. . . . But, alas! there are drawbacks on all human felicity. The mess-tent was so cold, and the pine-logs throughout the camp so obstinately refused to burn, that my tent was nearly at the freezing point: and, when I rose to carve the goose, I was obliged to grasp the carving knife and fork in my fist; and after making sundry vain attempts to hit the joints of the wretched bird, and growing desperate at the consciousness that seven pairs of hungry eyes were fixed on my struggles, I gracefully appealed to the general, who, in his long buckskin gauntlets, succeeded in dismembering the fowl," &c. . . . "Now I have a good fire in front of my tent. Would that I had had it when the shivering general and his shivering aide sat on my bed, and shook in chilly unison!"

He doubts about the next movement, but thinks a force will be detached, and sent to Richmond. "I am very much obliged for your letters. When I get a goodly stock of letters from the mail-bag, I feel that I am still fast in home affections and remembrance; and the memory is one of the greatest enjoyments that I have."

His last letter, a very hurried and brief one in pencil, written on "Friday, Dec. 12," was affectionate as usual. Amongst other things, he says,—

"We shelled and half burnt Fredericksburg yesterday. My regiment and brigade was ordered to be in readiness, and was marched and countermarched; as I will tell at some future time, when I have pen, ink, and opportunity. . . . The whole of Franklin's grand corps is passing in the rear of our camp, crossing the river on the left, — artillery, infantry, and cavalry by the thousands. My men are pretty much used up by want of shoes,

and consequent colds. I had by actual count, yesterday, a force of only three hundred and fifty-three men and seventeen officers with which to go into battle. I hope to write in a few days more fully."

This was either the last letter he wrote, or else the next to the last. It bears the same date with the last letter to his wife. On Saturday, before he fell, his thought must have been upon the impending battle, which proved a day of awful and useless sacrifice, — a holocaust indeed.

As has been seen, he was appointed a captain on the thirteenth day of August last; left Boston with his regiment on the twenty-second of the same month; and, on the twenty-seventh, was appointed a major. When it is remembered that he was in actual command of the regiment, without colonel or lieutenant-colonel, and with but three captains, just about half the time after he left Boston, encumbered with the new, numerous, and sometimes very perplexing, duties of the colonelcy; that he was ill for a fortnight from fatigue and exposure; that he had written about one hundred letters, many of them very long ones, abounding in pen-and-ink sketches, — he would seem to have shown great industry and perseverance in his one hundred and thirteen days' absence from home. The regiment was new and inexperienced; and, with unusual speed, — three weeks and a half from the time of breaking up camp at Lynnfield, — they were in the midst of the severe battle at South Mountain, where they fought like veterans, and began to earn there historical record, enlarged at Antietam, and consummated at Fredericksburg.

The sad duty remains of speaking of the last hours of the Christian soldier; of the man (as truly and tersely described by a friend) "who never raised his arm or his

voice in anger or pride; the self-controlled, highly moral, and exemplary man, whom even the follies of youth never seemed to touch;" — and of adding some of the tributes paid to his memory.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 14, a telegram was received from Falmouth, Va., without date, saying that "Major Willard died this afternoon, at 1.30;" and soon after, in the same evening, a second telegram was received, also without date, that "Major Willard lies in Fredericksburg, wounded, shot through the body," and containing a request to his wife "to come immediately." Nothing further was heard until Monday evening, Dec. 15. Meanwhile the family had been in an agony of suspense, buoyed up with hope against hope. In the confusion of the day, there might have been a mistake in the first telegram received; the son, husband, and brother might be, and perhaps was, living. Several plausible theories were suggested; but Monday evening (when several members of the family, who had left Boston in the morning, were on their way to Washington) brought with it a confirmation of the intelligence.

The principal circumstances in relation to the part he was taking in the bloody fight at Fredericksburg, also the narrative of his fall and death, are contained in the following letter from Capt. Lathrop, who was acting major in the the battle: —

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
Dec. 18, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLARD, —

In compliance with the request of your late husband, it becomes my sad duty to write you the particulars of that event, which, I can assure you, is deplored by the regiment and by myself, no less than by his friends and relations at home. We crossed the river on Friday, Dec. 12. That night, we camped in one of the streets of Fredericksburg; and, the next day, took part in

the battle. The enemy were posted on a range of hills half a mile outside of the town, behind earthworks. The position was one of great strength, and was defended by artillery and infantry. To reach it, we had to pass across an open plain, which was fully exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy's batteries. *Antietam was nothing to it.* We advanced in line of battle; your gallant husband at the head of the regiment, cheering, and encouraging it on. When about half-way across, he was struck by a Minie-ball in the body, and fell prostrate. He soon arose, and was being supported to the rear by one man when I saw him. I immediately went to his assistance, and asked him if he was hit. He said he was, and wished I would help him off the field. I found he was able to walk but a few steps further. To attempt to carry him off the field the way we came on, would have exposed him to another shot. I looked around for a way of escape, and saw a gully running back to the town. To this we carried him; and I sent a man after a stretcher, while I remained with him. While here, we were several times covered with dirt, caused by the enemy's shells striking in close proximity to us. I examined the wound, and did what I could to stanch the blood. After sending the tenderest message to the loved ones at home, and in submission saying, "*But God's will be done,*" he added, "*Tell them I tried to do my duty to my country and to the regiment.*" We remained in this gully an hour, and still no stretcher appeared. The firing seemed to be nearer, and stragglers going to the rear said the enemy were driving us. To attempt to carry your husband on a blanket would expose him to great pain; to remain would endanger our freedom. I decided to adopt the former alternative, and started. Several shot went by us; but none struck our party. Before we reached the town, we met two men of the New-Hampshire Eleventh with a stretcher, and, placing your husband on it, took him to a hospital. A surgeon looked at his wound, and told me to bathe it in cold water; and this was all the dressing I could get any of them to put upon it. I remained with him all night, doing what I could to alleviate his sufferings. We were in a room with thirty others, who had wounds of every description. The night was a terrible one. Groans and cries of agony prevented any rest; but your husband bore his sufferings with the utmost patience. No cry or complaint escaped his lips. With the utmost Christian re-

signation, he endured it all. In the morning, the ball was extracted. At nine, I left him for a few hours to hunt up the regiment, and report what had happened. Before I returned, a messenger came, and reported that the Major was gone. I immediately went to the hospital, and had the body taken to camp and sent to Washington. . . . The sufferings of your husband, before his death, were undoubtedly great; but he bore them like a man. He was fully conscious, when I left him; and I am informed he retained his faculties to the end. . . . In your husband's decease, I have lost a dear and valued friend. I first became acquainted with him in 1854, and have ever since esteemed him highly. The kindly feelings which existed between us, as officers of the same company, did not cease when he left it for the position of Major of the regiment. I know that he entered into this war from no feelings of martial pride, or from a desire to win renown. A military life was distasteful to him; but he felt it his duty to be here, and he remained. He often spoke to me of the peaceful and happy life which he trusted was in store for him when the war should be over. Deeply sympathizing with you in your affliction,

I remain truly yours,

JOHN LATHROP.

The regiment left the city of Fredericksburg at half past eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, and was advancing against the rebels; the Major being in front of color-company B, when he led the regiment to the charge. Capt. Lathrop was in the rear, acting as major. Efforts were made to persuade the Major to order the charge and take his station in the rear, but without success. Waving his sword, and leading on the charge, he was seen to fall; * and the startling cry went forth, that the "Major was down!" A lad in the regiment, by the name of Krill, seems to have

* He was seen by the commander of the next regiment, — the Twenty-first Massachusetts, — very much in advance of his men.

been the first to go to his assistance, having seen him at the moment he was shot; but he was not strong enough to lift him. Private Estes then started to his support, and was helping him through the lines to the rear, when Capt. Lathrop came up on the other side, and the two attempted to take him from the field. They had proceeded but a rod or two, when the Major said, "You must let me lie down: I can't go any further."

They laid him down, put him in a blanket, and endeavored to place him out of the range of the fire; but, the rebels enfilading the road, they removed him just below the bank. Here there was a shelter from the front fire; and, by a little bend in the road, from the cross-fire also. Capt. Lathrop lay down by his side. Here it was, probably, that he requested the captain to give the message to the loved ones at home, as mentioned in the captain's letter; and also expressed his desire to be buried at Mount Auburn.

Within a half hour or hour, two soldiers appeared with a stretcher, and bore him upon it to the hospital of a Connecticut regiment. He was in pain, but never moaned or exclaimed.

Towards night, the surgeon gave him whiskey and morphine; but he doubted whether to take it, saying that he had never drunk whiskey: however, he was induced to consent, and soon became easier. He was thirsty, and wanted water, which was brought; but from self-control, says the captain, he would not drink, but only rinsed his mouth.

He inquired whether his horse had been found, and was told that it had not been.*

* The horse had been tied in Fredericksburg. It was lost during the battle, together with the blankets and haversack. Probably they were stolen. Inquiries were instituted, but with no success.

About nine o'clock on Sunday morning, Capt. Lathrop was obliged to be absent to attend to the regiment, now reduced to less than one-third of its original number. He left the Major calm, quiet, and apparently comfortable; and did not apprehend any early change in his condition. Estes and another private remained in attendance. Acting Lieut-Col. Pratt came in, and found the Major cheerful, affectionate, and resigned; and, on inquiring how he could serve him, was requested to telegraph to his wife to come immediately. He then left to execute his mission, thinking the Major could not live many hours: but it seems doubtful whether the latter, though knowing that he was fatally wounded, thought himself so near his end; for he had had no warning from any former experience of severe illness.

The privates continued in attendance through the closing scene, save that Estes was absent some fifteen minutes, between one and two o'clock, to take some food. The Major had been induced to go to sleep; and he was asleep, lying on his left side, when Estes returned. A motion of the right shoulder was noticed: presently his lips were seen to move; his eyes were open, and rolled up. Estes felt his pulse, and found none;* he felt his hands, they were cold. He called the surgeon, who confirmed his fears that all was over. The Major had entered into his rest.

This brief narrative contains substantially the little, but all, that has thus far been gathered, of the last hours and death of Major Sidney Willard.

As he lay in the repose of death in the home of his youth, his expression was natural and life-like, as of one who had returned wearied with conflict, and had sunk into a calm but thoughtful and semi-conscious slumber.

* Capt. Lathrop said he had no pulse after he was wounded.

Religious services were held at the late residence of the deceased; but the family yielded to the urgency of respected friends, who said there was a strong desire and expectation of a more public demonstration. The West Church was crowded at his public obsequies, and they were of a most impressive character. The military escort detailed by the Governor was composed of the Independent Company of Cadets, of which, for several years, he had been a member; and of the Washington Home Guard of Cambridge, which he had so carefully instructed. Nor were the Weston men, the yeomanry of the land, who had been trained by him, — those of them who had not gone to the war, — wanting in their attendance, and tribute of respect.

Omitting the numerous and private testimonials to his memory, and those published in the journals of the day, it will not be inappropriate to add, as of a more public character, the resolutions of the Cadets, those of the Home Guard, and those of his classmates of Harvard College.

Resolutions passed by the Independent Company of Cadets,

DEC. 20, 1862.

"Whereas the Independent Company of Cadets have heard with feelings of sorrow of the death of their fellow-member, Major Sidney Willard, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, by wounds received in battle; and —

"Whereas we have experienced, by his decease, another loss to the many we have already sustained during the present Rebellion; therefore —

"*Resolved*, That while we mourn his loss, and offer our sincere sympathies to his bereaved widow (thus suddenly called upon to part with the object of her affections) and to his family and surviv-

ing relatives, we remember the undaunted courage and patriotism which marked his short career, and the bravery which distinguished him in the field of battle in fighting against the enemies of our Constitution and civil liberties.

"*Resolved*, That the strong attachment he always evinced for this corps during his membership; his lively interest in its welfare; his firm, unswerving integrity as a man and a citizen; with the devotion to the cause for which he went forth to do battle, under circumstances of no ordinary nature, sundering the sacred ties which bind a man to those most beloved by him, — will endear his memory to us, and cause his name to be mentioned with feelings of admiration and respect by his former comrades, while his death will add another name to the roll of departed heroes who have gone forth from our ranks to uphold our national honor and integrity.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this corps, and a copy sent to the widow of the late Major Willard, with the tender of our respectful sympathies in her great bereavement. "CHAS. E. STEVENS, *Clerk I. C. C.*"

At a meeting of the Washington Home Guard of Cambridge, held at their armory, Dec. 15, the following resolutions, presented by the Hon. Emory Washburn, were unanimously adopted, and communicated to the family of Major Willard, together with an offer of the services of the company as a funeral escort: —

"*Resolved*, That the Washington Home Guard have heard with deep sorrow and regret of the death of Major Sidney Willard, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, who fell in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th inst. In justice to the memory of one who was endeared to them by many considerations, they cannot withhold this expression of their high appreciation of his character as a soldier, as a gentleman, and as a friend. They will ever cherish a remembrance of him as their much-esteemed commander and military instructor, and will often hereafter recall the pleasant associations which characterized his relations as one of their number. Falling as he has done, in the

vigor of his manhood, in a cause to which he had devoted his noblest energies, his country has to lament the loss of a brave officer, the State a citizen of high promise and unswerving integrity, his friends a true-hearted man, and his family one endeared to them by the ties of the warmest affection.

"The Home Guard would tender to the family of their late associate their most cordial sympathy, while they place upon their record this testimonial of their esteem.

"W. P. Atkinson, *Clerk W. H. G.*"

Resolutions passed at a Meeting of the Class of 1852, *held in Boston,* Dec. 17, 1862.

"*Resolved*, That we have heard with deep sorrow of the death of our class-mate, Major Sidney Willard.

"But it is consoling to remember, that he died nobly in battle for his country, at the head of his regiment; and that he has added fresh honor to a name distinguished in the annals of New England and of our college in more than one generation.

"He was the first of our number to lay down his life for the country; and his name shall be treasured up in our hearts with everlasting respect and honor. He was one with whose memory nothing which is not truthful and pure and upright and courageous and honorable can ever be associated.

"We remember that our friend entered the service from a conviction of duty and an honorable sensitiveness, — countervailing the advice of friends, — which led him to think that one, so well qualified as he, ought not to be absent from the field; and we remember also the costly sacrifice which he then made of domestic happiness, of business prospects, and of strong natural tastes and predilections for peaceful pursuits.

"Many of us mourn the loss of a personal friend, — generous, incorruptible, steadfast, pure, of a strong and widely cultivated mind, and a heart singularly affectionate, and sensitive to every sentiment of honor.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of Major Willard, with the expression of our deepest and most respectful sympathy.

"S. M. QUINCY, *Chairman.*

"HENRY G. DENNY, *Secretary.*"

"IN MEMORY OF MAJOR SIDNEY WILLARD.

Called from the din of battle and the rush of earthly strife
To the peace past understanding of a new and endless life,
No long and wasting sickness wore away that noble form,
Trained in temperance and virtue to be the worthy home
Of the soul that dwelt within it, till the sudden summons came
To crown the patriot hero with the dying martyr's fame;
To lead the heart, that here was blessed, by perfect, changeless love,
To its endless consummation in the Father's home above.
As we mourn the life thus ended in all the pride of youth,
Let us strive to make ours like it in manliness and truth:
And though 'tis hard for us to see the brightest and the best
Thus taken, when so many are longing for their rest;
Yet we *trust* the perfect wisdom which we cannot understand,
And bow in meek submission 'neath the loving, chastening hand."

13

Conditions of Peace:

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

In Memory of

DAVID KIMBALL HOBART,

JUNE 14, 1863.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
245, WASHINGTON STREET.
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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORTON, D.D.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

5, WATER STREET.

DISCOURSE.

"CONDITIONS OF PEACE." — Luke xiv. 32.

"PEACE!" How few words fall on the ear so sweetly! Peace was the song of angels; peace is the benediction of God; peace is the perfection of the soul; peace is the prosperity of the State; peace is heaven, and peace on earth our daily prayer. All war is by many pronounced unchristian; but *there never was a bad peace*, cried a good man in horror at the woes of conflict now in our land. Military as is the popular resolution, there is among us a peace-party, with one wing of sentiment moving quietly, and another of policy flapping noisily; so that the body revolves without going forward.

For peace, with all its beauty for lofty souls, followers of Jesus of every name and age, is not a principle, as peace-men would have it, but a result. It is not an absolute grace or virtue, like love, piety, or veracity, but has conditions profounder than itself. It is a building, whose foundation must be looked to. It cannot be

safely reared on the quick-sand of lies, or the rubble-stone of compromise. Planted so, it sinks in ruin, or falls with a crash, like the carelessly raised house on the shore, or ill-supported mill by the stream. Justice and humanity are pledges of peace; but, where these have been broken, war, which seems only the opposite and destroyer of peace, becomes one of its essential means, opening the way to its sure establishment for generations to come. The medals of Cromwell, after his second investiture, bore the inscription, *Pax quæritur bello*, "The quest of peace is by war." When cannon have been christened *peace-makers*, the apparent irony has contained a serious sense. Many a warrior, like our own Washington, has fought for the real and abiding peace, which, after long, fretful, consuming controversies of passion and angry words, at length only out of the smoke of battle has been secured. Massachusetts, according to the inscription on her shield, still seeks with the sword to *rest* under liberty.

But what, then, shall we do with Christianity, that peaceful kingdom of God, in the world, which our Lord came to found? Set it aside for the time, till our quarrels are over? No: our religion, universally true to human nature, includes war and peace alike in its compass. "First pure, then peaceable," and "the peaceable *fruit* of righteousness," are its style. Jesus directs his disciples, in certain circumstances, to sell their coat, if no otherwise, by no possibility in the

empty purse of extreme poverty, they could find money to buy a sword. When persons, then, listening with surprise to vindications from the pulpit of war, even the present war for the country, ejaculate the question, "*Are you not a minister of peace and of the Prince of peace?*" for one, I answer, Indeed I am. No man deprecated more earnestly, or held back harder from the necessity of strife; but, if I am a minister of peace, still more I am a minister of truth. If Jesus Christ is the prince of peace, still more he is the king of duty, and preacher of righteousness: he affirms that he came not to bring peace on earth, though the angels sang it over his cradle, but division rather, and a sword, till his teachings were accepted, and wherever his precepts were not obeyed. Therefore, as the effort of this nation, and every loyal citizen in its limits, is, by the law of right, for a union and freedom which cannot be rescued from intestine foes save by a contest with arms, the contest is as Christian and holy as it is patriotic and necessary. In so maintaining it, I am within the bounds of my office, not resigning my commission, or disowning the stress of my ordination-vows. Since I began to think, I never held opinions inconsistent with my present mode of address.

The position, which it is my privilege with your favor to occupy, is the very last where one should shrink from fidelity to his country; for *here*, if anywhere, the United States were born. Long before the

American Revolution, one Lord's Day morning in June, 1766, as he was lying in his bed, thinking of the communion of the churches, Jonathan Mayhew, of this "West Church," thought, moreover, "*of the great use and importance of a communion of the Colonies.*" From this conception, ere the day had come of concessions to slavery, the nation as an infant was brought forth. What a traitor, recreant to his forerunners' dignity and our whole origin, would he be, who should here, in a thought, sacrifice the nation of the United States to that demand of seceders, so like the pretended mother's with the living child at the judgment of Solomon, to have it destroyed in being cut apart! Brethren and sisters, I am no innovator: I claim no originality. I stand in the old paths: I exhort you to be worthy of your ancient renown. I assure you, this society, with its pastorate, would abjure the traditions that are its breath, and hold the circulation of its very life, if it gave up the integrity of the Commonwealth, for which its first teachers and members hazarded all, to a supposed peace of disunion, to the lure of an ephemeral tranquillity, smooth on the outside, "while rank disease is mining all within." Ecclesiastical and political tyranny was here overthrown! Shall we, of all men, not meet it, whenever it shows its horrid crest? If an oppressive despotism in our borders cannot be put down without the dire resort of a civil war, then welcome the civil war, out of which alone, for our posterity, a

happy order, like the flower from the nettle, can grow!

Not for peace, then, but for the *conditions* of peace, must we inquire. Old Jeremiah can tell us, they who say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," heal slightly the hurt of the daughter of my people. What signifies to shout for peace, — peace at all events, and on any terms, — peace as an end, instead of faithfulness, — an ill-considered and unprincipled peace, *which is no peace*, because it would bear in its own bosom the fiery seeds of more fiercely outbursting and immeasurable war? An agreement of peace, conceding the points at issue for which we strive, would be a superficial cure indeed. It would be for us like those ill-set limbs, which, on account of their crooked and unserviceable shape, threatening perpetual lameness, the surgeon has to break with violence that he may set them again. It would be skinning over ulcer and plague-spot, to let them penetrate to the vital organs, and rot the very bones. It would be the part, not of good physicians, but of poisoners in the garb of doctors, and of assassins for operators; or, if a nation cannot be slain outright by any set of men, of tempters of it to suicide. Sicken and revolt, then, as our heart must, at the sight, so long before our eyes, of brothers' blood shed by brothers' hands; sigh and pray as we should for the blessing of a just peace in all our bounds, — the contest must go on till its objects are

secured in casting off the arbitrary claims of those who provoked it, and liberating this Western Republic for the career its founders projected after the heavenly design.

The indispensableness of the struggle will be evident to all who have studied the published plans of Southern domination, which, to get bulwarks of defence to all ages of the system of human bondage, soar to a pitch leaving far behind the assumptions of European monarchies,—the rule of aristocratic Britain, autocratic Russia, or imperial France. These plans, by the press in papers widely circulating through the Slave States, are avowed with a lordly frankness, and open denunciation of free institutions, free thought, free pulpits, and free schools, at which the blood of Northern readers must first run cold with alarm, and then indignantly boil. As we have an unavoidable work of fight to do, let us do it thoroughly while we are about it, and not leave a worse job for our descendants!

Besides, was there ever a government, forced into war by the sins of men or sent by the bidding of God, more worthy of a rally to its support? Are you shocked and aghast at all war? I will be shocked and aghast with you at the wicked causes and ill motives by which all war is in a measure prompted; but this is not, on our part, a war for empire or worldly gain. No ambitious aspirant leads hence mercenary troops. No accusation could be more gross, even to ridicule,

than the Southern branding for a tyrant of our President and Commander-in-chief. The lowly Baptist said he was a voice in the wilderness. Never was a magistrate more the voice, the index, the obedient servant, as he is the elective minister, of the people he represents. Confederate robbery, murder, and conscription, from which poor hunted whites hide in under-ground huts, must have a forehead of brass, indeed, to talk of "Lincoln's tyranny," when all the government we have rises but like a vessel on the popular tide, and, if sometimes perhaps it makes mistakes, speedily retreats with the sinking wave, and allows, to the very brink of self-preservation, the liberty even of disloyal speech and print. God's own stirring of the instincts of freedom and equal rights never availed so much in the heart of a community to sustain a conflict before. We cannot get over our wonder at the manly self-devotion of our youth, till we understand it as a divine inspiration, whose breeze has blown through their souls. Every thing in the behavior of our troops, proving this spiritual quality, thrills the soul with delight; for it goes to the heart of our hope, and is the prediction of our triumph. I therefore solemnly congratulate you as fellow-countrymen on whatever is high in the morals of our army; on all the purity, sobriety, and reverence which officer or recruit has witnessed in his companions, or upheld in himself. The ark we bear is holy: nothing is requisite but that it be carried in

clean hands. If, like that of old, it has halted on the way, the reason is in some unsanctified touch. Lift it in the fear of God, in the love of man, and it will not stop short of the city of our redemption, and the peace whose conditions we ask and observe.

Such reflections mingle with and move our welcome back to Boston of that forty-fourth regiment, though with a hundred of their number missing, which we recognize as containing of leaders and men more from this parish than any beside in the service. I will not say it has exceeded all other regiments in what it has accomplished: it makes for itself no such exaggerated and presumptuous claim. Modestly it puts itself beside the patriotic in every corps and division of the army; but certainly no band has gone forth or returned with more signal testimonies of affection and respect. Some have asked, "Wherefore demonstrations so lavish in this case?" Now that these friends of ours are no longer as men putting on the harness, but have all been under fire; with unfaltering front have met the enemy at Rawle's Mills, at Kinston and Goldsborough and Whitehall and Washington, N.C.; marching on one occasion seventy-five miles in three days; and, though not decimated in battle, have yet left brave comrades not a few behind them for resurrection from Southern graves, — we may say, the tributes to them are not all flattery or friendship, or the motion of kindred blood. They have not only shown that

they could fight, without flinching from any danger, but presented a singular combination of gravity and a temper of good cheer in all their deportment. They have sung their religious songs in camp, in the face of some scorn from other quarters. No arrests for the drunkenness, too common among soldiers as well as civilians, have in their ranks been required: not a case of intoxication among them has their commander known since they reached Newbern. They have been led to set a guard on their tongues against that profanity, which, in one of our army-tracts, is well entitled "an enemy within the lines." I am personally cognizant of a purifying influence to many issuing from this very church, that has had among them its missionaries and representatives in the shape of officers and soldiers. Urgent in their tasks, and steady at their posts, they have largely added to courage the rarer trait of self-control. With the banners, which they have a right to fling to the winds in the safety of home, because they never lowered them to the foe, but bore them as proudly in North Carolina as in Massachusetts, they bring back virtues which outshine the emblazoned stars and stripes, and shall last when all flags of earthly glory must be wrapped together, and laid in the dust.

Of our own boys I must be permitted particularly to speak. In this noble regiment, I challenge evidence that any have shown a finer demeanor than the seven from these aisles of our worship; nor do I expect to

learn that an equal number, from whatever precinct, East or West, have exceeded in their bearing and example the scores of heroic and martyr-souls, since the internecine strife began, furnished from the seats we frequent, to the exigency and agony of the hour. The time touches us indeed! The blood-stains cannot be taken off from this portal or yonder thresholds, more than from the posts of the ancient Hebrew doors. In a different way, they are signs of our as well as the Hebrew deliverance. We have offered our ample share to the expiation of the general sin, as we have waited, through these long sad years of our summons, patiently standing at the judgment-seat of God. Innocence for guilt, the law of the Saviour's sufferings, has been greatly the illustration of our pains. Well might the pious hands of some of you, in memorial, present the *cross* for a signal to that fifty-fourth colored regiment, which lately went out from our streets; for lambs, as unspotted as can be any offspring of human nature, have gone hence, as sacrifices, to a fate of anguish not diverse from that of the tree to which was nailed the Lamb of God. They have not gone in hatred or wrath, more than he whose followers they were; nor did we, whose pangs in their dying were greater than their own, send them in vengeance, but for God's honor and human weal in the purifying and salvation of the land. Our Pilgrim sires, whom history has exalted among the Father's children and his Son's

disciples, and death long ago took to their glory, are content with the spectacle they from on high behold. Those of our ancestors on these coasts, who were also our predecessors in this place, are satisfied with us. My friends, they comprehend your continuance of their line; they approve your patience under thick and manifold griefs; they applaud your constant and undiscouraged zeal; they bend in sympathy with your heart-rending pangs; in whispers louder than any voice, breathing comfort and ecstasy to the soul, they cheer you on. The watching and expending of their sons, the industry and impulse of their daughters, touch their angelic faces to smiles, whose warmth you inwardly feel beyond the beams of the sun. Flames of light and love as they are, yet their eyes brighten at your contributions from a better treasury than of silver and gold. Nothing which you have given will they overlook: least of all do they forget the personal devotion, endurance of hardship, peril, hunger and thirst in the time of scant supply; the weary marches and night-vigils; the gory wounds and broken limbs, in which the still embedded bullet, though of coarse lead, is a gem which no pearl or diamond, bracelet or shining circle, on the neck or arm of beauty, can match; with, alas! how many dear and noble lives, of which we may say, "Precious shall their blood be in His sight!" I am grieved, I am proud and glad, with you who hear me. We have not been slack: we have

swept our temple of the young; we have transferred from the altar of the sanctuary to the altar of the country gifts costly enough to make of sanctuary and country one indivisible shrine for ever of the Most High. It is a custom in some foreign regions to rededicate churches. This old structure of ours we have rededicated to God in a vital outpouring from throbbing veins of value beyond the prayers and songs, however sincere and fervent, which, half a century ago, hallowed its space to his praise. We have dedicated it with tears and sobs following upon copious drops of a deeper current. Will he not accept the consecration, past, present, or yet to be made? Will he not build us up into flourishing without end, spite of all the vacancies of absence and all the gaps of death? Indeed he will; for it is as true of societies as of individuals, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

For verily, war, to our children so strange a function, we do not wage for its own sake. We are after *conditions* of peace, fair and lasting, which the mind of man can accept, and God will bless. For this reason alone, ours is a humane and providential war. To any one's amazement that an ambassador of the gospel of peace and mercy can give it his sanction and stimulus, I plead in reply its sacred character. Whoever may remark on my recurrence to the theme, I answer, — I but utter that for which others from our midst have

died. The least I can do is to speak the thing for which they bleed. Pardon my earnestness! Indeed, over their tombs, fresh with recollections of their falling in the field, their pining in the hospital, and their expiring far from mothers' hands, fathers' blessings, sisters' tones, and brothers' farewells, you will not only forgive, but respond to, all my advocacy of the cause to which they went religiously sworn. It was new and unfamiliar work: they did not want to fight. The occasion constrained them; nay, the call, too, which they heard in their breast.

They have given their own selves. There was one, a son and brother of fellow-worshippers among us highly esteemed, who landed not at the wharf in Boston last Wednesday, amid greetings and waving colors, with the comrades he accompanied nearly a year ago. But, though his personal presence is not visibly here, beside his there is no memory more spotless. No spirit more innocent and devoted than that of David Kimball Hobart rises from the wide sepulchre which this dreadful slaughter daily fills. I pray you to excuse my expression. His spirit rises not from the sepulchre into which it never descended. The souls of our dear ones vanished have no interment. With the ground they have less to do in any way than the survivors who bury their mortal remains. His blessed shade is among those, a great company, that come down in visits to our hearts from the skies. "If you

would open a little the eyes of your love," writes a soldier to his spiritual father, Robert Collyer, in Chicago, "you would see me standing by your side." If we would open the eyes of our love, should we not behold our beloved, though they have paid early, and it might seem untimely, the debt of nature, not severed from us, but close by?

In affording a hint or line of Hobart's earthly biography, I feel that the minds of all his acquaintance will be more possessed with the present and progressive life of one, always growing in knowledge and honor, than with any bygone details. He was born in Boston in 1835, was a graduate of the High School at sixteen years of age, and in mercantile employment till he was twenty-two; up to which time he had been connected with the Sunday school of the Twelfth Congregational Society, whose revered minister informs me of his conduct as unblemished and exemplary in every respect. He was naturally inclined to cultivate intellectual tastes; and was, from its foundation, a member of the Franklin Literary Association; three others of which — Shurtleff, Hopkinson, and Brooks — joined the army, all of them, like him, at the cost of their lives. At the age of twenty-two, with the aid of his old employers, Alexander Strong and Company, Hobart proceeded to the West to establish himself in the business to which he had been educated. He chose for his residence the city of M'Gregor, Io.,

on the westerly bank of the Mississippi River, opposite to Prairie du Chien; of which he was soon elected alderman, and then mayor. After five years, changes in affairs brought him back into relations, in Boston, with his former business friends. While he was a universal favorite in his distant home, separation had only increased his love for friends in the place of his birth. Little children, as one, at least, now listening to me well knows, were always dear to him. He had, what goes along naturally with this fondness, a courage unable to conceive of fear; while the love as of a little child for his own mother attended him, and manifested itself in childlike tokens, into his manhood. He could lay his head to the last in the lap where he laid it from the first. But affection withheld him not from duty. Telling his sister that she had three brothers, and he had concluded, with that last call for men, that one of them ought to go, he enlisted in Company G with Capt. Hunt. He might elsewhere have had a commission, which had been offered him; yet he chose his companions, and thought not of rank, but of service.

He was not suffered, however, to remain the common soldier he had decided to be. Shortly, at the camp in Readville, he was made fourth, and, on reaching North Carolina, first corporal; subsequently promoted to be orderly or first sergeant, the grade next to lieutenant; and no doubt his distinction would

have run on with equal rapidity into the higher degrees, but for the speedy termination of all his tasks below. On March the 30th, a day or two before Washington in North Carolina was besieged by the rebels, companies A and G, of the Massachusetts Forty-fourth, were sent out to make a reconnoissance into the enemy's country; and he was ordered to lead a party of six, who should keep two hundred yards in advance of the main force. While marching, they were fired upon from an abattis, which, not rashly, but with military wariness, they were approaching. Hobart, with two others, fell; and, as the volley proved the presence of overpowering odds, the rest of the party were compelled to retire, leaving the three on the ground. About half an hour after, they were taken up by the rebels, and carried to the Confederate hospital at Greenville. The sergeant's wound was through the breast, the ball coming out back of the shoulder. He was not neglected, but mercifully considered with medical and social attentions; the women of the neighborhood showing a daily interest in his comfort. On the 8th of April, he was removed to the Confederate hospital at Wilson, N.C. There, too, he was not only cared for, but cherished. We hear so many accounts of cruelty to prisoners, that it has given me great pleasure to be informed of the peculiar kindness, in every respect, of the treatment extended to him. The surgeon's dealing with his case

was alike gentle and frank. He begged him not to weary himself with reading, as there were those in the hospital who would be happy to read to him. In his time of need, he saw nothing but the manhood of the Southern heart, and received the nursing which is the glory of womanhood all over the world. The ministers of the town, as well as the regular chaplain, came; and ladies brought frequent gifts of flowers. Ah! we shall be able to live with those people, after all! Let us have no hostile feeling toward them, but hail every sign of qualities proving that live with them we can. Live with them, if we succeed, when they are purged and we are purged, we must; and how gladly we shall! God bless them in every prophecy of a genial future fellowship which their own conduct makes! Nothing but a Union feeling, a love of country, a sentiment of humanity and universal fraternity at the bottom of the heart, could move to such actions; which are themselves a promise, clear as the crimson streak in the east of a dawn to bring on a blessed day, that shall overarch the land, and embrace all its children in a luminous good understanding of common vision and unbounded joy. What hinders this splendid breaking light but the dark system, like night to pass away?

For two days after he was shot, Hobart suffered much; then his pains wholly ceased. It has wet with joy the eyes of those who lament him, to be told, not

only of his patience, but of the bright, benevolent, and overflowing good humor with which his confinement was borne. Death he can hardly be said to have tasted; for on the 14th of April, as he was in the act of taking from the female attendant a plate of toast for his breakfast, he softly laid back his head, and, as in a moment, expired. Only his wonderfully vigorous constitution kept life in his frame so long; and the physician expressed his wonder that he was not killed at once by the bullet that pierced his lungs. He had, let us thankfully acknowledge it, the soldierly handling which even enemies owe to the corse of a brave man. He was clad in his uniform, laid in a coffin, and what belonged to earth or could be mortal of him put away under the sod in the hospital burying-ground; and a board, bearing his name, set at the head of his grave.

"A man," says the old philosopher, "cannot be hid;" and something of the remarkable regard paid him may be due to the admirable traits which could not be concealed from strangers, while they so profoundly impressed his friends. Capt. Hunt warmly attests his bravery, generosity, nobility, and truth; and a committee of his company, — from which he alone was lost in battle, although four have sunk under disease, — with unaffected yet touching sincerity of emotion, communicate their unanimous grief at their bereavement, and their pride in the memory of a man

who stood the proof in circumstances where there could be no "gloss or deception;" forward at his station, in simple fidelity to the command of his superior and of the Supreme, boldly facing death.

Such an offering again we have been called to make. Am I wrong in observing a divine purpose to select from the flock the immaculate for the sacrifice in that great shedding of blood, without which, we read, there is no remission? Am I not right in believing, that, from such examples, a holy contagion of Christian patriotism, of more benefit than the longest life, will spread unquenched, to inflame without ceasing other souls? Of this I am sure, that no wish to gratify kindred or please myself, but rather to commend a shining pattern to imitation for the general good, chiefly moves my commemoration. My tribute has not been paid before, because weeks passed away ere we knew his immortal part had flown. We went not to yonder house, we came not with official honors or military display, usual in such cases, to this public temple, for the funeral rites of our brother. No prayers did Providence permit us to say over his hearse. His courage in the field where he sank, his patience on the bed where he lay, his resignation to die, as he had lived, in the way of his duty, graced, better than any ceremony or woven shroud, his obsequies. No hands, however willing, could fit him for his grave as he had prepared himself. His own deeds, longer

than could marble headstone or engraved epitaph, shall preserve the memory of a man, pure as he was loving, cheerful as he was temperate, kindly to all about him, and tender to the absent, whom he would never, without remonstrance, allow to be referred to uncharitably; owning the heavenly Father, while he gave only pleasure with his piety to his earthly parents, and often eloquent with the touching and persuasive charm of his lips in behalf of the cause for which he surrendered his life. But his surrender was only translation of being. Direct communication had his soul with heaven; and it sought from above communion with those it prized on earth, while, by reason of interrupted intercourse, we were ignorant he had breathed his last. To you, who mourn him, was he ever so near as now? Let us all have gracious thoughts of him who was gracious to whomsoever he knew.

I have spoken of conditions of peace. Suffering, death, and grief are among the conditions we are obliged to fulfil. More of that war, which, it is said, has hardly left a fence in Eastern Virginia, is a condition. I know how the war is by some made a mark of the national degeneracy. Not so: it sprang from the rise of moral ideas to check the national sins. There would have been no war but for these ideas against these sins; but there would, from the extending sins, have been corruption and death of this people

in all the original aims and characteristics of its proper constitution. Therefore, thank God that the offended conscience of the age rose against the customs which would have ended in the common decay!

As the war came on the condition of a great iniquity, on condition of equity alone peace will come. The politicians told us, indeed, our corruption could go on without dissolving the State, or doing any political harm; but God hath destroyed the wisdom of the wise, and brought to nothing the understanding of the prudent. War itself is but one of the ministers of his cabinet, despatched on a mission to chastise and sanctify us. We talk as if the conditions of peace were a matter for us or our statesmen to settle. But the Almighty Judge, who has sent the angel of battle, has a word to say, before, with a concluded errand, that angel is called back. We shall have peace when we have righteousness. We shall have peace when we are cleansed of covetousness and our heretofore insane pursuit of material good. We shall have peace when we discard all practice of sensuality and fraud. We shall have peace when the South resigns its aristocratic and royal pretensions, and tears up that root of slavery from which they grow. We shall have peace when the North, East, and West shall have banished every shadow of complicity with oppression for the sake of gain, and disgorged, in the bitter contention, every dollar of ungodly wealth which falsehood or

robbery has acquired. When a true relation shall subsist of the States to one another, of all to the Federal Government, and of the white to the colored race, we shall have peace, which no earthquake of social convulsion can disturb.

For such conditions of peace, let us fight and labor; let us watch and pray; let us besiege with appeals our rulers and leaders; let us ourselves live, or be ready to die; let us be grateful to the surviving among our hosts, and not deplore the dead, by whom these terms have been created or subserved; nor let the fame of the humblest private, who has done aught to hasten or win them, be obscured by the lustre of great names, of secretaries or generals, flying so continually, as meteors, through the air. Let our democracy mean no longer human wilfulness, but divine government. Let it mean, not doing with ourselves and our fellow-creatures as we please, but as our Maker and Inspirer commands. Let his fatherliness make our fraternity. Then the angels' song at Bethlehem shall have a sweet and perfect though distant echo, and the benediction, of the peace of God, be received.

NOTE.

A FEW words are here added to give a livelier touch to the portraiture of Hobart, or bring out other features of his character. The singular consistency of the tributes paid to him shows the reality and transparency of all his traits. I have referred to the letter of Capt. Hunt, who, after remarking on his moral qualities, finds reason for comfort in the "attention paid him during his sickness; and that his last sleep will be as undisturbed in the little cemetery at Wilson, N.C., as beneath the shade of the beautiful elms of his own native State." Sergeants George W. Young and Charles H. Holland, Corporals Loring A. Chase and Elisha G. Scudder and John H. B. Kent, as a committee of the company, say, "We feel that we have lost a kind friend, a loving companion, a brave officer; and we shall ever revert to his memory with feelings of affectionate pride." Mrs. D. S. Richardson writes from Wilson, N.C., to her brother, J. F. Stone of Winchester, Mass., "He was very cheerful and hopeful to the last. Yesterday he jocularly remarked, that he would soon be well enough to go home, and may be return to fight again." S. S. Satchwell, surgeon in charge at the hospital, writes, "He has had every comfort that could alleviate the sufferings, or add to the well-being, of a wounded man. I have done unto him as I would that

others should do unto me." I cannot refrain from observing, that a letter of cordial gratitude, from the family at home, has been written to Dr. Satchwell; the whole tone and language of which must not only delight him, but serve that cause of truth, country, and humanity, which will survive all the distractions of our strife. In a communication dated Newbern, N.C., Nov. 14, 1862, Hobart himself gives an account of operations in the field, through seven days' marching and skirmishing, which overflows with the kindness, courage, domestic affectionateness, gentle-hearted pleasantry, and deep trust, native to a heart from whose very stock nothing seemed able to grow but love and frankness, confidence and faithfulness, resolution for every task, and expectation of the good fortune which we believe he has, beyond all earthly experience, received at the hand and in the kingdom of God. I quote, lastly, from a very brief report of his speech, on Thanksgiving Day, at Newbern: —

"After all had eaten to their individual satisfaction, quiet prevailed; and the intellectual part of the entertainment began with a few opening remarks from the captain. After he had concluded, the toastmaster gave as the first regular toast, 'The day we celebrate.' Responded to by Corporal Hobart, who made some well-chosen remarks. After thanking them for the honor paid him by being the first called upon on this happy occasion, he expressed his strong desire to speak, but declared he was too *full* for utterance. During his speech, he made reference to former occasions 'of the day we now celebrate; and, in remembrance of them, we all feel a certain degree of loneliness as we picture to ourselves the scene of the family gathering at home, seated around the social board. We look still closer. The usual happy features of our fathers assume a sterner, sadder look; in the anxious countenance of our mothers we plainly discern the teardrop starting; while the cheerful face of our sisters wears an expression of subdued sorrow. The usual gayety has given place

to a spirit of sadness. We cast our eyes around till they rest on the vacant seat. Here we pause. That empty chair speaks volumes. The cause of this change is apparent; and we turn aside our heads to conceal the emotions we are unable to control.' In closing, he offered the following: 'Our friends at home, — God bless them!' which was received in a manner which proved that the words of the speaker had aroused the tender feelings of his listeners."

He has gone, as we hope to follow him, where there are no sad looks, because no empty seats save those awaiting us, at the Great Thanksgiving.

I know North Carolina is far from being the Egypt of the Confederate States; but the Christian cherishing of our friend, in that still rebel region, falls as a sunbeam, of no solitary manifestation, into the vision of peace. I confess my yearning for the South. If she will put away the plague of her heart, that alone hurts her, she may yet add a peculiar glory to that nation of the future which we look for on these shores.

It is sometimes said, that New England would make a sufficient community all by herself. On a pinch of necessity, by providential decree, she might. Who of us, her children, does not own and honor her traits? But, thrifty, conscientious, philosophical, benevolent, and devout as she is, solitary she would be in danger of being cold.

In the nation, which God means shall survive and not be cast away, we need, for a magnificent integrity, the Southern heart. It is a narrow conceit, that we should be better without it. We want, for our just balance, all the moral climates; something of the tropic as well as the temperate zone. Who, that heard Gen. Hamilton, our noble Texan, speak, but felt the preciousness, as one element in the public mind, of that temperament, not limited to any latitude, — for it was constitutionally conspicuous in Daniel

Webster, — which is, however, more common under the warmer lines? For the perfection of a great people, we must have the spontaneous natures, raised to their spiritual height by central seas of fire, as well as the souls of equal grandeur but calmer righteousness, that repose on settled principles and long-established conclusions as foundations of rock. The quality of passion, regenerate, sanctified, and subject to the law of duty, must be mixed with intellect, commerce, and the moral sense, for the completion of a country or a race. Let us not aim to reproduce Athens and Sparta in any new rivalry; let us decline and resist the modern secession; and not only for Union, but for Unity, let us strive. What means the strange confidence of our success, that visits every generous heart, but the whispered promise of the spirit of all goodness and truth?

14

Extravagance:

A

SERMON FOR THE TIMES,

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

On Fast Day, April 7, 1864.

By C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
245, Washington Street.
1864.

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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D

SERMON.

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN, THAT NOTHING BE LOST."
John vi. 12.

SUITABLY summoned as we are to-day to consider all our sins, yet, among the sins we commit, none is more noticeable or dangerous now than that which, in so brief and homely a way, in a single word, we call *extravagance*. But what is extravagance? It consists in all waste or excess of expenditure, running beyond the need of the occasion in the way of food, dress, display, or any mode of outgo, especially for one's self. Superfluity of whatever, in ornament, apparel, sensual delight, must have its material or workmanship brought from abroad, when imports exceed exports, and the balance of trade is against us, is peculiar extravagance. We give the credit of economy to a man in the country if he lives largely on what he gets off his farm: so we are an economical people so far as we can live on what we get from our great farm of America. Transport, carriage, is expense, and not seldom extravagance. It is extravagance when we are poor, and the articles are dear that we procure and convey. Great enjoyment in this world does not always imply extravagance. Said a young, noble-hearted artist, to whom the beauty of Na-

ture and of pictures, and a choice society were open, "I have the luxuries of life, though not its comforts." Not the pleasures of the imagination or the charm of beauty to the soul, but the pampering of sense, and parade of vanity, come under the head of extravagance; and this extravagance, to a just sensibility, is always revolting, and even unclean. Dirt has been quaintly and profoundly defined as matter in the wrong place. Have you not remarked it thus? Have you never seen a soft robe or beautiful necklace in the wrong place, — on one who could not rightly afford pearl, diamond, fur, or lace? Perhaps, on that very person, it was thought rare and splendid, was envied and coveted, without a spot from the street, and breathed costly perfume all around: but I am afraid it comes under the philosophic definition I refer to; namely, matter in the wrong place! There is a great deal of such matter in the wrong place, in our day. But it is all foul extravagance. Yes, how many a ring and sparkling gem, how many a bracelet and band, from undue outlay, on the fingers or wrists, or in the hair of one who owes, or should have directed with a different disposition, the very money it was bought with, has, to a discerning eye, less purity than the unwashed grime of the day-laborer! There is no impurity in that!

But, that we may fairly estimate and be moved to avoid this sin, the objections to it should be seriously considered, and particularly drawn out. Let me try, then, to tell you exactly what extravagance, in its true features, is. It is irreligious, it is unchristian, it is unpatriotic, and it is unjust.

First, It is *irreligious*. What an economist is Nature, so made by God! She economizes even the light she so immensely possesses; catches it on the moon as a candle after the sun has gone down, as we say, when he is but rising on other lands; and sends it inconceivably far to us from the stars. She economizes heat, equalizing it for the life and health of the whole world, by currents in the air and ocean and of the electric fluid. She economizes water to answer a thousand successive important purposes, in a thousand different places, with the same drop. How nicely and carefully she sifts out its minutest portions from the briny sea to cleanse the air and revive the plants at this season, to fill the springs, and paint the sky, and support all human life! How, with her mighty elemental agencies, she crumbles and bears down the barren rock from the mountains and hills, to fertilize, for boundless and endless crops, the valley and the plain! How she makes the ashes even of the dead spring into grass, and blossom into flowers! How, applying the same economy to crude mineral, from the very gravel in the ground she distils a curious, delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the growing grain; though you may not think what perhaps cuts your hand to bleeding is this varnish of flint! How she saves every hair, particle, nail-paring, and exhalation, to turn it to some account! How she converts ice, and the snow that manures the poor man's ground, into harvests of corn and wheat! How she nourishes her *vegetable* offspring, so that her *animal* may not die of hunger! The roots of a shrub, thirsty for a supply that had been drawn aside by an artificial channel, have been known, in

their resolution not to be defrauded, to find their way to the aqueduct under ground, and bore a hole through its soft wooden plug, that every fibre might drink its fill, as was divinely intended.

To one who looks with a careless view on Nature, it seems as if every thing with her were in extravagant excess. We quote the line about "many a flower born to blush unseen," and we talk of the floods that are poured away to no purpose. But a closer inspection corrects this error, and shows how frugal her utility, and perfect her order; enough, but "no room to insert a particle," however Art may re-arrange her forms to educate and give scope to human power. If we, then, are wasteful of our means and resources, we do not follow Nature, so prudently using her infinity of riches. On our little stipend we are extravagant; and, in being extravagant, also irreligious.

But, secondly, All extravagance is *unchristian*. Our text alone would prove this. We are not justified in our profusion because we have sufficient to be reckless with. The disciples had sufficient to be reckless with after the feeding of the multitude of five thousand in the desert. It was a miraculous plenty on which Jesus gave the charge, "Gather up the fragments." So when we say, in excuse or palliation of any who live very extravagantly, "Oh! they have enough;" or when our domestics burn out the coal, and throw away the meat, because, for their well-off employers, "It is no matter; they will not mind it; nobody will know it to-morrow, or it will be all the same a thousand years hence,"—it is unchristian and false. How that same Jesus, whom

we confess as our pattern, economized his time! "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" he asked. He spent nights in prayer that had been postponed by his labors in the light. He was "straitened," he declared, till his "baptism" of toil and trial should be "accomplished." Need I mention how his apostles followed his example, and repeated his precepts? He and they practised no absurd follies of extravagance. They did not get themselves up with any cost of extra clothing. They wore no changes of garments for the discharge of their sacred office, but walked about in Judæa and Galilee in the common garb of the people. How much sublimer so! On the ground, therefore, of their own simplicity, they could, as they did, consistently condemn all curious or extreme adorning of the person as much as over-indulgence of the appetite. Extravagance is, then, certainly *unchristian.*

Thirdly, All extravagance is unpatriotic. It is emphatically so now at the crisis we have reached of our fate. In our new Canaan, with our vast territory and our thin population, and few mouths in comparison to feed, we have had, in past time, enough and to spare. In a land literally flowing with more milk and honey than ever Palestine could contain, how wondrously our abundance has overflowed, and run away half used! Our barns, our houses, our hotels, as every observer or wayfarer must have noticed, have been full to bursting with the means of living. To the traveller abroad, the contrast has been amazing between this and foreign lands. We have neglected and thrown by what other nations would have stored and sold or used. Our poor

have squandered; our beggars have left in the alleys what the mendicants in the Austrian Tyrol would race in their tatters beside your carriage after, and the rag-rakers in Paris pounce upon, and the lazzaroni in Naples break out into thanksgivings and benedictions for. In those regions, one does not encounter pieces of white bread on the sidewalk, half-picked bones in the gutter, or victuals in the gateway, which those that have been just asking for them do not value enough to carry home. Extravagance has grown out of our abundance, — an extravagance, however, which, let me say, we are now not in a condition safely to continue. All the circumstances are changed. The yield of our soil, relatively to our numbers and wants, has diminished. Our productive have, by hundreds of thousands, been turned into unproductive laborers; nay, destroyers of earthly value. Our tillers and sailors, our fishermen and shepherds, have become how largely soldiers and naval fighters! What went by the name of our *institution*, has, in its consequences, proved, as one called it, indeed our *destitution*. Truly, slavery is a most extravagant thing. The specie-basis of our banks is long since, for any redemption of their bills, gone. A huge debt is swelling. Paper-property abounds. But here is the test, which no argument or legislation can wink out of sight, — that prices of indispensable articles enormously and fearfully rise. Our state has come to be that of other battle-worn and army-ridden peoples. Taxation, like a spectre, is striding on our reduced capital. Our posterity is overhung with a cloud of embarrassment and obligation, which many generations — before they are born

beseeching us to beware of thickening it — will not clear up. We can only say, as is said of Great Britain, that the common liability may be a common bond. Meantime, we go on, God knows for how long, till we succeed in putting the Rebellion down, I hope; burning up and blowing away our wealth at the cannon's mouth, lavishing it for the sustenance of our troops, and, on one side or the other in the civil conflict, converting into wreck and cinder cotton-bales and bridges, light-houses and forests, products of Nature and works of civilization which might further the foe, or stand in our military way. Ah! how utterly horrid war would be if anarchy were not worse, and we could not believe, as we do, that national regeneration will issue, like a soul from a lifeless corse, out of the carnage and smoke!

In such premises, what is all additional expense of extravagant living; building, as I have heard, in New York, marble stables and billiard-rooms and private theatres, purchasing endless glitter of gems, and dancing our time and strength and satin-vestments away at the ball, like sailors, who, before the wreck, clamor for the liquors to be brought out, — I ask you, and wish I could ask the entire country as one man, what is it but a deadly, annihilating, and well-nigh unpardonable sin? Surely it is *unpatriotic* at least.

Lastly, It is *unjust.* Any thing is unjust that tends to shrink up the real worth of nominal property, and make a dollar, dearly and hardly earned by human toil as with a price of blood, go only half as far as it did. Verily this is what comes of all extravagance. It is not confined in its result to the fortunes of the extravagant

man. They may not be substantially affected: nevertheless, more cunningly than any slim-fingered Italian handkerchief-snatcher, it stretches its grasp for unseen theft into every bank, meagre purse, worn wallet, and private drawer, to abstract, as by strange jugglery, part of their valuable contents. The owners, confused, rub their heads, and cannot exactly see how it is that the dollar thus suffers and sweats. It matters not so much to such as have a great many dollars; but to the working population, with their little savings, it is of serious consequence to have their funds collapse, and the oil and meal, the coal and the rent, come twice as high. Do you say this happens inevitably by laws of trade and finance, and cannot be called unjust, because by no wilful act occasioned? I answer, I am not much of a political economist or financier; but can there be any doubt that the consumption of imported delicacies and splendors, as Shakspeare says, "painting our outward walls so costly gay," raises the rate of exchange and valuation of gold, while it lowers the worth just so much of the notes in which alone the corporation he trusted will restore the poor man's principal, or pay his dividend? This is to be laid mainly at the door of extravagance. The slow adjustments of wages atone not for its extinction of value. Your extravagance, then, my friend, *is unjust.* It is sheer plunder, and you a plunderer in it. It robs those already pinched and needy. If there is any proverb for peculation outrageous and inexcusable, it is stealing from the poor's purse; and this all extravagance does.

While pouring out treasure and life for what is essen-

tial, let us then, in all else, retrench, though we pass or bring back no sumptuary laws. It is well to be good customers, so far as we can, to other folks on earth, and observe a properly international comity of bargain and barter. But as one, involved in his affairs, ought to pass by a fine shop without entering; so, now that our estate as a people is so heavily mortgaged, we should refuse to be tempted by exorbitant European wares. With our commerce tormented by the English policy, and our claim disallowed in high quarters for the piratical depredations it has furthered, it is not unkindness or revenge, but justice, self-respect, and proper providing, as an apostle exhorts, for our own household, to avoid fetching and purchasing any endless amount of English manufactures, cloths, watches, knives, all curious utensils which we can do without, and to resort, instead, to our own products, practising a Spartan severity. While France, too, figured as a fox in her able but distrusted ruler, takes advantage of our weakness to thrust into our neighborhood a dependent despotism for a tool, threatening as a burglar's *jimmy* to our republican doors, whether we warn her off with any Monroe-doctrine or not, is it not desirable to be somewhat abstemious as to French silks and wines, and deal rather in domestic calicoes, homespun and home-brewed, Croton and Cochituate, and our fresh springs?

Extravagance of every kind let us abjure. Theological writers discourse of the Christian economy. Let us be sure all economy is Christian, when, beyond the theories of the schools, it becomes a fact in our lives. Let us remember, that, on the contrary, all extravagance

at home must be paid for in blood on the field! In being spendthrift of our money, we are spendthrift of the drops from the veins of our brothers and sons. Let no red stain from their ebbing life cleave to the skirts of our garments! Let none of their dying groans disturb the peace of our slumbers! By sobriety, and devotion of our being to the cause for which they fight and expire, let us co-operate with their arms for the salvation of our land. Then the day of our redemption will hasten. The chariot of God, whose wheels are in the pulses of our hearts, will go forward more swiftly. No heedless living will prolong the terrible strife. Victory will wait on self-consecration to the common weal. Our triumph will crown our temperance, and the heroes and martyrs who have become angels, when they witness our effectual repentance of the wasteful transgression that so insanely goes along at the very time with dwindling resources and aggravated demands, will smile down on the accomplishment by us of the work they so painfully began.

Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

15

THE PURCHASE BY BLOOD:

A Tribute

TO

BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL, JR.

SPOKEN IN THE WEST CHURCH,

OCT. 30, 1864.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1864.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of
JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

Sunday, Oct. 30, 1864.

Rev. Dr. Bartol.

Dear Sir, — The undersigned, members of the Standing Committee of the West-Boston Society, would respectfully request of you a copy of the Sermon delivered by you to-day, commemorative of the late General Lowell, for the purpose of publishing the same.

Truly your friends,

Alex. Wadsworth.
E. Lombardy.
F. U. Tracy.
Thomas Gaffield.
A. E. Johonnot.
Francis E. Faxon
H. H. Coolidge.

TRIBUTE.

Psalm lxxii. 14: "PRECIOUS SHALL THEIR BLOOD BE IN HIS SIGHT."

THAT is to say, the blood has in it a certain price or power to purchase. Any thing in the world is worth what you can buy with it; and blood is incomparable treasure, by this rule. So I claim to-day the blood nowhere more copious or pure than has marked your lintels and these church-doors. It were impertinent for us to live on, and not recognize its rate. It is a universal law. Blood, shed in testimony to any truth or principle, is the chief riches of mankind. It is not money, or what we commonly mean by value, — a commodity named in books of political economy, like coin or coupon, exchange or merchandise, harvest, work of art, piece of mechanical labor or skill; yet the wealth of it, as demonstrated in what it obtains and is bartered for, mounts beyond bullion or bank-bill, any growth of the field, monument of skill, best note of hand, or royal promise to pay.

There are times when nothing else will pass; but on this alone as a specie basis all beside depends.

It is so with us now. By revenue and tax, by mining and tillage, we hope to cancel our liabilities. But these were worthless, and all the property any miser hugs lost, or the plunderer's prey, without this better and primary opulence of consecrated and self-sacrificing blood. Let us consider how far this sort of riches goes, or what it will buy in that market which has other treasures than of food and clothing, office or ornament, exposed for sale by the universal owner and lord of the creation.

First, while it appears to be the losing, it is really the saving and purchase, of our life. Men in peril, astray in deserts, or drowning in wrecks, offer all they have for their life. Is it extravagant to say, that this nation, staggering under blows of assassination, plunged and struggling in the whirlpool of secession, is buying existence with the blood of its sons? The chief priests bought the potter's-field with Judas's cast-away silver, saying, "It is the price of blood,"—a disgrace, good for nothing else; but what was the blood itself, bought with thirty pieces, — the Hebrew sum for a slave, — but the price of the salvation of mankind! We are to-day buying our laws and liberties, else sold at auction to the highest and basest tyrant bidder, with this same currency of blood. Nothing else will be taken. As debtors are sometimes told, "We do not want your paper; though first-class, it is not a legal tender for the case in hand: we demand gold;" so blood is required of us. Many mourn over the expense to which we are put. They

are inclined to say of our enterprise, "It costs more than it comes to;" and ready to give up the contest. Years ago, we were advised, "Your zeal is fine; but, when the dead and wounded begin to come home, and the crippled to limp, or get with crutches round the streets, the feeling will change." The dead and disabled by thousands have come home. But the feeling has not changed, and cannot change, so long as an instinct informs the people that their very heart is aimed at, or until the nation can consent to die rather than atone for the sins which can have no remission without the shedding of blood. It is the blood of our best. But better eat seed-corn than starve! Better be half-slain in self-defence than slain altogether and outright. Besides, in our progress, so manifest, though by such slow degrees, towards redemption, how fairly the Almighty Dealer we have to do with shows that he reckons every instalment on obligations of the past we have to pay! If he holds out his hand for more of this ruddy liquidation, our creditor is kind, as he is just; for the advantages that accrue in his providence outweigh all our waste and loss. It chills and inflames me to hear it atheistically spoken of as sheer waste and loss by men who do not seem to imagine we have any account open with God; and are so deaf to the voice of human annals, and so void of faith in human nature, as to think that from patriotic battle for order and right nothing of lasting import inures.

Will you talk of the loss of means, the monstrous

swelling debt? But you do not ask yonder merely what a merchant owes, but what his assets are. The question is, not of our debt in dollars and cents, the depletion of purse or population, but with what estate of soul and body we can pay the draft. The blood of courageous devotion shall buy off all the dead corses and millions of gold. Coin it into drachmas, and how much will it make? Solve the sum in your financial arithmetic, and tell in figures what one drop of it is worth. It is going to afford us a new lease of life, as a community. For that, let us lavish it as individuals, holding the Roman maxims, *To see that the republic receive no harm*, and *To despair of the republic is a crime.* It is no rhetorical touch on your sensibility, but authentic statement, that the returns already are immense in our very being. No race was ever bankrupt, in which the blood of freedom and honor flowed, and which was willing to let it flow out in part to save the honor and freedom of the whole.

What do we contract for with this blood? I said, for our life; I add, for our Union: and how much is that worth? Some years ago, one or another party—opposite ones — undertook to calculate the value of it; but their ciphering was laughed to scorn. Yet the Union, which can stand only in order and impartial freedom, was almost gone. Like men that get up something sunk out of sight in the sea, we, with our lines of battle, are drawing it back from the roaring gulf of anarchy. Let us not grudge the

cost! Through all time, men have paid great prices for surrender of person or territory from bondage. Our turn has come to offer in blood terms of ransom from captivity. Northern blood and Southern blood are put into the same measure of the Most High, with whom we are in treaty, whether, despite our corruption, we deserve to continue longer on the earth. Both are "blood of the covenant" with which our reunion is sealed. Not an unregarded particle of it, secretly away from human eyes soaking into the ground, shall escape his notice and exact allowance. The vessel he holds for it is a graduated cup, and we shall be released the moment the just mark in it is reached. The rising of the tide by a hair's breadth at last floats the mightiest frigate; and we need not fear infinite equity will throw away aught of the circulation, whose ebb from our bosoms makes the flood, in its sight, to move that ship, aground, which we call the vessel of state. We are bought with a price. Our debt is funded in this capital of noble blood. We cannot repudiate the debt, because we cannot repudiate the blood!

How, do you ask, shall our outlay be made good? I know not that I can tell. The processes of life in a man cannot be traced to the bottom, nor the manner in which nations rise by that fall of their sons which is their own ascension too. But the fact is undoubtable. This nation has already so risen, as from nothing, once. It fought and strove its way at first to birth mong the powers and governments of the globe.

In its infancy did it find itself in the attempt to extinguish it. It came to consciousness when assailed and borne down by arbitrary power. From the swoon of oppression it awoke by being bled. It lay like a child close to Bunker Hill, and many a spot beside of sacrifice; and it was nursed wonderfully from the vital expenditure, every stain of which had disappeared. But Bunker Hill itself almost sinks before the grandeur of present struggles for designs of transcendent consequence. The civilization of the world is always fed from scenes of human renunciation and pain, as its devotion has been sustained from Gethsemane and Calvary. It is a mystery, but it is the truth. God knows why this American community, long sick with its own transgressions, fainting under the strokes of internal foes, gets the new nurture it cannot do without only from the red baptism of this Aceldama. He knows why blood so much is the price and purchase of that sanctity which alone can insure our longevity.

When we think of the victims of the war, the lambs without number taken out of our vast flock and fold for a vicarious sacrifice, we lament. But when we think of the temper in which they have gone to it, and the contagion of virtue to scatter our corruption they spread, what is grand and immortal in us exults over the bier, though holding our own. See the young man in the flower of his days, surrounded by all that can stir or fill earthly desire! He has kindred dear to him as his own soul, and is the blossom

on a generous stock. A fine position he holds for reputation, influence, and gain. He is conscious of abilities to ascend in any calling of peaceful life to the topmost rank of his fellow-men. He loves, and is loved: the sweetest mixture ever commended to mortal taste touches his lips. His abounding strength lifts the horoscope of score on score of years of enjoyment, equal to what our humanity can ever have in its lot. But he surrenders it all; he lays it on his country's shrine; he carries it into the path of the bullet, and puts it at the hazard of any ruffian's aim. Wherefore is it? Because, though he has all heart could desire for himself and the house he was born in, it is not enough, if the house of the nation is broken into; because he owns his parentage in the common Father, and the mother-land that bore him, and because they, through whom he came, see the childhood of God and duty beyond that to themselves in their son; because, if wedded, he knows he was honor's husband before, and because the wife girds and gives him to that supreme prior choice, and by her delicate but resolute fingers the badges of his fatal vocation are wrought; because he feels he belongs to this awful fortune, as part of the price of redemption for justice and native land; and that part of the price which he is he will not, like the perjured promisers in Scripture, keep back. He confesses he is not his own; there was a hold of pre-emption on him before he could dispose of himself any way: a heavy mortgage, covering all he is worth, includes body and soul.

He waits not, therefore, for the conscription, or assertion of its right by the law. He volunteers, — and 'tis this volunteering has saved us! — not pretending he is making any gift, or has independent property in his own endowment or nature to bestow. Truly we say he is *possessed* with a divine impulse for a providential end. Nor does he believe that life or death hangs for him on the dice of chance, but the bidding of God. He understands well there is no want of economy in adventuring what he has or hopes into utter jeopardy. Be it what it may, intellect, manhood, love, or holy purpose, he is sure it shall all be counted for the attaining of his purpose by his Maker and mankind. In that certainty he is satisfied; and, calm as you under your roof, he walks in all the fury of the strife.

Such is the blood we may call *precious*, because it is the *price* with which things invaluable and indispensable are procured. We hear of those, beset by enemies or encountering robbers, resolved to sell their lives as dear as possible. Our princely boys, our lovely Jonathans, without thought of personal escape or self-protection, have sold their lives as dearly as possible for the general safety. Let us not deplore them! Let us envy them the way of their death! We shall probably die — comparatively mean privilege! — in our beds, of some disease that flesh is heir to. Their flesh is consumed on the altar. They have taken off its robe suddenly, at the bridegroom's coming, to put on the wedding garment. It has dropped

from them in the blaze of battle, like Elijah's in the chariot of fire. They leave it behind, a mute and mangled but resistless testimony of their cause. The bounding blood of the hero is noble. More noble the refluent blood of the martyr. When both mingle in one man, how fast they fill up the price of the commonwealth!

Shall we question the price of blood, when we reflect how much that purchase means? What equivalent do we foresee, but posterity, nourished on what it procures; industry, in the next generation, instead of the blight of luxury and mildew of self-indulgence in our youth; freedom, a pioneer sturdy as ever smote the woods of the Western wilderness, advancing to redeem the soil, so long by our wretched serfdom defrauded of its fertility; immigration, hardly intimidated by the shock of arms, coursing more abundantly in the channels of peace; literature, already springing to bud and bloom, for splendid and native flourishing, out of furrows ploughed into the sub-soil of character by the cannon-wheel; art, with subjects many and large as she can wish to treat furnished to her hand; eloquence and song, dropping artifice to become the voice of nature; out of ignorance and barbarism in our borders, education starting for the *reconstruction* of which politicians debate; religion, reviving out of a sorrow so impartial and wide-spread as to cement all sects into Christian unity; a grander statesmanship, begotten of a sincerer faith; our political edifice restored, like finer buildings on the spot of a confla-

gration: and all this purchased with the blood whose effusion our streaming eyes and bleeding hearts — as nature in us contends with spirit — accompany and bewail? Thanks to those, at home or abroad, who favor such a consummation!

One has lately fallen in battle of whose renown we claim a share for the church wherein he had his birth, in whose Sunday school he was taught, and of whose almost peerless pastor, he, after his own father, was namesake. Colonel Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., commissioned Brigadier-General before he expired, was born in Boston, January 2, 1835, and was mortally wounded, October 19, dying the next day, in the thirtieth year of his age. He had of talent a heritage fourfold, and was of a lineage, on either side, distinguished in the foremost places of business, inventive enterprise, and every useful profession, or gracing domestic retirement with the softer glories of womanly accomplishment. In his own achievements he but continued the line of ancient fame, — his great-grandfather Lowell having, from a righteous and instinctive foresight, so worded the Preamble to our Bill of Rights as to make slavery for ever void in Massachusetts. To the fourth generation, he maintained the spirit of his progenitors; and his opposition to this Rebellion was not will so much as obedience to an original law of his own nature. But his military ability was one form only of his overflowing power. He had devoted himself to mechani-

cal improvement, both from an innate tendency, and a wish to better the condition of the workmen. It shows his quality, that, after being the first scholar in the Latin School, and graduating at Cambridge with the highest honors, he entered the factory-works at the bottom, — doing the stints of the youngest boy, clearing old iron chains, and bringing water. Philanthropically exercising his finer gifts at Chicopee, he had regular classes of the younger laborers, to whom he gave scientific lectures. He could have been a merchant, but that he disliked bargaining. It became early evident, as it was manifest in all his course, that his genius, limited to no calling, verily like the mechanician's universal joint, could turn any and every way, though his signal force and rapid rise in rank in the army would imply, to such as knew him slightly, that he was made only for a soldier. But a soldier of the first order he became. Hearing, at the Mount-Savage Iron-Works in Maryland, which he superintended, of the attack by the mob on the Massachusetts Sixth, April 19, 1861, he could not bear it, but hastened at once to Baltimore, without any knowledge or consultation of friends. He stopped there the fearful Sunday that followed, and made his way, we knew not how, on foot or otherwise, as he could, through raging dangers, with his carpet-bag, to Washington: offered his services; was accepted, and at once commenced to labor, — first as an agent in the charge of military stores; though, as soon as the opportunity came, he entered on the more hazardous

career he preferred, and in which he persevered, saying, "As Southern gentlemen enlist, so should the Northern." He modestly, at first, asked to be lieutenant; but the military authorities, declaring he deserved higher rank, offered him a captaincy. He never put himself forward, but was inevitably advanced by his wonderful, and almost unparalleled, energy. Reticent about whatever he compassed, incapable of boasting, he could not even bear to be praised. He kept steadily in camp, hardly ever seen by his parents, always at his post, doing his duty. So with equal success it would have been anywhere, and in any sphere. Such was his promptness and infallible execution, that, if his superior wanted to have any thing done quickly and surely, it became a byword in the army, that Lowell was to be summoned, — the man to lead a forlorn hope. His quelling, like Cromwell, of a mutiny in Boston, that began in his absence, as in his presence it hardly could, killing the ring-leader, who was on the point of killing a subordinate officer; his abashing into instant submission of a rebel, who had raised a pistol against him, with a "Down with that!" and down it went; his cutting down another who had stretched out his hand to seize the color, — all show the impassioned resolution, deliberate will, wise daring, and cool fire of a heart and brain that went always together, although an exceeding tenderness equalled and ennobled his habit of command. Whatever he was sent for, as by a kind of fate, came to pass. He was never late,

never wrong, never circumvented; but his efficiency became a proverb to those above him or below; so that the brave Sheridan, who, in recent disaster, by a miracle of real presence, retrieved the fortunes of the day, — the most brilliant feat yet in our land-service, — when he heard of the death of one of temper so kindred with his own, might well exclaim, "Good God! Lowell gone? Many of us might have been better spared." In a self-exposure, never thoughtless or foolhardy, but on purpose, and ever to the point, twelve horses had been shot under him, a shell had passed through the blanket at his saddle, his clothing been riddled all over with shot, and he had gone through a thousand marvellous escapes, before he rode the thirteenth horse, which was repeatedly wounded in the last charge, — while he, untouched by any deadly missile, seemed to bear a charmed life.

A little after noon, on the 19th, a spent minnie-ball passed through the sleeve of his coat, and struck the breast at the upper part, without breaking the skin, burying itself as it could, cased by his under-vest, in the flesh. It collapsed the lungs, and took away his breath, with a dint that would have been mortal at last; but he, quietly like himself, put in his fingers, took it out, threw it away, and refused to retire, though he was soon helpless, for two hours, from the blow, which would have discouraged most men. He said, "It is only my poor lung: I cannot leave the field; I have not lost a drop of blood yet."

His poor lung was weakened by occasion of severe disease and hemorrhage some years before. At about half-past three, a second minie-bullet crashed through his right shoulder, severing the spinal column on its spiteful way, and stopping just at the surface of the shoulder on the other side. Even his bravery could not pretend to be able to stay and fight longer. He sank, incompetent for the action that had been his congenial element from his birth to that moment. His battles were over; but not, in his judgment, his official duties. In the shelter to which he was borne he issued his orders, giving directions so precise, when his voice allowed, all through the night of the 19th, that those under him, who so sadly missed their leader, might not miss his leadership after he was gone,— ducal soul, alive or breathing his last, as he was! He wished by these instructions to settle, through his staff, all business connected with his command. Not the minutest thing, says his highly valued and warmly attached aide, Lieutenant Alvord, was forgotten. He would save his staff trouble, and prevent any mistake or error after his decease. These particulars were taken down in writing at the time, he speaking and resting at intervals, knowing death was near, and might hinder him, and so concentrating his thoughts into the fewest words, as the surgeon advised the least possible speech. Because of his wounds, he was able himself to write but two short lines to his wife, who had been to him, in their short earthly companionship, helpmeet indeed. All the rest was by dictation.

How he taught the lesson of despatch, and of composure as well!

God granted him to depart in victory over the foe, and greater victory over death, on a date made trebly memorable by the battle of Yorktown, the surrender of Burgoyne, and triumph of Cedar Creek. It was beautiful that the faculties, which had been so sunlike and lucid for his work, should remain clear, without a cloud to the last. It was merciful that the body, which had been so pitted against peril and mortal pain, should be let down through the degrees of exhaustion, and become lifeless without a pang. Had he survived, I know not what eminence of career awaited such harmonious composition and matchless combination of head and heart and hand. A friend of his, in high command, writes, "Lowell has made a great reputation, and is booked for a star; he is considered the best fighting man for a brigade here." But, like our chief on the field, he was taciturn about his own doings. He hated writing; he almost hated speech. He was not one to use either to profess his feelings: hardly would he to express them. Sentimental talk was never to his taste. I remember, in the camp near Washington, his bending his sword, to show me, in the language of action, what poor stuff it was made of.

"Stood for itself his deed."

So it was to the last. He confined himself to the essential. He cared for those whom he had led, sent brief good-by, and commended to God the soul that

doubtless hovered over his earthly home on its way to heaven. What opened before him here below looked so great as to make his decease seem untimely; but what he performed was so perfect, his task appears finished, without defect or fault.

I saw him several times within the last year; once, to congratulate him on the fidelity with which he had taken a mutinous life, when he would rather have given his own; to my approval, a silent glow of grateful pleasure in his ingenuous face being the only reply, while I stood admiring, meanwhile, the strange refinement into which meditation and experience had carried the child's full rosy cheeks, in which from the outset lurked such manly beauty, like the statue hid in the block. On the morning of the 20th of this October, at eight o'clock, his spirit flew; for it did not take that spirit long to get out of the body! Was it not to the embrace of other spirits that it flew, especially of three, — the own brother, James Jackson Lowell; the dear cousin, William Lowell Putnam; and his other brother, Colonel Robert Shaw, buried with his colored soldier-boys at Fort Wagner, who had preceded him out of the same deadly lists into what some poet calls "the silent land," though it is vocal enough within itself: and how musical with joy, when parted friends, in mutual recognition, meet and greet again! But, while they proceed, undying, above, "precious" on earth in what it purchases for us "is their blood in His sight." Parents, doubly honored, we style you not afflicted, but blessed, who have made

such a contribution to the common weal! Can we forget *your* parents, in their partly posthumous gifts to the cause of all that is sacred among men, of the three grandchildren who have ascended to their welcome benediction of salute? Shall we fail to remember that the blood, our blood, in these or other veins, still circulating or flowing to the ground, is, of all we want in our utmost need, the saving price?

But listen a little longer for me to say it is the price, not only of liberty and law, and our name to be a people on this planet, but the purchase, too, of our faith in the everlasting state. Such dying as it is our privilege to live in an age to behold, is it not the prophecy of interminable life? Nay, it is the display of a life of intrinsic imperishableness, to which we can set no bound. It compels infidelity to belief. Doubter of human immortality, I call up my witnesses to put your scepticism to shame! I summon those youthful forms from their slumber in the ground into the visionary court of our mind to testify. Rather, I bid you hearken to the whisper of their living spirits, glorified, yet shining with the former look and expression exalted. I cite the action and example of our brother, last vanishing, for demonstration of a continued being. Has the lamp gone out of that intelligence of his, so eager to communicate itself, that the troops could not halt but he would have his officers at headquarters for lessons? for, from a book of which there was but one copy, — "Thiers's History of the Consulate and Empire," — he read aloud to his staff, teaching them,

not from the volume itself, but giving his own views from some passage as a text. Has that courage been cowed to the phantom of death, which bore him, with a constant three-years' bid for the bullet, along the blazing edge in the Peninsula or the Shenandoah Valley, where no horse could be safe with him, though Providence spared his life till he had completed his mission? Shall the sublime trust of such an offered head not be justified? Had that leaden messenger, which I saw in his father's hand, bruised and scooped in crushing along his bones, the privilege to let into nonentity the soul it could not daunt? Is premature and irreparable extinction the burden of our dirge and funeral-march over his dust? Could the traitorous muzzle, raised, not only against him, but against all that makes life desirable on this continent, be permitted to blast to annihilation the will and principle that withstood inhumanity? Believers in God, followers of Christ, friends of man, not so with him, or those in the same cause going after or gone before him! Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, partners and lovers, here present or far away, into and out of whose veins the same rich ancestral stream of blood has flowed, in life and in death, think not that any of it, — a particle, — is lost in the sands of distant battle-fields, "like water spilt on the ground, that cannot be gathered up." It is not only the price of our political duration, and the security of our civil honesty, that had begun so to quake among the nations, but proof that the spark of reason and love

it was animated by, through all cold obstruction of the clod, flames on in shape more fit to convey its own lustre. Ye to whom it was dear, and whose own it was, contemplate its essence eliminated and translated! Survey the offspring of your several family branches, so connected by nature and affection on earth, now in the communion of eternal progress and bliss, not only "in *death* not divided," but in living society of rapture we cannot conceive. So let us regard our brother! The Second Massachusetts cavalry was not the last or best company he shall lead in the land of peace. Cedar Creek was not the final spot of his experience. Sublime dying persuades of eternal living. While the spiritual likeness abides a photograph in men's minds, the reality shall not cease.

I have spoken of the price of blood, — what it will and does buy in the sight of God. But he asks, and mother-land asks, yet more. Have we it to give? Yes; though sixty-five of our number have gone to various departments of the war already. Every religious body, every Christian church, like our own, will answer, Yes; more blood, if more for our great purchase be required! Yes; for this blood, running in us or running out from us, what is it good for but to vindicate God's righteousness in his children's weal?

16

THE UNSPOTTED LIFE:

A

DISCOURSE

In Memory of

REV. THOMAS STARR KING,

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

MARCH 6, 1864.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
WALKER, WISE, AND COMPANY,
245, WASHINGTON STREET.
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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

5, WATER STREET.

SERMON.

"Let us also go, that we may die with him."—John xi. 16.

It is an inquiry that comes to us ominously often of late, how we ought to feel about the death of those dear to us. We ought to feel, I answer, as dying with them; for, in fact, so we are, in the only way death has to us any meaning, or we aught to do with it. What is the dying of a man? Only his departure to another sphere of being. What is the dying of a beloved one? Only the entire translation at once of his spirit. But is not our spirit in part translated with him? Does not something of our thought, our heart, our imagination, and inmost mind, share in his ascent? Yes: not suddenly, but gradually, our human ties are worn away, and our affections weaned from their first nursing-places. Over long years of sorrow and experience does the process of our demise extend. As friend after friend rises, more and more of us, our real self, is gone, with each one taken into the skies; so that, when at last the herald comes for our poor mortality, he may have to sever but a slight cord, a single thread, of vital interest yet

holding us to the earth. Thank God, we do not remove painfully at once, but, as it were, piece-meal from one world to another!

You may well suppose this reflection is suggested by the sad news flashed over the telegraph on the last Friday so unlucky to our hopes. I find it in my heart to speak to you of nothing this morning but the decease of THOMAS STARR KING in San Francisco on that day, the 4th of March, 1864. O thou magnetic messenger, that seemest a spirit, so alert in thy motions and rapid to communicate through spaces of thousands of miles! thou hast run on thy most grievous errand since thy trans-continental wires were stretched. But not so swift thy passage over the earth as his into the heavens.

Far back I am carried by this event. In the summer of 1848, a young man was brought, by my friend Dr. Bellows, for introduction at my house. He had the golden hair and ruddy complexion, in a fair skin, which are thought by some to betoken an uncommonly spiritual nature. A singular modesty, gentle self-denial, and beaming good-will, were in his countenance and air. The sweetness of his voice, when he spoke, added to the clear intelligence of every word; while attending the tones were looks so transparent, that they served but for expression. The fleshly features were only the channel by which the immaterial inmate conveyed its wishes and thoughts. So extreme, however, in him was the impression of *youth*, that those who saw him with me said, "Why, he is a mere boy!"

But that boy was a man already, as his whole deportment and discourse so signally showed. He was a Universalist minister, then settled in Charlestown, — a bright consummate flower of the Universalist faith. No particular advantages of academic or theological education had he enjoyed. But his were faculties so ready and forward, that they appeared to educate themselves. They required painstaking nurture as little as they did careful pruning or sharp restraint. At the touch of the common light and air, they came out in all their fulness. They blossomed into knowledge. They grew into piety. They spread abroad into love. They gave no credit to the theory, that dulness or depravity is the necessary heritage of the human race.

For myself, I was so drawn to the young stranger who came to my door, that I asked of him the favor to preach for me speedily, by way of exchange; and accordingly, on the first day of October, 1848, he occupied this pulpit, preaching from the text, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" — a theme how akin to the unconscious innocence and humility with which it was handled! Pardon me the delight with which I look back to that first picture in my memory of a relation with Mr. King, that has never since felt a moment's jar, but, with its chords running from his heart to mine, has only made perpetual music for me from that time to this; though I must quicken my ear to hear its finer sweetness now. I am debtor for the grace of that early recognition. The Christian fel-

lowship thus expressed was indeed one of the steps — a necessary one, perhaps — to lead him into the pulpit of the Hollis-street Church, at his installation over which I was chosen to give him the charge. But, before entering on his more conspicuous career, he was compelled, by reason of slender health, to seek a balmier clime, which, like some other disabled clergymen, he found, mingled with hospitality from a family — including, I will not refuse myself the pleasure to say, some members of this West Church of ours — whose breath, on that Island of Fayal, among the sunny cluster, alighted like a flock in the ocean, of the Azores, was as kind to him as the atmosphere itself.

On his return, the influence he was born for swelled almost immediately through New England and New York. He was sought especially as a lecturer; and, in city halls or country lyceums, there was no more acceptable voice, till the fine oratory, so native to him, was summoned from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. You know how the selection of him for that far south-western border has, beyond the expectation of his warmest admirers, been justified by the result. Never was adaptation more perfect of a man to a work. Never to any shore of the globe was a more effective missionary sent out. You may be humbly proud of the one you chose. He has been alike religious apostle, philanthropic agent, and political converter. He has stood there like that Mount Shasta, which has lately been discovered to be loftier than Mont Blanc.

More than any other man, he has bound California to the United States, or strengthened her cable in the stormy gulf of Secession, so that it could not part when the great fleet of American commonwealths was so disastrously scattered. His country thanks him for the service. She will not forget it when her bands are whole again. Multitudes have gone into those regions after gold; but there has been no such *prospecting* of the auriferous fields as his. No miner has sunk shafts so deep. No engineer has crushed treasure from the rock, and cradled the glittering dust from mud and sand, with such skill as he has quarried and sifted, melted and refined, the heart of the people, which, under his masterly direction and gracious sway, brings its gifts of loyalty, devotion, and beneficence, by hundreds of thousands, to the common altar of country and God.

"Well, what shall he do for us, or get for us, where he goes?" I asked, in his presence, of a mutual friend, just before he went. "Let him fetch back himself," was the reply. Ah! he has not done that in the body; though, verily, it was what most we wanted, and however some of us had been pleasantly exciting our fancy at the idea of the greater stature he would appear with, and the still richer accents we should be thrilled by, on his re-appearance in our midst. How fondly I, for one, like others of you, sketched him, with his face of blessing, again in my house, and once more, with his voice so soft and strong, here in the desk at which so early he stood! But what has he

done or gotten for us there? He has done the errand of a liberal theology. He has gotten the State for freedom. His has been the unparalleled convincing and commanding power. He raised that community as by the force of a hydrostatic column. He has done it, not by that burning and combining imagination which men call *genius;* for the impassioned originality which belongs to only one man among millions fell not to him. He has done it more meritoriously by holy and benignant purpose of his own will, and by that obedience to God which is the one thing better than inspiration. By many-handed ability of superior talents absolutely consecrated, by industry, simplicity, single-eyed zeal, never surpassed, has he done his work. He has done it at last by self-sacrifice to his own excessive requisitions on a delicate frame; for, in private letters, he pathetically describes himself as doing picket-duty on the outermost rim of civilization, longing for a sight of the camp. He has done it with a keen intellect, quick fancy, classic taste, and rounded style, suggesting something of the Greek in his composition, but employed to urge principles wide as the Christian revelation, and deep as the human heart. He has done it, moreover, by a temper, in all his toil, which I cannot help calling divine.

But why need I so praise him? There will be none to detract, in all the world, from his eulogy. True, I saw him intimately under the roof, abiding with him by the month, and never saw a fault in him.

I am profoundly ignorant, if he were a sinner, of his sins. But anybody could have lived with that magnanimous nature. Nobody could help loving it, though it did not solicit love. Did ever patience and forbearance go further than his? So just was he in trifles, that if he was staying anywhere, and wanted you to stay with him, he would tell the advantages of the other situation in the mountain-pass. Was greater generosity or self-forgetfulness ever seen? Was fairness in argument ever more impartial? Was finer geniality or truer friendship ever exhibited? Was a brilliant fame ever more unenvied? Did ever any one make smaller claims for himself? Did human eloquence ever reach, with strains more melodious, more open ears? Was ever critic, in his office, more equitable or kind? I have known mild, affectionate, tender-hearted, and accommodating persons, a great many, in my day; but I have never been acquainted with one who would go farther for you on his feet, toil harder or more disinterestedly for you with his hands, or sing the hymn of goodness he embodied in his life more harmoniously to you with his lips. Cheerfulness, like a bird's carol on the bough, he united with a prophet's gravity in every sober cause.

But no burdens of malice did he bear. If there are those who think it right to traduce, and to stab fair reputations for supposed truth and liberty's sake, he, Thomas Starr King, was not of their number: and he has proved, in the midst of temptation and opposition,

that no bitterness or hate is the necessary condition of unrivalled success; for I judge there has been no accomplishment in the same way, on these Western shores, equal to his. He writes me, in a letter only a few days since received, that the pecuniary receipts in his church, recently dedicated, for the current year, would be twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, — a larger amount, by far, than in any other similar ecclesiastical establishment, without funded capital, in the land; though, two years ago, the site of the building was a dreary sand-hill. Meantime, his instrumentality was pouring sums far greater into the purse of the Sanitary Commission. Truly of all good he was a medium. With the untroubled ease of a crystal lens he transmitted spiritual light and heat. We very often mention with commendation the dead. I thank God for such a subject of panegyric; and I trust him to God, with all my grief, in the unfathomable mystery, shut so tight against our senses, to which he has gone.

The vanishing of a man like this seems a dreadful, an irreparable loss. Why was not some older or less useful person taken, and he left? How many of us could have been better spared, and our stations with more facility filled! Who indeed shall take his place? Nobody, I answer. He has not left his place! His own spirit, sanctified in glory to return mightier than ever to continue his work, — as spirits mightier than mortals doubtless do, — shall keep and enlarge the place God gave him only, whoever may succeed him

in office. Yet he did not leave his work imperfect. To what a beautiful top-stone he built it up! No; he did not die prematurely: no one does who is ripe for heaven. Dare we ask to be *old* before we are *useful*, since the expiring in greater youth, on the cross, of him who could yet say, "It is finished"? Providence leaves nothing lacking. God knows where he wants his servants, and at what posts to assign their highest labor and joy. This at least is true of our friend, that, dying at thirty-nine, no man of his age could be a greater loss to this country, as no man, at any period of life, could by a larger band of the bereft be personally deplored. I pray you to observe, that, in all these sentences, I speak from conviction, with calm and unexaggerating mind.

"He was conscious to the last," says the electric report. Yes: he lived too thoroughly not to *manifest* life so long as his spirit staid. But did his consciousness cease when his frame turned to clay? No: it only flamed beyond these dusty bounds into unobstructed communion with God; though I see not how he can love us better even in heaven than he has done on earth. A telegram from Dr. Bellows, sent to me since this spontaneous preparation, announces that his death was after a few days' illness, at eight o'clock, Friday morning; and that he was "happy to go," though "the grief of his friends is inexpressible."

What shall we say of him? Many will mourn the patriot, the public benefactor, the moral teacher; but hardly more than those, also, that will lament the

valued asssociate, whose life, as much as any in this generation, was fit to be friendship's crown. As I speak of him, something whispers to me, Is he not nearer to us now than he was at that remote position? This darling of our hearts, so loyal in his own, though loving the distant spot of his adoption, longed, like a home-sick child, for New-England things and faces. Is not angelic sight of New-England things and New-England faces part of his reward? With face as benignant, a listening as attentive, and a manner as lowly, as ever, may he not be witness, and consoler too, of our grief? O precious companion in past days with us in the dwelling and by the way! no more wilt thou take part in the delightful conversations to which thy own racy narrative, sympathetic art, and representative wit, lent the charm. No more wilt thou visibly attend us among the scenes of Nature, to whose most exquisite as well as sublime varieties of form and color, light and shade, thy perception was so large, so sensitive also, and acute. We shall not again see that soft brown eye of thine measure, more nicely than a surveyor's glass, the outline of the hills. No more will it dance in ecstasy at the curve of the waves, the shape and diverse hue of the sunset clouds, the slanting afternoon rays that shoot through the green alleys of the summer-woods, where we passed together, or the cathedral-arches reared for worship — "God's first temples" — among the branches of the pines. So deeply I at least must feel. When I walk henceforth among the mountains, through the

landscape, or by the sea, an image will come between to veil and hide them a little from my sight; but mountain, landscape, and sea will be veiled and hidden by something more beautiful by far, and dearer to my heart, than they. Alas that we shall not see it with our eyes! But, O friend vanished for a little while away! we will not be downcast. Thou adorest in a loftier shrine. Thou beholdest beauty in the growths of a richer and more majestic paradise. The landscape is broader, the sky more grandly lifted, with thee; and thou must have contradicted thy own nature if thou art not busy making the upper home more happy also for us to participate its felicities with thee by and by.

Brethren and sisters, how shall we who survive bewail our friend? Not only in our words, not only in our tears. Not as we would bewail absent ones. He is not gone: he has come! We will not sob over, but celebrate him. Providence does not permit us to pray beside his clay. That is not his body any longer, but foreign to him as any other dust of the globe. He is all spirit to us now, as he was nearly all such before; and our obsequies shall be the seeking and assimilating of his quality to our souls, enthusiastic appreciator as he was of others' merits, and lowly, self-abnegating disparager of his own. The singular spell his peculiar nature laid upon us shall be a charm still to bring kindness from his aspect into our faces, richness from his voice into our tones, the matchless modesty of his behavior into our bearing, the breadth

of his contemplation into our views, and the charity of his disposition into our life. As his hold on us was indescribable, so be it inexhaustible! How we want to see him again, that healthy man who had nothing the matter with him! See him again we shall. But his action is not dependent on our sight. Surely his own people by the farther and wider sea will not let that stream of mercy stop which flowed at the touch of his magic and almost Mosaic rod. Did any of us ever feel like pouring out our hearts for him so freely as now?

May He who gave him, and to whom we give him back, sanctify to his wife and children, to his kindred and friends at home, to his relations of blood or spirit, to his brethren in the ministry, to the far-off State and Church of his adoption, and to either shore of this widely extended nation, the death of this pure and earnest servant of his own, whose name is on all our lips, whose worth is in all our hearts! So, in his going as in his coming, shall the world be blessed.

Such expression only for the departed have I, on the instant, been able to make. But I feel that any utterance respecting him is not from me the most proper token of regard. I prefer to take my place among the mourners, who at funeral services, in encomiums however cordial poured out on vanished excellence by others, are not expected to join. The unspeakable, though we must try in language to hint it, who can speak? With our brother, of no sect, sainted before he was dead, and now in perfec-

tion alive, let us rather communicate in silence? If one denomination ever gave him to another, which may be doubted, that other will find it hard to return an equal gift. His was a soul which nought less than all humanity can claim. Let us, while we muse in our affliction, wait on God for the privilege, through those bodies which are spiritual, of another meeting, face to face, and voice to voice. Young as he was, in due time has he been translated among the elders; for of him, as much as of any one, was it written so long ago, that "wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age."

17

Congregational Freedom.

A DISCOURSE,

AFTER THIRTY YEARS' MINISTRY, PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

BY C. A. BARTOL,

MARCH 3, 1867,

WITH SUBSEQUENT PROCEEDINGS OF THE PARISH, MARCH 10.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.
1867.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

DISCOURSE.

"*Your Servant.*"—2 Cor. iv. 5.

This was no compliment like a common-place greeting in the street, or handsome turn at the end of a letter. Service is the Christian word. Ministry is the name of our order. This is no gratuitous charity, for a stock of merit. Every religious soul is in pledge and pawn, in bond and mortgage, to pay all it is or has for the race it is born of. Its birthright, birth-mark and title of nobility is to further every righteous cause. Through concentric rings of home and country, into the great circle of humanity, such service spreads.

Shall I dare *so* to say, your servant? At least I feel something to be served, to which my poor individuality from the outset is so due, that no thanks to me for anything I have done are more appropriate than to the debtor, who at the counter cancels his bill. Greek or barbarian, Cretan or African, has his share in every one of us. Each one is part, and any one a splinter if he tears himself away. He not only glitters, but wounds. We serve all by fidelity in our particular sphere. My lot has been here. More than aught besides in my mortal span has been to me this West Church. Like man and wife in the marriage ceremony, I have through successive generations of children, identified myself with it "for better or worse." But what is the West Church? Here before me? But the least part of it! As "Talbot" says in the play, "Your roof could not contain it." No quorum is possible on earth of its members.

More unseen is it than seen, more in heaven than in time, more dispersed on the globe than within these walls. Like an animated frame it loses and gains particles from year to year. It appears in what a small minority of its representatives now! Yet you stand for it. I must address you as itself. Every worshipper here is chosen to office by its vast constituency, and bound by solemn entail of moral property and duty to cast the vote of his faith and behavior in a way worthy of the mostly angelic band he has joined. Not blood from the ground but voices from the sky adjure you to be loyal to its constitution.

What is such loyalty? It is to keep this Church unfettered as it was constituted at first. Judging by its past ministers, it yields to none in its freedom, from the time, when, just a century before my settlement, seventeen persons first formed it, and sent out for beams and timbers, perhaps into forests not far off, to make their modest tabernacle. Why did William Hooper, for whom the Society was gathered, nine years after his ordination, so suddenly leave the ground? Because the liberality of his doctrine of God's mercy was counted heresy, not by his people, who universally lamented his departure, but by the clerical brotherhood, — a many-headed Pope, from which as a hydra he fled. In Hooper's successor, Jonathan Mayhew, how this liberty of prophesying flamed still more; so that, the new-fledged but undaunted minister's rejection of Calvinism having got into the neighboring air, only two of the brethren, first invited, came to the council for his induction! But by this coolness nothing cowed, the man, who no more than John Knox feared face of mortal man, kept blowing his trumpet in reply to the murderous shot from the Jericho of tyranny and superstition joined in one, till the walls of shame tumbled down. So he was reckoned in the immortal band of the deliverers both of the American Church and State; and sharing the political glory of Otis and Adams, has round his head a religious halo all his own. How proceeded the meek Simeon

Howard but to keep the courage of his predecessors, like an infinitely-prized and jealously-guarded heir-loom, still busily at work, weaving the new pattern of transatlantic civilization, whose delicate threads despotism was ever stretching out its long, wilful and cruel fingers to break. What was Howard's pulpit? Before the age of telegraphs, a terminus of intelligence, with a wire running into the handsome steeple, which the British troops tore down on suspicion of its giving signals to the Continental troops in Cambridge. When the blast of war for a while bent all before it, what did he do but ferry part of the flock, as a floating Bethel, across the stormy Bay of Fundy, sailing back as soon as possible, by his self-sacrifice to build up the consumptive and well-nigh expiring remnant of the worshipping body into one of the most prosperous and powerful societies of the town? What did the same hereditary temper of emancipation from party-bonds into a Christian and cosmopolitan privilege find in Charles Lowell, but its climax; so that, spite of the goodness in him for which his very name was a proverb, he bore some odium on either side for inflexibly refusing to take a sectarian stand? I well remember his oft-repeated anxious charge to me when I was first his colleague, which became an injunction when he went to Europe, to do nothing to entangle the Church with any denomination.

Unworthy as is my name in any other respect to add to such a roll of honor, may I not claim to have been true to this genius of the West Church, as shown in its ministers, and never latent in itself, for the widest possible communion with other churches, but dogmatic organization with none? When, nearly two years ago, in a general roll-call reverberating over the land, we were invited to send to a Unitarian Convention delegates, authorized to represent our convictions, with pledges of respect to the decisions of the body, Unitarian however you or I might be, what was my duty as a sentinel but to warn you against yielding your Congregational rights? The call to us was laid on the table

without a voice in its favor. If this was at all out of regard for my judgment, I thank you. I congratulate you no less. If the well-meant summons had by courtesy any hold on others, what authority, coming from a few however honorable volunteers, had it for any? What possible warrant for us? Disinterested as was doubtless the aim, what commission to show had a handful of persons, what herald's credentials to reconstruct, on any verbal platform thrown up extemporaneously, at the instant of a swarm round the hive, a band of Christian believers who never owned such a confession? Yet, like a lever to its fulcrum skilfully adjusted, the project pried upon the universal Unitarian consciousness how strongly, so that wherever a local church fell not obediently in with it, a painful question was started among the members, or between them and their pastor, so urgent as in some cases seriously to disturb, and as a mischief almost unseat a before trusted guide. Our love was strong enough to resist the purchase. Do I brand as evil this drum-beat of the host of the Unitarian Israel from their tents? No; denominations, like military regiments, have still a work to do. But in the new army our history and position did not allow us to drill. In ancestral repugnance and ideal opposition, wishing no fight with trainers pursuing our objects in a different way, we simply remained where we were; though we were told, as with a prick behind of the bayonet into the ranks, those who stood aloof would be crushed. That ugly word was flung at us, *secession*, to imply a religious obloquy matching the political horror it had gathered from four fearful years of civil war. Yet, if any have seceded, who but abandoners of the old ground of unlimited inquiry for intellectual progress, to halt on an article in a preamble, which, as one black ball excludes from some fellowships, a single challenge should have sufficed to set aside? What is the passing of dogmatic propositions by the preponderate number happening in a conclave to be in attendance, but counter to reason as much as to the custom of a liberal faith? Any

chance electors can whistle up a theology quick enough so. Was Christianity determined in Christ's precepts and teachings by a vote? No; but by a divine contagion catching through the world's atmosphere.

Yet I am no blamer of whoever can agree so to act, if they will let others alone. A marshalling of forces round fixed opinions has been one providential method of human advance. A forward march in a special direction, at the word of command, may be best for all who are content with the blazonry of the new banner which their leaders, with industry like the late patriotic needlework for our flag, and designs of unquestionable zeal and candor, have presented. But, while this goes on, shall nothing else go on? Deplorable indeed, were this the only movement in the name of humanity and God! The crying need of the age, from its intelligence and piety alike, is for a motion which has no final position to state, no single idol of a prophet to set up; but is blown on across this Atlantic of our life, by the boundless spirit, to find more rest in the voyage than in any anchorage; as Columbus, the "brave world-seeking Genoese," had more peace on his way through the waves than when, with his grating keel, his heart too chafed on the shore. So, independent churches, like this, have an office and place. Mournful satire, that the very word *free-thinker* should signify the opprobrium instead of the glory of the human mind! What concerns me to say, but that an element of free thought has been so the breath of life to this society, it could without it scarce long survive! I therefore wheel into line with my forerunners. As to secession, let majorities remember there is such a thing as secession, not from a party but from a principle!

But an important question arises here. Has this Church, for being thus independent, been also impotent? Never, I reply! What church did more, a century ago, to deliver the land from the domination of the English Establishment and the British Crown, or has better claim to be called revolutionary? What

church has stood stronger, as a congregation, to turn religion from a black art and an aristocratic grant to a democratic right and republican privilege? What modern clergyman has more touched the common heart with his catholic temper and loving fellowship than that same Charles Lowell? so that it was said, if it were asked whom the whole people would choose to serve them on any occasion, his would be the first name to spring to their lips! Yet he declared, nearly fifty years ago, that "this Church, though alone, would assert its right to conduct its own affairs at its own discretion, and not be subject to the control of any other body, — no not for an hour."

Is it immodest for me to ask, Has the Church, since Lowell's day, been wanting to the community? In the last trial, than which on any nation a greater never rose, did it falter? Let the facts answer! We sent more than seventy men, our hostages of liberty and justice, to the dread ordeal whose fire blazed athwart a continent, to be decimated once and again on the fatal field, and return only their ashes, or in coffins with shut lids their ghastly decay, from spots whence their souls went, beyond corruption, to glory; till yonder granite steps, you passed up so pleasantly this morning, took to my eyes the color of blood whenever I walked over them. So copious and constant from these seats flowed the stream of life in new recruits to the front for a fresh sacrifice, that I was, in some outside quarters, held responsible through the tone of my preaching for the excessive offering, and solemnly assured I was demoralizing my people. You did not say so! They did not say so! Nor, though bereft, and the flower of our youth cut off, as at Gilboa, do we now look or were we ever demoralized! None in these United States, saved by the North and West which alone remained of the United States, were demoralized but those who, like cowards in an engagement, skulked and ran from that duty of the hour, grander than of our fathers in Valley Forge or on Bunker Hill. No Christian society, more than a Christian

man, will ever perish of self-devotion. The breath of dying heroes and martyrs passes through all the distance, hundreds of miles, from their last slipping foothold below, into the nostrils of those they represent, to revive their constituency and multiply their kin. Green grows the grass over their sundered graves! Into what new zeal, in such work for country and mankind as comes to hand for us, flourishes the memory of their faith and courage! We feed the enemies they had to slay.

By the jealous self-government, refusing to be manipulated and organized by foreign policy of an alien force, you have not therefore been disabled for any magnanimous task. Contributing abundantly to the ministry-at-large in this city, to the support of teachers for the Freedmen, to the spread of liberal ideas by book or living voice at the South or West, and doing ten-fold more with your individual right hands, in Christian ignorance of the left, than by any formal concert or boasting published schedule of your charities, I maintain you have not slunk from your full philanthropic proportion, under any cover of your undenominational shield. So, without scruple I say, in temper unsubmissive to dictation, unreserved in their several theological opinions, as they always have been, may these worshippers ever be!

But are you not Unitarians, we are asked. In any designation of belief there is a distinction, how many are ignorantly or stubbornly blind to, between the doctrine and the sect. I am a Unitarian in doctrine; I do not belong to a Unitarian sect, shaped one way to-day, re-shaped another to-morrow. In Boston, and as I suppose in all America, though it is a disputed point, this is the oldest Unitarian Church. Yet it has never joined any Unitarian Conference or Consociation. It has accepted no definition of combined counsellors or religious doctors. It has been obsequious to no fugle-men, here or elsewhere, sounding their horns to announce its convictions. It will never be so, till its ancient charm, its hereditary glory, its

clear path and endless opportunity, are gone. "Ichabod," then, if nowhere else, would be written on these walls. As to Unity and Trinity, we are so decided we want to hear no more about it. That issue is past. It no longer lives, apart from ecclesiastics and doctrinarians, in reflecting minds. Science explodes it. Scripture gives it no ground. We not only *hold*, we run against the divine unity, whatever track, matter or spirit, we take. The common Trinitarian conception I have no capacity for. Every fibre of my flesh, every drop in my veins is Unitarian. Let the Trinity alone and it will die, as the discussion about it is already dead. A spent swimmer, how it floats off further and further, to sink in the tide of thought! Three persons in one God, who is person too, else no object of prayer or love. It strikes no harmonious chord of the mind. This confused and jarring note, which has made the discord of Christendom for ages, is drowned past resuscitation in that resounding harmony of God's attributes, which to the soul's cultivated ear fills the universe with rippling music, and makes one orchestra of all his works. The question for us is so settled, its interest has ceased. Other issues press. The point now is if God be with us; or we must ask some other man or prophet to let us speak to him. Alas! the point with some is, not if God be threefold, but if he *be*. Materialism defies spiritualism to mortal fight. A God at all, in these days of science, must be universal, not local in any Pagan or Jewish sense. Bird or flower, as well as human mediator and wonder-working ambassador, are his mouth-piece and shrine. The song in the woods, better for being unmixed with human argument or special plea, announces him. The blossoms, blown in the wind, are his swinging censers. The rock tells us we can lean on him; the spring, gushing from its cleft, that he satisfies the thirsty soul; and the leaf, that nods over or quivers beside it, that he is not all rock or torrent, but tender pity and compassion too. Beyond the book or form, the miracle or man, his

revelations run. All other Saviour, seer or saint, is imperfect before Him. So Jesus in substance declares: "Compared with my Father, I am nothing, neither strong, nor wise, nor good: I am but a way to him. My word will help you; but pray and hear to that ear and voice which are yours as much as mine."

For God is the soul's assumption. I ask of Him no demonstration. You tell me, O naturalist, to be patient; that you are on the hunt after him, and will let me know by and by, whether he exists or not. I cannot wait for your experiment. I want Him now. When my friend expires on his bed; when I am sent for to speak over the coffin; when the dear boy, son or brother leaves his life, a spot of gory wet in the trampled clay of the battle-field, what care I, how can I stop to consider, whether your animated atoms, minute dots and cunning cells manifest God, or are void, as some of you say, of any sign of his being? I feel Him in my heart, in a way that beating heart, though under your probe or microscope, could never show. I do not believe in him because I believe in the bible and prophet; I believe in bible and prophet because I believe in him. If he be, all literary records however sacred are but his inferior tokens. If he is not, they have no worth; and their authenticity wins me only for the author of authors, ever conscious to my thought.

From all minor stays I am driven to this supreme trust. How can I be certain that I have, in every case, the words of Jesus himself? Some on the page, that I read as his, so trouble me, I ask if he has not been misrepresented or misunderstood. Did he say that all who ever came before him to teach in God's name were thieves and robbers? that there was a sin, even the Pharisees had committed, whose forgiveness was forever impossible? that those dying impenitent would plunge in torment of which eternity is the bottomless gulf? From such inquiries my refuge is the spirit better than any man, yet worse than any

monster were such teachings true, so wrongly imputed to the meek and lowly one. Infinite grace is capable of no such revenge. I preach access to it immediately, or through whatever medium, as the only infallible light.

Yet for this, coupled with a doubt of the last basis of Unitarian organization, I am hung in printed effigy all over the land for my selfish individualism, my failing mental equilibrium, and my pretended first discovery and original proclamation of the Holy Ghost. Into such charges malice instils no drop. They are honest and kindly rebuffs of my word. Yet, as any one of these faults would disqualify me for your service, I can only, with poor Desdemona, ask you, "Am I that name?" Is my character, for these thirty years, self-engrossment, lost wit, or unbounded conceit? Pardon my asking, as never before. Alas! I feel as if I might be cast in my suit after all. I cannot get my witnesses into court!

'Tis an old and forgotten affair. It tries to unlock evidence from a fading register of a past breed of men. It knocks at hundreds of tombstones, with only a hollow sound for reply.

I look round upon you in these seats, and see the great majority recent acquaintance. What have you to say of my manner of life? How can I expect you to testify in my favor? Would it not rather be your duty, with whatever pain, to investigate the charge, lying as I do, under a cloud, from Boston to St. Louis? So far as you observe my wish to be your servant and God's, you will doubtless be disposed not to hurry, but let the indictment sleep. Then I will refer it from your trial to thousands no writ can reach, long since privy to my habitual walk. They know how far sympathy with the needy, sad and sick, ready to give up the ghost, has been devoured in my bosom by this insatiable self. They may remember how much pavement my feet, on errands of consolation, however vain, have worn out. They might tell you how many thresholds, that I cannot count myself, where dark angels had preceded, I have

crossed, in hope at least to lighten the gloom. If my step has slackened with increasing years and diminished strength, they are aware if, with stricter economy, I have been able to accomplish as much. Indulge me in the momentary strain, so unusual and unlikely to recur. I know not how I could bear an impression that my life, now mostly gone, has not been in fellowship with my flock and my kind. Why this singular personality? Not for defence, from the smallest resentment, or to put myself right at the bar: I only tell it as part of the story, for whatever it may have of historic value. I have received no stab. I feel no inward wound. I am at peace. I never supposed, in the sincerely politic comprehensive repugnance to my position, the least hostile intent to myself. It does not exist. They are my well-wishers, whose reluctant hand of conscious justice strikes the unwilling blow. I bid them God-speed in their benignant plans, while I feel bound to modify their ideas in my little sphere. Resisting, we do not thwart each other. Ships, sailing directly apart in the same breeze, accomplish the ends of navigation alike. Heavenly bodies, crossing each other's track, maintain the order of the universe. The progress of mankind is by a resultant of forces in the moral world. Optimism and effort, freely yoked, agree.

To my censors I own, that on man's filial right with God I stand; and though to assert it is thought to detract from Christ, it is his only and surpassing glory to have disclosed and made it good. If he had no more than a filial right, he taught we have as much. Transcendent as was the degree of his honor, to whoever declares a different *kind* in his nature, I must reply, just so far we are out of reach of his faintest touch. His real power is in his spiritual likeness. What are his pre-existence, miraculous birth, bodily ascension, if true, but matters of physics and outward circumstance, while his character is the top of his claim? The supernatural marvels of his career I see no competency in science and criticism to assail. I believe in his

wondrous healings, and reappearance to his disciples' sight. Yet his grandest posture to me is not in the cloudy air, but working mercy on the common ground; even as Raphael, with artist instinct, painting the Transfiguration, draws the figures of needy human creatures crowding the foot of the mountain, to divert our look from Moses and Elias floating in celestial splendor on high.

Shall I say, my friends, that this mode of preaching, however emphasized by recent controversy, is with me no new thing; though if it has not been clear to you in time past, I wish my favor with you to depend on it in time to come. I have been your servant for a longer term than that of my predecessor, before he asked for help. Yet the suggestion of aught but continuance in a tie, that cannot be dissolved by the freedom with which it was knit, were both a pain and a wrong. How we could part I know not. Let me only pray to be more fit, for this dear relation. I will not think to instruct, but sit at the feet of whoever appreciates the Master more than I. But my only adoring goes to that back-ground of all being, of whose live immensity even Christ's world-redeeming history is but a trace on the sands of time. To the Infinite what more is Jesus than you or I? The star Sirius is no nearer than our little moon to the top of the sky. In God's investment in us, greater than ours in ourselves, is our surpassing hope. Shall I survive my dissolving frame? I humbly say, it is his sublime lookout more than mine! I am grateful for reports of Judæan resurrections, and for every present token of triumph over death. I put my life in his hand, believing he will not clutch, or cast it away, but hold tenderly the winged thing he made, and put it back in mine; and with it, lives dearer to me than my own. Accepting no fancy offered me as ultimate, and no article as fixed, I open, and pray Him to anoint, the eyes of my inquiry for brighter sight.

But why detain you? What explanation or apology from me do you need? I have had with you liberty to think and speak.

This pulpit has been free; these pews as well. In perilous times, with the political and religious foundations broken up, you have never restricted me, when I said words, with which you might be offended or grieved. How I am amazed that I have been so stood by! You, who perchance in anything disagreed with me, did not desert me. I thank you! If I am proud at all, it is of my congregation. To say nothing of its incomparable generosity, there is none more quiet, attentive, devout, absorbed in the object for which it meets. This is not alone my perhaps partial testimony, but that of scores of strangers coming but occasionally to this desk or these seats. What signifies that you do not adopt any of my views? The condition of your satisfaction is no easy echo of your servant's words. It is no monotonous response to each other. It is an atmosphere that starts your spiritual life; as under the same elements of sun, wind and rain, flourish the most diverse growths of the garden and the field. The ever present, only perfect spirit and the soul's title to its approach make the air I breathe, the fire in my bones, the truth I pronounce. I am not its champion. I am its meanest henchman. Yet I can, at no challenge of its sufficiency, turn and flee. To no person or place can it be confined. To consecrate part is to desecrate the whole. For the sake of some little cathedral or conventicle, it is to unhallow the universe, and unsanctify God himself. Alien from him must not be even the bricks of our houses, or stones under our feet; as the bringer of good tidings had of old, beauty on the dust of his shoes. By his might the seamless garment of nature is not rent. His prodigies are never out of order. His most uncommon doings are not against or above, but in the stuff of things. I am your servant by being his. In this game of thoughts our progenitors began, and we play over to-day, I feel his hand take me up and set me down, when it pleases and where it lists, on the board. No compunctious query visits me as to the destiny of the ideas, which become dearer to me

when I am sick and weak, and by which I am used. I behold what is and is to be of their resistless march. Looking eastward, when sun or moon rises, you sometimes see the winds hurtle the clouds about the golden or silver orb. But, after an hour, you look again and notice its ascent up the fathomless vault has not by gust or vapor been delayed. Our humors are winds and clouds. With our differing judgments our mortal affections too often warp, or wax cold. But not his love! It is warmth itself. Cannot our regard for one another burn constant as its flame? To this question I believe your answer and mine will be the same.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEST BOSTON SOCIETY.

By request, a meeting of the Congregation was held in the Church on Sunday, March 10th, after the morning service. It was called to order by the clerk of the society, Horace H. Coolidge, Esq. Hon. Chas. G. Loring was called to the chair, and Mr. Coolidge acted as Secretary of the meeting.

After a statement by the Chairman of the object of the meeting, Mr. Frederick U. Tracy offered a series of Resolutions, prefaced by the following remarks:

Mr. Chairman, — After having been blessed for thirty years with the services of a Pastor, who has devoted his whole powers of soul and body to our well-being and spiritual welfare, "whose going out and coming in before this people" has been with a singleness of purpose and purity of walk, rarely seen in this earthly existence, it would seem necessary that we, as a Church, should in some manner recognize our obligations to him, and express our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for having so long preserved him to us. And, in these times of excitement in the religious denomination with which most of us sympathize, it is also well to re-assert that independence, which is traditional in this Society, and has characterized it from its foundation. For these reasons I beg leave to offer these resolutions for the consideration of the Society.

Whereas, thirty years have elapsed since the ordination of our beloved Pastor to the ministry in this Society, during which, as the colleague of our venerated Doctor Lowell, and since his retirement from active service, as the sole minister, he has discharged the duties of his arduous and sacred office with signal zeal, fidelity and ability: and has sustained the cherished independence and reputation of the Society as a worthy successor of the eminent men who have preceded him, — and a grateful recognition of his long, faithful and invaluable efforts, for the spiritual good of his people, is due alike in justice to him and ourselves;

Therefore, Resolved, That in memory of his faithful services to the living, and to the many whose beds of sickness and of death

he has soothed and cheered — we contemplate with profound gratitude and respect, the earnestness, affection, disinterestedness and piety with which he has uniformly discharged his ministerial and parochial duties; his never-failing sympathy in our joys and our griefs; and the spiritual elevation of the instructions by which he has sought to enlighten the path of duty on earth, and prepare us for Heaven. And that we can never cease to hold them in grateful remembrance.

2. *Resolved*, That we entirely sympathize with him in the sentiments and principles, avowed in his discourse on the last Sunday, concerning the independence of this Society, and its freedom from any entangling alliance with any other Churches or Association of Churches; a freedom characteristic of its past history, and which we hope may characterize it to the end. That, while recognizing the unquestionable right of individual members to entertain and express their opinions, whenever and wherever they may judge it to be expedient, and to join such Associations as inclination or a sense of Christian duty may prompt; and not questioning the propriety of union of the Society with others in works of private or public beneficence, we would nevertheless preserve it in its corporate capacity, and as a religious Association, free from all alliances or connection with others, which might imply, on their part, any right to prescribe, or influence its faith or duties, or to be accounted as the exponents of either.

3. *Resolved*, That a copy of these Resolutions, signed by the Chairman and Secretary of this meeting be transmitted to Doctor Bartol, and that the Corporation be requested to enter them upon its records.

A True Copy: CHARLES G. LORING, *Chairman.*
H. H. Coolidge, *Secretary.*

The Chairman, before putting the question on the adoption of the resolutions, made the following remarks:

Friends and Fellow Worshippers:

The recent announcement by our pastor, of the approach of the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination, must have fallen upon the ears of some few of you, as it certainly did upon mine, with surprise. To many indeed, and perhaps the much larger number, it

could awaken none, for that period of time embraces nearly the whole of your conscious intellectual being. But to the few of us who worshipped in the little wooden church which stood in the place now occupied by this building more than sixty years ago, — who remember the venerable Dr. Howard, and can recall Dr. Lowell in the freshness of his youth, and the vigor and fervor of his manhood; — who, shutting their eyes can people these seats with the forms of those who then occupied them, the thirty years of our pastor's ministry seem like a dream of the night, like a tale that is told.

Very few are here now who occupied these seats thirty years ago, and very few, who fill them now, will be here thirty years hence to tell the tale of this day. A little more than thirty years is the average of human life, — a generation is born and dies in that short period, as successive waves breaking on the shores of time. The old pass away, — manhood falls into the sere and yellow leaf of age, — the young attain to manhood, — infancy advances to youth, — and is followed by a fresh succession of the blossoms of love and hope. How sad were this if it were all, — but how elevating and inspiring is the conviction that it is but the progression of the mortal to the immortal, to reunion with those who have gone before, to be perfected with those who are to follow us.

But although the individual perishes, and becomes to human memory as if he never had been, society lives and flourishes in constantly renewed growth, as the grove or the forest continues seemingly unchanged, the patriarchs fading imperceptibly away, their places to be taken by the saplings in never ceasing annual succession.

The thirty years of manhood, from the time when one is considered as taking upon himself the responsibilities of society, to do his share in the work of the world, constitute the most efficient and decisive period of his life. They determine his will and his ability; set the seal upon his character, — test the measure of his strength, and generally decide his destiny for good or for evil in the influences of his being. They draw largely upon, if they do not, as not unfrequently happens, exhaust his best energies; and no fitter period therefore can be found for a revision of the work

he has done, and its appreciation by those in whose service they have been expended.

And, pausing now to look back upon the thirty years of our pastor's ministry, — how fair and how dear the record! How precious to us, and to how many who have departed, must ever be precious, the remembrances of these thirty years! Surely, if devotion to duty, in the highest sense of duty, — if piety in its most spiritual and inspiring form, — if warm and affectionate friendship and the tenderest sympathy in the joys and sufferings of the individuals under his charge, — if unwearied assiduity in all the details of public ministrations and parochial care, — and if pulpit teachings, which will go down to posterity as one of the prominent illustrations of the clerical literature and spiritual elevation of the day, can entitle any minister to the love and gratitude of his people, they are eminently due to him. And most opportunely and gladly therefore may we avail of this anniversary, unitedly and publicly to give expression to the sentiments which fill our hearts, by adopting the first resolution.

If all could unite with us in this tribute, who are now scattered in wide distances, but bearing in grateful remembrance the influences of his ministry, and all who have carried to a better world the fruits of it, (and may we not imagine their spiritual presence on such an occasion?) the number would be far too great for these walls, or those of any other house of earthly worship here to contain.

It has been said, and well said, that confidence is a plant of slow growth. But thirty years are time enough for it to come to maturity. That between pastor and people, which has signally characterized this Society in every preceding ministry, is no less conspicuous in this. Differences of opinion may, and indeed must occasionally take place between members of every religious society who think for themselves, and at times between some of them and their pastor, upon the vast, mysterious, and insoluble questions involved in any form of religious faith. And no man, nor woman, with a due sense of personal accountability and self-respect, could wish it to be otherwise. But such differences, held in a Christian temper, cannot weaken mutual confidence, or estrange long-cherished affec-

tion. They serve rather to strengthen both, in opportunity given for cultivation of the Christian graces of candor and forbearance. Such generous confidence has ever pervaded the relations of the people of this Society to each other and to their pastors. The tree has been growing, in the remembrance of some now living, not for thirty years only, but for more than sixty; and tradition assigns to it still greater age. Its roots have extended too far, and become entwined with the fibres of too many hearts of the living, and with too many sacred associations in remembrance of the departed, to allow it to be shaken by occasional diversities in speculative belief. They are merely the breeze sending its invigorating influences and rustling music through the leaves, — they cannot move the trunk. Some, who are not of us, seem, indeed, to have apprehended that the peace of our Society has been disturbed, or put at hazard by reason of some such differences. We are happy unitedly to assure them that there is no danger; that it is but a health-giving ripple on the surface; the depths are undisturbed.

Such differences are no novelty. It is well known that our late revered Senior Pastor entertained some speculative beliefs, in which many, if not a majority, of his parishioners did not participate. I well remember his avowal of them in this pulpit, as constrained by the literal interpretation of Scripture: in one of which, esteemed fundamental by our so-called orthodox friends, probably not one who now occupies a seat here believes. But what society ever venerated and loved its minister more than the West Boston Society venerated and loved Doctor Lowell; or what pastor ever loved the people of his charge more fervently, than did Doctor Lowell that of the West Boston Society?

A marked characteristic of this society, certainly for more than sixty years, and traditionally from its foundation, has been its independence of all associations or affiliation by which its faith or theological position could be influenced, or impliedly represented. This independence was always zealously vindicated by Dr. Lowell; was the settled policy of the Society at the induction of the present minister, and has been maintained by him with equal earnestness. He has, indeed, been recently somewhat assailed on this score, as manifesting "a selfish individualism," and there seems to

be in some quarters a disposition to hold him personally accountable for our isolation, as a church, from participation in some of the movements of the day. Nothing could be more unjust; and it is due alike to him and ourselves, that we assure him of our unqualified support in this position, and to publicly make known that in this he represents our sentiments and opinions no less than his own. And for these reasons it seems eminently proper that we adopt the second resolution.

Pardon me, my friends, for intruding so long upon your indulgence. But, as the eldest, or among the eldest of the few members surviving of families which worshipped here in the olden time,—who was baptized at this altar more than three score and ten years ago,—who has ever since humbly worshipped here,—who hopes to be buried from among you,—and who in all probability can never have opportunity again to speak to you upon these themes, or thus publicly to express his profound gratitude to our pastor for the friendly offices and spiritual aid of his ministry, I could not suffer it to pass without expression of the thoughts and feelings which the occasion has naturally excited.

The Resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and the Chairman and Secretary requested to forward a copy to the Pastor.

The meeting was then dissolved.

Boston, March 13, 1867.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—

It is our most acceptable duty to transmit to you a copy of Resolutions adopted with entire unanimity and great cordiality, at a meeting of the West Boston Society on Sunday last, in reference to the thirtieth anniversary of your ordination.

And, in so doing, permit us to assure you that none felt greater interest in the occasion, or feel more profoundly the sentiments embodied in the Resolutions, than

Your ever faithful friends and servants,

Charles G. Loring, *Chairman.*

H. H. Coolidge, *Secretary.*

Boston, March 15, 1867.

Gentlemen and Dear Friends, —

By nothing in my life have I been more deeply touched than by your note, and the Resolutions of the West Church, you transmit. My acknowledgments to you and the Society so blend with thanksgivings to Him, whose honor we seek in our relation, I cannot quite part the earthly from the heavenly gratitude. I have not mistaken the people I serve, in judging of their sentiments towards me by mine towards them. But the personal tribute to me is far beyond my desert. I can accept it only as the voice of a sincere affection, — not as an estimate, to which my well-meant, but ever short-coming efforts have no claim. The stand of the Parish for its own independence fills my heart with unspeakable joy, incomparably greater than I could taste from any honor done to myself.

In all love to you and those you represent,

C. A. BARTOL.

Charles G. Loring, H. H. Coolidge.

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In Remembrance.

ADDRESS,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

CHARLES GREELY LORING,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

October 20.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.
1867.

In Remembrance.

ADDRESS,

ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

CHARLES GREELY LORING,

DELIVERED IN THE WEST CHURCH,

October 20.

Cyprus Augustus
BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.
1867.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

ADDRESS.

From the great Bible of Providence, in a human character to-day, is my text.

Thirty-five years ago, coming from the Cambridge Divinity School to study the Comparative Anatomy of Clergy and Laity or Law, in a Boston court-house, I was so impressed with the appearance of one of the counsel in the case, that everything else in the scene, bench, witnesses, jury and advocates on the other side, faded away, and his figure alone remained and has never since left my mind. It expressed to me a noble nature, a certain uplifting of all in his presence, a quick sensibility held well in hand on edges of excitement, resolution not to be impatient, a watch never off guard, devotion to the client and a delicate frame so overwrought into ill-health as to give small promise of long life. A week ago I stood here at the altar for the last words over that same form, before arguing with such command of language, at last voiceless in death! The past came over me. What could I say? Eloquence, if possible, seemed hateful. The body by its own offspring borne in, the coffin-lid silent and unshut, the flowers withering about a flower of humanity nobler than Paradise boasted, the noiseless hush of mourners, represent-

ing more bereaved persons than any cathedral could hold, overpowered and abbreviated all speech. How inadequate the funeral service!

But the assembly was his eulogy. Now I try to draw him, as much under oath as any witness he ever examined. "This is a great public loss," one said. "A very great private one," I was constrained to add; for, if no man was more useful and honored, none was more loved, and, better still, nobody loved more, — this his foremost trait, his benevolent bent. I doubt if he ever possessed anything, from the first cake his mother gave him to the last cent he acquired for himself, that he did not wish to give a piece away. "That organ-grinder must be cold there; take this quarter of a dollar out to him," — so he said several years ago to a child in his family, wishing, no doubt, to educate the goodness by which he was impelled. Some poor children begging flowers of him in the street, he, the old man, brought them every day a large bunch, as long as the lilacs lasted. "If you will come down to Beverly, I will give you a lot of land on my estate and lend you money to build," — so he told his minister. As I leaned above the bier, and my hand slipped unawares on to the cold forehead underneath, I felt how lately and how long that brain and heart had throbbed and glowed with benignity. If a goodness akin to that which made the world be warrant of immortality, beside and beyond that breathless clay was indeed an undying soul. He is a subject of eulogy; yet how little his repute rests on our panegyric! Accounts will be given of Mr. Loring, praise has been spoken by his peers, with dates and

details of his life and achievements for which this occasion gives no room. Not to occupy others' ground, or anticipate their more thorough methods, I shall let my thoughts run about him, as you his kindred did on the way to the grave, and do in the conversation of your homes, breaking into utterance as spontaneous.

As it hurts not a likeness to have other faces in shadow on the plate or canvas at the corner, but may give to the picture a touch of affectionate warmth, all that may be personal in my discourse is but to portray him. When I first heard the accomplished pleader, and as an artist now does of the sea, took an instant photograph of the wave of his feeling so sensitive and strong, I little knew how I should need his help. After my welcome to this place, given by none more cordially than by him, in the new wilderness of humanity, under weight of sudden care, with a multitude of friends who were strangers, and my revered senior colleague absent in Europe, I fell for near a year into a nervous prostration almost unfitting me for work, which some gave up all hope of ever getting out of my poor head, and marked me for an early tomb. I complained not of them; I was of their party, of the number to pronounce my doom, and desert my own cause. But not he! He had taken the case without any retainer. He made me stay, to be something or nothing. It appeared that, once a friend, he was always a friend; and I am proud and happy to claim Mr. Loring for my friend, and that I could tell him on his dying bed, he was a man I had never seen once in all the ten thousand times without pleasure. I discovered that the tenderness of his

constitution was not without tenacity. To him might the figure be applied of the Druidical rocking-stone which a touch may disturb and an earthquake not overthrow. No wonder he had such a peculiar chivalric bearing towards woman; for something of the woman was in this man, as Chaucer with poetic boldness declares a double sex in the Christ. Before he could speak plain, he called little girls "ladies"; and he had scarce anything more at heart in the last period of his life than to reinstate woman in the primeval equality of her creation, begging legislatures to do her civil justice, and hindered only by other overwhelming duties from a treatise on her rightful claims to property and labor. Is it womanly to be yielding and manly to be firm? Never lived one who combined with gentleness more persistent purpose.

There are intellectual men who are not powers; but he had inevitable weight. The Captain in his youth of the New England Guards, with a special military taste to organize and contend for the right, so that but for his age no one would have been more ready to rush into our great field where the continent was at stake for freedom, was a warrior always in the battle of life. No neutral or indifferent third party ever was he. He took sides on every question with a perseverance that never tired or gave out or caved in. As John Quincy Adams quaintly said, "We do not want these offices; after we get them they are a great burden and bore; but we do not want to be beat:" so neither did he. Yet, while he stood like fate for his client and his cause, though communities were convulsed or the heavens fell, he

never would contend for mere victory. He disliked litigation so much, he hated pettifogging so heartily, and had seen so much contrivance to make the worse appear the better reason, that he told me he was almost tempted not to give the legal profession his blessing when he resigned its practice, though its noble and necessary functions no one discharged more faithfully or held in higher esteem. How warm he grew in the harness, how eager in the hunt, how ideally enthusiastic in the aims that jurisprudence defines, was proved, if by nought else, by the tens of thousands of dollars of debt from his employers which he, as well as Mr. Choate, that magician at the Massachusetts bar, with disinterested self-oblivion, never cared to collect. But his singular earnestness, combined with a self-distrust about his bringing anything to pass with a persuasive tongue beyond the absolute merits of the matter, made him a sort of Moses in the profession. With all his hold of his cases, he was never indisposed fairly to compromise. In fact, he wanted to prevent strife, and so loathed judicial circumlocution, technical ingenuity and delay, the art how not to do it, and unprofitable strife, that he compounded matters often by giving up more than he ought; and, when one of his clients was clamorous to repeat that justice was all *he* desired, Mr. Loring told him, to his rage and horror, if he would spell it *temper*, he might agree with him. This generous imprudence of irrepressible veracity was his strength. The jury were delighted to hear a man whose convictions forgot his fees, and admired the virtue which, thoughtless of the remuneration offered for its purchase, was pledged

and mortgaged for their verdict, more unhappy in its denial than pleased with any pay.

Yet, in the earlier years, he greatly needed the pecuniary returns. With inordinate liberality standing security for others he was straitened in his own means, had to work hard to earn his living, the hand that was profuse to others pinching himself. This searching economy of personal expenses he never omitted afterwards, in all his noted and rarely equalled bounty to applicants for aid. His apparel, always graceful, was never in excess. He would put on the old coat alone, give away costlier things than he wore, though he regarded others in his careful attire, and never was man whom a familiar robe better became. His respect never wrote a note without an envelope; but a scrap of paper he would not throw away. The secret of his influence lay in an honor and lowliness so mixed that, to use Jeremy Taylor's figure, like a lamp about his own station he cast a shadow, and shone to all but himself. No low story could be told, or vulgarity breathe where he was. The blushing delicacy of a girl joined with the dauntless bravery of a hero in his composition. When grief made me call a loss of life in a certain engagement a butchery, and he questioned the propriety of the expression, and I went to him to maintain its truth, how frank and humble his dealing, with an unconscious nervous action softly jingling the keys in his pocket, anxious alike that I should both be judicious in my political discourse and not have my feelings hurt, least of all by him. As nothing more proves love the centre of the universe than its outburst through every winged or

four-footed thing, in his fondness for animals, the irrepressible yearning to every living creature of his heart, he appreciated and returned that love. He said to the yearling he played with, "I like you very well." His barn was a palace for cattle. He would not have the birds shot on his grounds; and when a friend and neighbor, poaching a little with his gun, the game having flown over the wall, was forbidden by the servant and appealed to the master, Mr. Loring assured him the domestic's objection was authorized and all right. But he so enjoyed others' happiness and making them happy that to the privilege of his premises he invited all. Once, walking with him through a fine avenue near his house, we met a woman, with children, who gave him, in passing, so cordial a salute, beaming with good looks, that I asked him who they were, thinking they must be particular friends. "I don't know," he replied. "I ask all the neighbors to come through my land when they like." His was an unbounded hospitality.

So, unawares he made his own pass-key to every heart. When in 1854, the Sunday School, of which for scores of years he had long been the fast friend, teacher, benefactor, and superintendent, and his lessons to which were as felicitous as any speeches to the people in Faneuil Hall or to the senate and the court, — visited him by invitation at his country-seat, he addressed them on their arrival with the remark, some of their faces at first lengthened at, that he had several rules rigidly to enforce on their observance during their stay, namely: "They were to go where they pleased, do what they liked, and enjoy themselves as much as they

could," as with his trees and horses and shore and sand they did. Lodging with him over night, and rising early in the morning, as I came out of the door adjoining his own chamber, at once his door softly opened, — his head and half-bare arm were put forth to provide me with some convenience he feared might be missing. "He is a perfect gentleman," said one of his younger friends. He had the "genius of love," as Mr. Greenough called one of his early works. His kindness rose to a poetry of sentiment which no fancy ever matched; yet it never relaxed into doting or luxury, or reverie which he permitted not in himself, but was a stimulus to work, — a feather to others, a goad to himself. He put on the hair-shirt of industry to produce plenty; — he was frugal, that he might be generous. The trees that border the beautiful approach to his dwelling, were brought down in a wagon in freezing weather at dusk; and, the setting at night being of better promise to live than in the sunshine, he worked over them very late to go to his regular task the next day. Yet he was no ascetic, or follower of John the Baptist, but a disciple of him that came eating and drinking; social, cheerful, humorous, rejoicing in his companions and clubs. Not the least charming combination of his traits was the adhesiveness to others of so independent and fearless a mind. Like a child he clung for their sympathy, like a champion for their defence. It distressed him to differ; but he paid the price whenever principle was involved. He did not know how to tell a lie. He could not appear for untruth. Of Mr. Webster, a man also naturally gravitating to the truth from which he sometimes tore himself

away, Mr. Loring said, "He could not argue a bad cause comparatively well." But Mr. Loring had no wish or relish to argue a bad cause at all. When Dr. Arnold said he was not sure of a boy for loving good unless he hated evil, perhaps he had not certified the love of good from which, in Mr. Loring, abhorrence of evil came.

Because of the lofty standard his successes were got by at the bar, no special pleading ever contracted his mind, which, in the country's danger, comprehended the ailment and the cure. Unsurpassably earnest, but never in extremes; not casting out precedents in his policy, conservative in his tastes, he was not one of those early Abolitionists the prophetic scream of whose Cassandra reform was as needful for our deliverance as Peter the Hermit's voice for the Christian crusades. He would put things forward and keep them safe. Any split in politics or religion he shunned. But, at Secession and threatened revolution, the new volcano opening on our soil, none more ready for measures extra constitutional, to send troops and proclaim emancipation, if only so the nation, for which the Constitution existed, could survive, — as many years before he, as chief and senior advocate, had poured out his legal learning for the slave Sims. He hated and could never have executed the Fugitive Slave Bill. Over the fulcrum of his social position pried the lever of his conscience with incalculable force. Dr. Beecher, an early practitioner of muscular Christianity, being told a certain sort of out-of-door sport and exercise he was addicted to was not fashionable for the clerical cloth, "I will make it fashionable," he replied.

Mr. Loring did as much as any man to make Anti-slavery fashionable. By his conversation in all companies, by his rebuke on the bloody bludgeon substituted for the tongue, by his candor as cool as his loyalty was warm, by his fervor to form the Union Club, over which he has presided since Mr. Everett's demise, by his stirring call for soldiers after the Peninsular defeat, by giving to the strife the blood from his own veins, dearer to him than what still flowed in his circulations, he drew mighty drafts, amply honored, on the bank of New England society, opinion, intelligence, and wealth; nor can we estimate the immense bearing of his posture on the common salvation. The logic, too, of international relations and national reconstruction, by correspondence, articles, and voice, none wielded with more effect. Proverbially, the style is the man; and the consequence of his exertion was the greater, because the swollen and stilted manner our philanthropy and politics, even in eminent persons, have too much used, never deformed his periods, which rolled with a simplicity lucid and severe, on the model less of the Roman orators than of the Greek. So strictly did he construct his sentences, revising or rewriting not for brilliancy, but for accuracy and truth, some have thought he lacked imagination; but the speech he made last spring in this church, in which his measure had the Scripture running over to all, concerning your relation and mine, glowed into a pictorial form, very few persons, even of the literary guild and in the flowering season of youth, could have matched. He would not let me print, as it was uttered, my perhaps over-jealous declaration of freedom; but

made me soften the terms without changing the sense, saying I must no more leave my society than a husband his wife.

Long before the great civil events, in which he showed his hand and played with such explicit force his part, the triumphs of the unsurpassed lawyer had suggested his name for public office, and he was urged to be a candidate for the Senate of the United States, but did not consent; only once as a patriotic sacrifice entering that of his own native Commonwealth. He was averse to publicity, and affirmed his own incompetency for higher posts. "Here is a man trying to convince me I have influence," he laughingly said to me one day. Yet, but for accepting his course as providentially decreed, I should regret that he did not carry his singular dignity, irreproachable character, pure habit and spotless name, as well as broad statesmanship, for the diplomacy of honesty, into an arena, it is none too common in, where none would have trod with more courtesy and struck blows stronger for the right or keener to pierce all the wards of wrong. But, putting him one way or another into the scales could not affect his weight. A saint wherever he went, a priest wedding ideas to facts, a knight to protect the oppressed, the dreams of nobility the child must have had in his cradle turning to arms in the conflicts of manhood's career, with a certain heat and sparkle in his enterprise like that of those who once tilted in meaner tournaments, with all the great virtues for his weapons and no drawback of any lesser vice, he takes a place in our time too important to be passed over by whosoever shall truly tell the tale.

One of the terrible toilers, too, he could write or speak many hours in succession day after day; and the long holding out, under such custom of consuming work, of a frail organization shows that hard labor, if there be no bad habit, is not necessarily fatal to health; or that an active brain, spite of ensuing infirmity, is one condition of longevity. Having something to live for prolongs life; and what lofty objects he had! — not waiting for applications, which with overflowing charity he met, but, unwearied with perpetual calls, in his benignant activity searching round for new spheres. In the latter portion of his life he was greatly interested in an Aid Society for unfortunate children, of which he was President. Happiness, too, adds to one's days; and, though he said he would not live his life over again, "he had suffered so much," few drank so deep a cup of joy. Dr. Channing begged to be excused from perusing the details of human cruelty in the system of bondage; and Mr. Loring's acute sensibility shrank from reading novels or attending on mourning occasions, which to some have, like tragedies, a positive attraction and charm.

Never was a truer lover of Nature; — not of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that to see one green field was to see all; — and Nature, as grateful for his regard, took his tender, easily-wounded spirit; and, as his physician and nurse, especially in his usual sea-side abode for the last twenty years, at the turning point kept the vital spark astir.

Every curve of the line of beauty he knew. In a fine precinct a poetic visitor sees at a glance what the owner through all his residence may miss. But Mr. Loring

had an eye for the scenery, which, with his greater pleasure in his kind, he exulted to show. As a glass in an Observatory extends the vision, he handled the secret lenses, no feature of the landscape could hide from. He taught in his children the same taste. In his carriage, on horseback as much at ease as in a rocking-chair, he seized and pointed out whatever spell of glory was on the earth or in the air. He almost saw, he once hinted to me, the forms of departed friends in the chariot of the clouds; and remarked how the eye is drawn to those rents in their folds which seem openings to heaven. The indefinable meeting of the great circles of the globe and sea and sky, a material image of immortality, drew his gaze till, in his own figure, the club, with which he had a relationship so fraternal, "was the brightest of the rays of the setting sun already touching the horizon," — as indeed how soon it went down! He was so finely strung, that, while the gentle dash of the waves soothed him, by their *tearing* sound, as he called it, under the rougher south winds, to others a lullaby, he was disturbed. His lessons to the young, on a feather, a seed, a blossom or the rain, no one could have given with more zest; — and the thorough preparation that marked all his performances, though on an emergency or quick reply to an attack in court his pathos or efficiency was unmatched, presented him as an expert in whatever science he touched. The beautiful in art, as his house and patronage showed, had for him a like magnetism. Of books, Bacon, Shakspeare, Jeremy Taylor, were favorites.

Could I fitly speak of his home, you would see him

to have been, if possible, more there than to all the outside world; and, if home be an institution on whose love and purity all political prosperity depends, there was no more cordial contributor to the public welfare than he when thinking only of fidelity to the closest ties. Nor do I know how to express what he was under *this* roof, on the spot where, more than seventy years ago, he was baptized, and whence he was buried, as he desired. At the age of sixty he took a large Bible-class. How utter from the tongue a tribute to the ear that so charitably hearkened, however poor it fared, and never went elsewhere to listen, but, by its constancy, morning and afternoon, paralleled in so few beside, inspired whatever was worthy to hear! He ceased not to walk, till he was borne dead, into the sanctuary, while imparting holy honor, made more sacred by the relics which, as much as the coffins of deceased pastor or sacrificed soldier, hallowed the shrine. It was said of Mr. Loring that, among the good feelings toward him, love bore the palm. That I loved him I need not say. Speak of him, shall I? With what poverty of lips! My words die away and are forgotten in the air. But of him, my commendation of whom no man envies, and whose advancement no man ever grudged, — how everything here speaks! The square in front of this church, which nobody did so much to secure, shall never be greener than his memory; its fountain is not more overflowing than his heart; nor should the hymn-book, he helped prepare, furnish songs to outlast for him our thanks.

Shall not his portrait hang in the vestry of the

Sunday-school he served, and where he hung those of our martyrs? "He is *a true Christian*," said to me, one of his ablest associates and professional opponents. He did not say, one creed is as good as another, or there are as good people in one church as another: he thought truth good. "Though Charles G. Loring be a Unitarian, he is a Christian," with sturdy inconsistency his old Litchfield friend, Dr. Beecher, declared. He regarded Sunday, and would ride nowhere, by the beach, through the woods, for pleasure on that day. How he loved and well expounded this loftier Statute-Book, in which he was such a canonical believer he thought no religious service complete in which it was not read, and was dissatisfied if by any chance the chapter was omitted! He was conventional so far: would have things done decently and in order, and thought the wide and ancient use of the holy volume was one of its titles to respect, though it was not the letter but the spirit that gave him rest. Yet dogmatism and bigotry he despised; and to formality he was so opposed that, in the outbreak among us of a new ritualism some years ago, he told me that any introduction of it in our service would compel him, with whatever sorrow, to take his leave. His report requesting legislative compensation for the burnt Ursuline Convent demonstrates him of no sect. The doctrines of the Trinity, eternal punishment and vicarious atonement he discarded. Not fond of theological novelties, he would yet not rob criticism of its rights; but said the radical tendency ran a little too fast for an old man like him to keep up, though he added, "I may not differ from you so much as you think." As I decline

to seek shelter in his name for my speculations or any heresy, if differ he did, all the more credit for the liberty he defended, while he did not follow every one of its directions or like all its fruit, which, I confess, to me also is sometimes sour. But so was he emancipated, that, when one spoke to him of Christ as bearing all the sins and woes of the world, he answered it was his privilege to believe Christ the happiest person that ever lived. In the fulness of his energies he has gone. He exacted a promise from one of his family to tell him if his faculties failed. But

"No pale gradations quenched his ray."

His best days and stoutest doings were his last. He often said the idea of becoming aged and outliving his usefulness made him unhappy, — as if *he* ever could, — to be with whom was to become better. God heard his prayer for translation in his prime.

Amid the changing and falling leaves he changed and fell, like them to rise again. It was not a gloomy funeral, irreparable as was the loss. Nothing is wholly sad that we can sing over; and we sang his favorite hymn, to his favorite tune, over his bier. Nothing is quite dark which with white bloom we can adorn; and so we decked his hearse. We forgot he was dead; we wondered when he would come in! We could not imagine his decease; and, though he be in heaven now, is he quite departed and transferred from earthly scenes? The English statesman, Disraeli, said in Parliament, of the lamented Cobden, that he had not ceased to be a member of that House. Mr. Loring has not

ceased to be a member of this church, in whose congregation for worship, at whose table of communion, he sat. As I went in the cars over that Eastern road he so often travelled, I asked, Has he stopped? No; toward sunrise he journeys still! The last thing that drew a smile to his pain-worn mouth was a little sketch of a horse on paper sent to him by one of his grandchildren. Is he not where their angels continually behold the face of the Father? Yet some cherishing and charge he has of us. Boston shall miss him, and have a shadow in her streets; alas! not cast by his body. The morning shall no more dawn to wake him before breakfast for his task. His tending hand that garden shall no more feel which was for recreation his chosen spot. The long Atlantic surge, mixed with the ripples of the Beverly Bay, shall no more roll softened to his feet. The office shall no more be guided by his patient pen; no audience here below hang further on his lips; no gathering company, in the parlor or by the hearth, depend on his presence for its cheer. But, in the air of his home, general society, all American and English internationality, he shall be felt; and by the God that gave him, and to whom for his worth the more willingly we give him back, for us he shall be kept. How mourn him, but by emulating his faith and courage and diligence and unselfish zeal in every word and deed of truth, goodness, piety, and love? The nurse, commended for her faithfulness, sobbed out that no one could do half enough for him. The neighbors, farmers, came to look at the face in death of their friend. Asked to sit for his likeness once, he said he wished it

to go no further than his own shoulders had to carry it. But from us it can never fade till heavenly vision come for earthly sight. "*I will see you again*," said Jesus in his farewell. Of whom, dear to us, is it not true?

That it must indeed hold of him, he is unconscious witness of himself. How little he thought of this interpretation of the "preferences" he expressed in words running over from the brim of his familiar talk! So filled and intense with duty was his daily life, that his favorite time for the "calls," with which most persons amuse their leisure, and for which he was disinclined to leave his own house, was "in his dreams." He moved his friends to shouts of laughter by gravely saying one day, that his extravagance was "to give money to those who did not deserve it";—for the unworthy as well as the worthy were included in his care. It was his business to prosecute suits; but his satisfaction, to compose more quarrels in his office than he carried into court. Something so princely there was in all his deportment, that everybody instinctively felt his magnanimity. An old beggar-woman, once stopping to let his carriage pass, he reined up his horse till she had walked safe across the street. He would not discourage ambition as a bad motive, but extolled "a noble ambition to be a good lawyer;" and a little child, who listened, testified that "he looked noble as he said it." As in all things, so in books, he had decisive choice,—no light themes he took even for recreation, but philosophy, poetry, social progress and civilization. Flowers, which to Dr. Channing foretold a better state of society, led his thoughts to the region where they do not wither. His friendship

for man was nicely differenced from his affection for woman, hinting a permanent distinction, though heavenly harmony, of angels of wisdom and angels of love. His fondness for sweet sounds, — woman's throat being his chosen instrument,—was a presentiment of the harps he must have one of, and the responsive voices he hears. His organization was so delicate, his occupation so constant, or his method so complete, that he disliked unexpected visits and suddenness of any sort. But death was no surprise to him; and so his felicity must exceed his own anticipations. Many will praise him; there is no need to preach of that which speaks for itself. But one, whom he would have sent to Europe for health, is glad not to have gone, but to be at home now, to lay this offering on his tomb, — because of his love being more happy, because of his life believing more firmly in the life to come.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEST BOSTON SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, October 9th, the Hon. Charles G. Loring died at his residence in Beverly, after an illness of several months, at the age of seventy-three years.

Mr. Loring was one of the oldest and most valued and honored members of the West Church, and it was in accordance with the request of the Standing Committee, and the desire of the many who knew and loved him, that, after the delivery of the preceding discourse, the congregation was organized by the choice of Deacon Alexander Wadsworth as Chairman, who announced the object of the meeting as follows:

"I will state the object of this meeting in few words.

The congregation have been requested to remain a few minutes longer, in order to express and place on record some slight memorial of their respect, veneration, and love for the memory and character of our recently departed friend and fellow-worshipper, Mr. Loring.

We have all, I am sure, listened this morning with the greatest pleasure to the very beautiful, just and truthful portraiture of his pure life and character by our beloved pastor; and I am equally sure we have all felt a desire to imitate the example of that good man, one of the noblest works of God, in the daily beauty of his life, to which we for so many years have been constant witnesses.

There remains only for me to say, that the Standing Committee have requested one of their number, who has been long and familiarly acquainted with our departed friend, to prepare some resolutions, which will now be submitted for your consideration."

Mr. Frederic U. Tracy then offered a series of resolutions, prefaced by the following remarks:

"Mr. Chairman,—If I should follow the dictates of my own feelings on this sad occasion, I should quietly remain in my seat, listening to what others might have to say, but the Standing Committee of the Society have imposed upon me a duty which I do not feel authorized to neglect; it is to offer for consideration a series of resolutions in memoriam of our departed friend.

And whilst his professional brethren, his associates in philanthropic and benevolent enterprises, and companions in social life are placing upon record their testimony of respect and veneration, it would seem that we, for whom he has done so much, should express our feelings of love and sense of obligation.

When I look around this congregation, I see very few who can look back with me, and people the seats we now occupy with those who worshipped at this altar, when our friend was in the prime of his young manhood, exhibiting even then all those qualities of mind and soul which, in the full growth and development of later years, have endeared him to us all.

More than forty years have passed since I met, with others of about my own age, with several gentlemen in the west gallery of this church, and formed the first Sunday School for boys of this Society. It was my privilege to be placed under the tuition of our departed friend; fully occupied as he was even then by the duties of his profession, he devoted a portion of the day of rest to these duties with the same earnestness which characterized him in all his pursuits. It seemed to be an enjoyment and relaxation which refreshed and strengthened him for his daily duties. You, who enjoyed in later years the fruits of his riper experience and acquirements, can bear witness with me to the great pleasure it was to him to impart of his knowledge, and the faithfulness with which he performed these self-imposed duties.

It was my privilege to be brought into closer connection with

him. With one other of his Sunday School class, I passed one hour every Saturday evening with him, at his house, in reading the Bible, and receiving its interpretation from the rich store of his knowledge. And this continued through two seasons, unless absence from the city on professional duties prevented. And if my feet have ever been kept from stumbling, if there is any good in me, I feel that I am greatly indebted to the influence of his teachings and the example of his life at that time. And the feeling of love and reverence then generated in my heart still continues, strengthened and fostered by constant acts of friendship during his whole life. With these personal feelings, could I possibly decline the request of the Standing Committee to present these resolutions?

But how can we express the obligations of this Society to him? Who shall tell the story of services rendered for nearly half a century? His legal advice has been sought and freely given upon every question submitted to him. What philanthropic object has ever been started which he was not foremost in promoting? What benevolent object to which he did not give freely of time and money? What object to promote the welfare of this Society that he was not active in forwarding? You, who listened to him as he stood at that altar scarce seven months since, and spoke to us words of wisdom and counsel, of love and hope, of calm, sweet peace, bear witness to the truth of what I say. How feeble are words; how inadequate anything that we can say or do to express our estimate of his services!

And when I look around, I ask myself upon whose shoulders shall the mantle of our Elijah fall. I know not; but this I do know, that the same Infinite Power and Goodness which gave and preserved him to us, and has now translated him, shall yet raise up to us an Elisha, who shall lead us in the footsteps of the Master he followed, and keep us in the same bond of union and brotherhood we have heretofore enjoyed."

WHEREAS It has pleased our Heavenly Father to gather to himself "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," our beloved friend and counsellor, Charles G. Loring, who has been identified with our interests for a period covering almost the allotted life of man, and whose visible presence has been a joy and gladness in our midst:

Resolved, That it becomes us, as a Church and religious Society, to humbly acknowledge the hand of our Heavenly Father in his severe dispensation, and gratefully express our thanks for permitting our friend to remain so long with us, guiding and blessing us by words of counsel and wisdom, cheering us by acts of love and benevolence, and thus securing to us that peace and harmony which has always blessed this religious Society.

That while we mourn the irreparable loss which this Church and religious Society have sustained in the decease of our well-beloved friend, we will so cherish his memory, that the spirit of charity and peace which imbued his life while he was with us, shall still live in our hearts, thereby aiding us to continue and preserve that bond of charity and Christian brotherhood which it was his life-long endeavor to promote.

That, in offering our deep sympathy to his bereaved and afflicted family, we would rejoice with them in the priceless legacy which he has left, — in the spotless purity, the strict, unswerving integrity, the beautiful humility, — so remarkable in one possessing his great powers and attainments, and yet so truly characteristic of a great and good man, — the faithful performance of duty, and in the earnest, devoted Christian life, — the promises of a blameless youth, ripened into a perfect manhood; and, so rejoicing, we would claim our right to mingle our tears with theirs in the loss of a friend and benefactor.

Mr. E. P. Whipple seconded the resolutions in the following remarks:

"MR. CHAIRMAN, — In rising to second the Resolutions of the Standing Committee, so full of that affectionate and admiring respect for the memory of Mr. Loring, which everybody here feels, I experience the difficulty of saying anything respecting him, which has not been better said in the resolutions themselves, and in the earnest, eloquent, and discriminating discourse to which we have had the privilege to listen this morning. Indeed, it was not the least of Mr. Loring's claims to public respect and honor, that, such was the simplicity and sincerity, as well as the strength and elevation of his nature, he seemed to strike all minds with one and the same impression. The vigor

of his character was as marked as its integrity, and throwing into his slightest utterance the forces of his manhood, he always appeared to communicate himself in communicating his opinions. The man was always behind and within his words; the unwearied fire at the heart of his being warmed and vitalized his speech; and whether addressing, in momentous public exigencies, great assemblies of citizens, anxious to catch from his lips the duty of the hour, or rising in this church to discuss some point connected with its affairs, no listener, in either case, could fail to feel the strong grasp of his individuality as well as the cogent persuasiveness of his arguments. He not only had moral fervor, but moral sagacity,—the light as well as the heat of conscientious conviction; and his very impulses appeared to be but a propelling force to his sound judgment. His nature gravitated towards what was noble, true, and just, and though benevolent even to benignity, cordial, genial, generous, placable, gracious and humane, no man was more capable on fit occasions of righteous indignation, or more generally stamped the impression of manly, resolute, and, if it need be, aggressive integrity. As lawyer, citizen, patriot, Christian, the attitude of his soul towards baseness, falsehood, inhumanity, iniquity, was instinctively antagonistic, and all base, false, inhuman, and iniquitous persons were made to know it. All honest men mourned his departure as the withdrawal, from the world of affairs, of a great *power* of honesty. He stood in the community like a tower of rectitude, with, "thou shalt not lie," and "thou shalt not steal," graven on it in letters which none could overlook or misunderstand. It is natural that to all of us it should be a source of just congratulation and pride, that a man so enlightened and so intrepid, endowed with such large discourse of reason and such intense vitality of conscience, the friend of every good cause and the champion of every wise measure, should have been connected with this religious society,—should have drawn from its religious services so much of the nutriment which built up his own religious

character,—and should have been through so many years the efficient promoter of its spiritual interests and welfare; and there certainly never can come a period in its history when his beneficent influence shall cease to be felt, and his inspiring memory fail to be honored."

The Resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and it was voted that the Secretary place them upon the Records of the Society.

Rev. Dr. Bartol then pronounced the benediction, and the meeting was dissolved.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee, held immediately after, it was voted unanimously, that the Secretary be requested to transmit to the family of Mr. Loring a copy of the resolutions passed at the meeting of the West Boston Society.

It was also unanimously voted, that Rev. Dr. Bartol be invited to furnish for publication a copy of his just and beautiful tribute to the life and character of Mr. Loring, and that it be published in connection with the proceedings of the Society.

APPENDIX.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES G. LORING.

The funeral of the late Hon. Charles G. Loring took place on Friday, Oct. 11, in the West Church, Cambridge Street, and was conducted by the pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Bartol. The assembly present was quite large, and embraced many representatives of the bench and bar, and leading merchants. Around the coffin and upon the pulpit was arranged a profusion of flowers and evergreens.

A dirge was performed upon the organ while the casket containing the body was borne into the church, accompanied by the two sons and two sons-in-law of the deceased, acting as pall-bearers, the audience rising and remaining standing until the casket was deposited in front of the pulpit. The services began by the singing of a chant, followed by prayer and the reading of appropriate passages from the Scriptures by Rev. Mr. Kimball of Beverly. The choir then sung the hymn beginning "There is a land of pure delight," — a favorite one with the deceased. After the singing, Dr. Bartol addressed the audience in language of eulogy and consolation.

REMARKS OF REV. DR. BARTOL.

My friends of this great company, who have come here, who have been, I doubt not, drawn, every one of you, in the same mind of love and honor to him whom we have known, but shall sensibly know on earth no more; — as I sat, while you were so quietly gathering in the assembly, and my eye wandered over the meeting and went to the doors of this church, I once and again caught my mind wondering when he too should come in, and take silently and reverently his accustomed place.

On what occasion before, that touched this church, in its own worship or in reference to the great civil and religious concerns of the community, has he been absent? At what other time has he not punctually entered, and we not seen his face, and affectionately marked his steps, and listened to his voice, as though he too were a priest and ordained minister of spiritual things, as indeed he was at the altar? Nothing here but speaks of him. I cannot open the hymn book without remembering that he too was associated with me, and one other brother gone before him, in compiling this holy collection, out of which we have sung to-day. And as the strains of that sweet, hopeful hymn and tune of old days, in early years and throughout his life a favorite with him —

"There is a land of pure delight" —

as that hymn, and the tune of that "Jordan" mentioned in its closing lines, vibrated in musical accents through the air, and died away on our ears, did they not suggest to us that this, though a funeral, is not wholly a melancholy occasion? Did you ever think, my friends, — that cannot be utterly sad which we can sing over; which the strains of sacred melody can celebrate and salute? That is not a gloomy thing to look at, which we can adorn with the beautiful and sweet flowers of the garden, in the midst of which to-day a fairer flower than ever grew in Eden, withers away. Therefore, though tears I know copiously must flow, and are even now flowing from all our eyes, as the sky itself to-day weeps with us, there is no drop of bitterness in these tears. This is not an occasion of sadness so much as gladness. I at least, for one, look with satisfaction at the sleeping form in this coffin. I, for one, bless God for sending the angel of death to relieve my friend from the uneasiness and distress which is the only impenetrable mystery in the mortal condition of such as he, as I doubt not his first thanksgiving to God was for the release of his own spirit from the clay which had become a burden and a pain.

You, his sons, have borne him in filial honor to this place. I thought, as you brought the precious burden, that he had laid his burden down. Domestic delicacy shrank in its grief from public notice, — and, joined, at least in one member of this family,

with personal infirmity, chose for the last respects that house of his own, at whose door no one stood, by whose door no one passed without a silent benediction on the good man. But the more earnest wishes of other friends that these services should be performed in this place prevailed; and, in this church, these kindred companions and friends will permit us to say that we all, the members of this church, feel that this is a domestic service, with all the feelings of tenderness and love that can ever become it. I feel, too, that the spot is appropriate where he has worshipped ever since these walls were reared, ay, and in the building that preceded this ancient structure more than threescore years ago, where at the altar he was baptized. No great event concerning him after his birth but associated him with this spot. Even where I stand, and rose up with you, as you all fitly rose in reverence as this bier was brought in, only last spring he himself stood and spoke, and expressed the hope which this hour is fulfilling, to be "buried from among you." Coffins against which many hearts invisibly leaned, over which many tears flowed, — of the revered pastor he so much honored, of the soldier dead for the salvation of the land, — have reclined here. But, holy as the bier once and again has been, never one more hallowed than that upon which our eyes rest.

But the freshness of this grief, the appropriate brevity of this occasion, my own incapacity for composure and preparation to speak, however ready you all would be to hear words of respect concerning him, remind me that I must not proceed further in this service than to recognize the great and solemn event which has happened to our brother, and those deep, human emotions which that event, in any rightly ordered mind, cannot fail to excite. I hope for other opportunity, in the Sunday School which he loved, and, almost beyond our power to estimate, served, which in the midst of the crowd and pressure of almost unparalleled cares and labors he came constantly every Sunday morning for many years to instruct, — and also here in the Church to speak of him. It is better to be silent now, and feel and find out, as you his dearest beloved and all of us shall feel and find out, so far as we may, the whole measure of the meaning of this dispensation which has met

this Church, and this city of Boston, and this Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and these United States, whose international relations no one better comprehended and expounded than he did. Some change will be felt, some shadow fill our streets through which he walked, now he is dead. Dead? I cannot make him so! I cannot think him so. God has so fashioned my heart, that I cannot conceive of such as he as otherwise than living, going on, unfolding the well-used and faithfully-exercised powers even forever; renewing, while he parts for a moment with you, relations of affection which were closer and dearer never to a human heart that has beat on earth in a human bosom, than to him, the affectionate man and brother.

Let me then simply say to brethren and sisters, to all of you, to those of you who sit near the coffin, that I share your love and grief. Please let me be to-day one of his sons; a younger brother let me be, as well as minister and friend. Moreover, let me say,— if I may venture to interpret so far the feelings of others, — that, while I recognize that bereavement in which the tie of nearest companionship human beings can know is sundered, this West Church, to whom no man has ever been more important, is bereaved and widowed too.

At the close of these remarks, which were listened to with deep interest by the audience, who seemed pervaded with heartfelt sorrow, Dr. Bartol offered a prayer, and the choir sung the chant "Thy will be done."

An opportunity was given to view the features of the deceased, before the removal of the body to the family tomb, in the Central burial ground on the Common.

SINCERITY:

AN

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

ESSEX CONFERENCE,

FEB. 28, 1872.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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The Gift of
JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

SINCERITY.

HAVING been long out of ecclesiastical invitations, on expressing at this one to a Boston minister my surprise, he said, "Oh, the Essex is a heretical conference!" I told him I would give you his explanation of your favor to a heretic, so pronounced that a lady in the highest circle of fashion inquired *if I were an atheist.* But heresy is no novelty. It is, at least, as old and honorable as Paul; and those charged with it may reflect that it is also apt to go with honesty. Let this thought furnish my theme.

There is a moral in the changing notion of the devil in different ages and lands. He is a serpent creeping on his belly, a figure of sensuality; a roaring lion, type of cruelty; a fallen son of God roaming the earth for mischief, and permitted to suborn fire and sword against Job; a rebel captain, in Milton's poem, waging open war against heaven; a tempter, accuser, liar in the New Testament; a polished gentleman in Goethe's "Faust," no longer—

"Swindging the scaly honor of his folded tail,"

and showing no token of former violence save the relic of a higher sort of beast in the concealed cloven hoof; not a wolf in sheep's clothing, not an angel of light, no blustering landowner, unfolding, as to Jesus, his panorama of kingdoms, but a human sharper and cheat. Dropping the metaphor of his now disavowed and discredited majesty, he is simply insincerity. If we personify him again, he is a lawyer making the worse appear the better reason, a swindler in trade, quack doctor, a minister, saying one thing in his study and another in his desk. "Do you believe the Bible inspired?" such a one was asked. "As an Episcopal clergyman, yes! But as a man I think Solomon's Song an indecent composition." The reason for this altered view of Satan is the shifting motion of sin. Wickedness

becomes wily. It effects its ends less by assault and battery, mob and riot, rending or threat; more by circumventing and undermining. It is not an army, but a *ring*, — a railway management, a city government, a sect or party succeeding by fraud and trick, — and

"Whence and what art thou, execrable *shape?*"

is a line no longer fit to the evil essence that comes in such various disguise.

The snare is that insincerity in religion is often not conscious malignity, but desire to suit truth to the hearer's capacity. It quotes Christ's example of withholding what his disciples could not bear, and forgets our difference from those rude publicans and fishermen. People can bear anything now. The air is so full of ideas they only pretend to be shocked when their interest or prejudice is shook. The Jesuit is no follower of Jesus. The Lord's pity does not excuse our treachery; and when a man says he has thoughts it were premature to publish, he is unjust to the intelligence of the times. The photograph plate is prepared for his impressions — the train waits for the locomotive. We stop without inspiration. We would die for the truth, but shall die a worse way the second death for want of it.

But what constitutes or generates insincerity? Regarding truth as external to the mind, a conventionality or papal infallibility, portable in propositions and forms; like history, in Napoleon's definition, a fable agreed upon. Hence summaries and circulars of doctrine passed by a majority-vote. But conceited opinion is not truth, which words can only hint, and never express. If it be vision of God, in no Bible can it be writ, in no individual incarnate, in no church absolute, in no ritual expressed, with no earthly finality put in pound, but sings and flies to be adored. Decant the sea; make with force-pump an exhausted receiver of the sky; get the range, like a bullet, of a ray of light, how far Sirius or the sun can shoot; you have not compassed *its* lines. Faith is the centre of gravity falling within. It is the poise which is peace. When it falls without, it is unbalance of vain ambition, and greed to be heard.

So more than good nature goes into sincerity. It is mental as well as moral; conscience in the intellect as well as the heart. As every faculty has its own memory, and every lobe of the brain is a memorandum-book, so each power has that sense of right or wrong action which is its own conscience, — as the stomach with its delicate hints is said to be the conscience of the body. So, many men, who could never commit theft or adultery, have unconscientious minds. Ephraim Peabody said of Lyman Beecher, "He has good aims and feelings, but his intellect is totally depraved." From the muddle of amiability to all opinions called liberality, with its monstrous cant, *no matter what a man thinks if he lives right*, will never come the sincerity like honey squeezed from the comb, with no atom of wax to mar the sweetness or stain the hue.

So it is hard to be sincere. "Sincere milk of the word," says Peter, as though we could suck it like a babe. Says a young girl of her companions, "They might at least be sincere;" as though it were an easy attainment! I wonder at folks presuming to say they are sincere. I query sometimes if the tongue be a thing made to tell the truth with; or if David were not right that nobody tells it. "Easy as lying;" but into the article of sincerity goes infinite study, beside the impulse of the hour. Plenty of the kind-hearted; where shall the candid be found?

No bounty is put on this excellence, lest so it be spoiled. What a scarce visitor, and unwelcome stranger! In Miss Edgeworth's novel called "Helen," one says, "I speak the truth bluntly." *But remember*, she is told, *whoever makes the truth unpleasant, commits high treason against virtue.* But who can make the truth pleasant to a knave? Certain substances, soft as oil to the sound skin, cauterize disease. Truth is a flame that burns the proud flesh. For all the finest work in the crucible or at the forge must be heat. How can a reformer be other than hot to an oppressor, rum-seller, woman wronger, man that steals a railroad, or that wants to steal a church? Christ's predicted baptism was *fire* as well as *air*. Characterize a trickster, qualify a plotter, give any bold sinner the investiture of speech he deserves; then look out for the brand on yourself as a vio-

lator of charity, hard on a fellow-creature, pursuing a deserter of what he had sworn to maintain in the ranks of religion or the state with a "storm of invective," when with the sorrow of a merciful surgeon you have been treating a tumor or a wound, or putting a plague-patient in quarantine. Every upright traveler comes to a cross. It is not made of wood. Were such an one so hard to hang on a little while? Think you Christ's was of hewn timber? Is the true cross cut of silver or diamond, gilt on the cathedral spire? Is it any one of those the bloody tree itself is supposed to have been shaped into, and all of which a seventy-four gun-ship would not afford material for? No: into the fashion of it goes no hammer or saw, chisel or nail. Love is the upright beam and truth the transverse!

If sincerity be centrality, the mind's not losing its footing, according to Theodore Parker's seal-motto *being moved neither by the billow nor the blast*, never had any article so many counterfeits. Blurting out the spite, which is disturbance within and around, some piece of male or female humanity may *call* being sincere. The general jail-delivery of every crude notion of a foul imagination, like "Vulcan's stithy," is not sincerity more than some people's atmosphere is odor of sanctity. Stout assertion of a borrowed opinion is not sincerity more than paste is gem, or imitation the real bronze, or the Bank of England notes in the great Napoleon's counterfeit were sterling. We have in Boston a class of persons over-cultivated with excess of book, conversation and society, pouring out affected convictions with loquacity as loud as the run from puncheons of adulterated wines. Their minds are palimpsests where one writing obscures another, or like the canvas of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "There are seventeen pictures underneath this, some better and some worse." Rhetorical philanthropists are not sincere who have taught their tongues to wag at the bidding of any hasty conception, uncharitable suspicion, or ill-assumed cause, like bravos that let their daggers. If you are at the mercy of every strong mind that you meet, if you take as a mechanical color the view of the last treatise you peruse, you are not sincere. A temperance man is not sincere if, actuated by whatever motive of humanity, he affirm alcohol always poison

before science certifies the fact. The clergyman is not sincere who holds forth authority he does not feel. One says all his instincts revolt from everlasting punishment, but Christ taught it and he must. I say to him, "You do not believe and cannot honestly teach what your inmost sense recoils from. What is faith but interior persuasion and assent?" The same person takes for granted the truth of every miraculous New Testament record. I say, "You cannot credit what you cannot *think* and rationally represent in some form of intellectual harmony to yourself. You can only grasp it as a tenet, bind it on your superficial understanding, and preach it from no deeper than your throat with your will." To oppose one's public to his private character and course is insincere. A religious editor consigns Unitarian and Universalist heretics to hell fire, and treats views of God and man his line cannot fathom with vile epithets and unmeasured volubility of scorn. When he meets the victims of his pen in the office or street, or in some benevolent association, he hails them with laugh and jest as his companions and peers. He does not believe they are going to hell more than he is! He only *makes* believe. He is a diplomat, an operator in ecclesiastical stocks, as airy as Fisk on Wall Street, a writer for some ecclesiastical Buncombe with his vulgarity letting down the constituency he ought to lift, not a sincere gentleman, though he pass for a good fellow or become a bishop. "The lie that sinks in," says Bacon, "hurts a man:" and this is inconsistency at the root. The worst deception is of candor wearing a mask. You have seen Herrmann, the prestidigitator. How frank he comes on, expands his breast, strips up his sleeves, asks you to feel in his pockets for any concealments, and then proceeds with his trick! Jugglers enough cost us dear without admission fee!

But the theologian excuses his secretion of wisdom with the plea of good will: "Cast not your pearls before swine." He sets the exoteric clock different from the esoteric, like the time pieces at the railway stations to expedite the traveler with benevolent deceit! I answer, "Offer not up sincerity to love. No love is genuine whose altar asks the sacrifice. The good nature you yield plain dealing to is hindrance, not furtherance: no road,

but a swamp. Make your tongue hard as a turnpike or iron rail rather than, in Solomon's phrase, 'a deep ditch'!"

This is unacceptable in house or shop; makes senates howl and tabernacles rage; fetches insult from governments, as Russia is stung with a Catacazy dismissal and England resents an Alabama demand for which she had thought an apology a legal tender: and it comes to a poor market in church. The priest is popular who, with mutual good or bad understanding, covers up questions and faults, in the record or ritual, brought home to his conscience by any intelligence that qualifies him for his task. If duty prick him to veracity, what remonstrance from those who, like the family under the White-Mountain slide, feel safe asleep! Touch not the foundations though they be sand, quicksand, volcano-crust, or rubble-stone as in the Pemberton Mills! All may seem well in this policy, but it ripens to a catastrophe. A crash is coming in something more important than Erie or the New York municipality. *Equal inspiration* in scores of books, of many lands and ages, bound into one, the Christian's being about half the floating literature of the first two centuries; the whole volume containing, with infinite truth and beauty, many errors of fact, as shown by Colenso, low ideas of God, unworthy sentiments, not a few fables, much irrelevant matter, and not a little false logic or substitution of metaphor for truth, to pass muster under apostolic names? No: such things have not the pass-word. They cannot be franked through in the great mail of time!

The disturber of the pew is charged with harping on his theme. But how David harped on his! Have we any option; Euclid to choose his axioms, Colburn to make the multiplication-table and settle how much seven times nine shall make; Paul, Isaiah, Jesus to decide on the topics which are Another's selection? The prophet's word is a message, burden, case in court, *necessity* which his delinquency makes a *woe!* His credentials and creed are worthless unless at first hand. The Divinity telegraphs to the obedient ear. What is ability but a trained spirited steed, a statue at the post, not pricking his ear or turning his eye at your irrelevant coming, till the owner mounts him, — then on his errand with lightning pace.

But we must not be harsh! "He never spoke ill of any one," — that is the crown of praise. We must treat all alike? I answer, "Love is not such a fool! It distinguishes things and people. Yet is not equal regard for all Christ's *Collect* in his figure of the rising sun and falling rain? Yes: but what a discriminator is the sun; tropic to some, arctic to others, a resident at the equator and an absentee at the pole, scorching or temperate, shining or in a cloud; in Spanish phrase a fertile sun in Teneriffe, but not to the Esquimaux! So to God men are as far apart as the ecliptic belt from the freezing zone. One finds in the sun of righteousness a genial warmth, another a consuming fire! May not your atmosphere turn the benediction of the rain to sleet, or snow, or arrows sped by the east wind? Sincerity may be an undelightful thing! "They are fond of each other:" do they confide in each other? Note the roof-tree explosions like northward-traveling earthquakes or avalanches down the Jungfrau after a storm! Alas for the passing of affection into aversion, the tragedy of the world, husband and wife despising each other, mother and daughter at swords' points because sincerity reared no breakwater in season for beauty where ruin came! Of such disaster no need. We know when distrust begins. At the outset it can be cured. Why is no report of slander a surprise? Because our backbiter, dumb and on his guard, keeping his secret, to our keen eye lets out in every expression all he thinks! I want no one to tell me if he is my friend! "Sincerely yours" is needless, though it ends a letter well. Said a great financier, "I never in any investment made a mistake." Nor have I in such human stocks as I took shares in!

But people like not to be sincerely dealt with, as sick folk only in despair say, "tell me the worst." The Roman augurs smiled as they met, yet carried on the farce. In how much of our religion scientific assay shows a shallow entertainment of operatic music, flowery decoration and ministerial acting, a huge growth with little pith, like some big stems of dried-up sugar-cane! What but insincerity eats out the core of the commonwealth! Do senators charge corruption from pure regard for the honor of the land among the nations; or resist investigation from

their knowledge of official rectitude? Or do both parties have an eye to the chances of the presidential eminence; and would a political doctor err in prescribing a homœopathic dose of sincerity on either hand? Does not the press require the same? When I complained of an editor's exhibiting the belligerence he blamed, he said, "we expect better fashions of *Christians*." Is there a set of people *so-called*, with a monopoly of the virtues, a patent for patience, under bonds to be good, and a privilege of sweet temper; whom the reviewer, throwing his vitriol, may indict for violated vows? Must only ministers forbear, and nuns be pure? Then putting the names of God and Christ into the constitution will not mend matters! We have no right: it were false to put them there, as if they ruled. Keep them out for shame, if not for justice to atheist, infidel, Mormon, Chinese, and Jew. For universal equity let us go to the death, else we but utter "brave words," as says Fluellen in the play. According to Lord Bacon, men love some flattering fancy more than truth, as they do a colored stone — amethyst or ruby — better than a diamond. Roman emperors, with bread and circus, diverted their subjects' thoughts. The French have theatre and Louvre, building and boulevarde, wars for glory, and dancing in the Elysian fields! When my friend expected a compliment from the Japanese coming out of the play at San Francisco, they took down the American pride with saying, "We see the same passions prevail in all countries." What but hollow customs, put for truth, did Jesus hit when he cried, "Let the dead bury their dead;" for as, in the Bahama Islands, the coral reefs, sepulchres of insects, are dug into for the sepulchres of men, how we bury our words in lifeless ceremonies of a preceding age! A minister's changing the usual form of benediction at the close of the service was once, to an aged sister, a mortal offense.

Folk fear sincerity as destructive; but it tears only to build what cannot be blown up or down. Denying for the sake of denial is satanic, not sincere. Let your negative only define your affirmative! To unsay, and not say, is naught. I care not for your refutations as for your proofs. Explode the hoax, the sacred canard, though pulpit and priest's frock protect it; but give us true tidings, — your news from heaven! Go with

others, far as you can take their line of motion or point of view. I sang the triune doxology with trinitarian friends, but explained that it was the tune, not the verse I sang. The old United States bank owed a broker a large sum "in money or satisfactory securities." The president offered securities which the broker declined. The case was argued hotly and long. The broker held *satisfactory* to mean, not satisfactory in general, or to the president, or to signers and indorsers, or anybody in the wide world but himself, which interpretation the president's own lawyers sustained. The broker got his money: soon after, the bank and its securities exploded; and on the timely pay was reared an immense beneficent fortune, — the sincerity of an adjective the basis of all.

We speak of *sincere work.* It means that no poverty of material, or weak joint, is covered up with a fair outside. Mechanics are said to do better work by the day than by contract, in which they slur, and make haste. Forty years ago, a Bowdoin professor lost a screw from the fine theodolite he thought handsomer than any woman in the town of Brunswick. The missing little fastening was a great defect, much deplored; but an ingenious student undertook to supply it by making another screw out of brass, obtaining from sulphate of iron his own oxide to polish it. His success led him next to construct a perfect steam engine, on a small scale; and that education of the brain by the hand induced more mechanical and chemical study, on the strength of which, being a missionary in Constantinople during the Crimean war, he set up vast bakeries for the pressing need, turning out seven tons of bread a day, to save life and health for hundreds of thousands; specimens of which, filling the air with their perfume, from the decks of several vessels, led a Mr. Robert to inquire for the baker, an introduction to whom occasioned the founding, for a blessing to the whole East, of Robert College, sending rays of liberty and religion through the Oriental dark, — all from the good heart that was put into the turning of a screw! The sincere boy is now the sincere man, Cyrus Hamlin. Sincerity, by virtue of its quality, works like an element of nature. When the glass was far below the freezing point, I watched the sun shining on a honey-combed bank of

snow. Every few seconds it melted a particle so small I could see it only by its shadow like a ghost as it fell; but at last the heap would go. What other ice we can shine away!

Without sincerity, no virtue. We say of some pleasure-lover, he is frank, open-hearted, only his own enemy; but drunkard or profligate is hypocrite, will hide his fault. We speak of a sincere hater; but hate is an Indian, skulking behind a tree. In your foe's anonymous letter, you will read the old grudge! Offend a newspaper, you will find it has a good memory,—rather a *bad* one; and will hire some bravo of a critic to stab you in the dark. With the first swervings of regard into aversion, you are becoming a serpent, ready to join the great masquerade.

Sincerity is feared as destructive; but it binds more than it breaks. It communicates reality for the error it denies in "the sensual crew." It finds people resting in matter, not in thought. Popular religion fights positive science. It is a family-quarrel. They are blood-relations. Their grounds are the same outward assumptions. Positivists declare the senses and understanding to be the only sources of knowledge. But in what does Orthodox, or so-called Liberal religion repose but the letter, the sensible phenomenon, *ordinary or miraculous* does not signify; for it is the same outward foundation, and their reproaches remind us of creatures that growl or spit at each other because they are of the same species and in the same mood. Perhaps it is part mimicry, or contagion of ill-temper; as, when a certain Mussulman, in presence of a thousand Armenians, spat on the ground, all of them spat! But the sincere soul has not only understanding, but *upperstanding*. To it all the glories of nature are but stage-properties for the ideas represented in the universal play! To the pure physical scientist, material forms have no necessary existence. By the crumbling of the whole fabric, by the whirling back of the solar system into the sun whence it whirled out, he ought not to be amazed. But, though with the spiritualist, earth and sky are but toy and tinsel to the unseen glory, yet as symbols of reality they have title to endure. Above the ground-floor is a staging, sky-light, observatory, without which the many mansions in the

Father's house were hid, but from which your report is, beyond all veto of falsehood, affirmation of right.

This perception commands action, as Paul's *vision* was *obedience.* It is principle at any cost. Said a now Orthodox clergyman to me, "But for immortality, the life to come, I would have my fling." Did the master so teach, a peculiar fidelity to whom this official boasts? When all was dark and no future shone, and only Gethsemane was watered to grow green with his bloody sweat, did he flinch? No, — if God had forsaken him he had not forsaken God! He had *upperstanding* when no strength to stand on his feet. Sincerity is no minus quantity. But what is the *plus* it asserts? Peculiar divine presence in a particular person or prodigy; or that conscious omnipresence which sheds special portents like a dead skin, to make a live wonder of the world? It declares no creed, but the Being words cannot contain. In "Herrmann and Dorothea," Goethe says, "Our wishes hide the object." Shall I say, our *opinions* hide the object? By our definitions deity is eclipsed! The spider of our logic weaves a cobweb over the glass He would shine through. Anything between hinders vital contact and close communion. Direct baptismal fire was needed for the downy cheeks that mixed with bearded faces for freedom and native land, in such a sacrifice that we see the blood of our boys whenever we look at the flag. We all pay toll on the road of life! There is in architecture what is called the Finial, the pinnacle, gable, or nicely touched projection from the roof. Sincerity is the true finial, never perfect in the young and quite happy, but the result of toil and pain.

No sect is sincere! Unitarianism, born as a protest, becomes a policy, declines as a witness for reason and free inquiry. Ambition of church-extension and personal leadership hurts its simplicity and perverts its mission. A text of scripture, miracle and ordinance, like a military cordon, with appointed guards push out dissenters. This police-process is harder with the young. But the old nonconformists, however held against excommunication by long-growing affection, are under the ban. From the organized power falls on us no smile. We are not asked to ordinations; no divinity school professors invite our

voice, or treasury of association or convention employs our pen. As was said of General Jackson, "The sword and purse are in the same hands." Those in authority vote to publish only what is with the conclusions of the synod in a perfect square. There is *ecclesiastic* nepotism, be there presidential or not! Candor and ability in other quarters suffer discount amounting to prohibition. The good men in the office of literary religion act as they think for the best. Are they wise? The representation of minorities is asking political; should it not have theological acceptance? Would a little radical spice hurt the flavor of the bread? Had Parker's "Ten Sermons" been adopted, would they have demolished the theological house? Without disparaging the talent that gets into type, is no genius for thought or piety left out? The words of Chunder Sen are circulated by our press because they will catch the eye, and there is no apostasy in a *report*. But how impolite and improper to let into the pulpit that Gentile gem of the Orient, which Jews would at once have owned! The wooden box is too sacred for him, but not the printed sheet! Is the former dedicated and the latter not? Beware lest you make of what you call the Body, and Our Body, a close corporation, of short breath, subject to disease and death! It is the peril of absolute power to oppress, and to breed in and in till it perish. Only in emergency of life and death is it just. When civil war suspended specie-payment, the government became universal debtor and creditor. It owed and owned everything! Every token of its obligation to the citizen was token of the citizen's obligation to it, like that piece of furniture celebrated by the poet, —

> "Contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

All related to one point, the nation's claim. It was well and needful. "Suppose we invest in United States stocks and they fail?" a venerable man was asked. Clenching his fist in the inquirer's face, he said, "Then we shall all go to hell together." Shall we, with no exigency, imitate in the church this abnormal condition of the State, unless we confess our destitution of sterling truth? A certain bank lost one-quarter of its capital by

a loan to its involved president. Let not our directors reduce our capital of truth by spending on ventures of however venerable falsehood, and refusing notes of value as solid as they are new! A few persons, not the quorum of a committee, may decide. Is the Erie then the only Ring? Zealous propagandists gallop, like Sherman and Sheridan, up and down the lines and talk of marching and banners; then perhaps, like Lee and Johnstone, desert to the other side. Meanwhile, with all the bustle and parade, the standard of scholarship is lowered, — precious metal of doctrine alloyed, — our appeals becoming popular become vulgar, the reason for a liberal order is belied; and, amid increasing numbers and show of success, we are taunted with signs of decay. When shall we learn our mission is not to *conquer*, — of which I trust we have heard the last, — but to leaven and lift? Competing with others in the denominational race, we lose our own centre of gravity, and with our poise, our peace, parting with the sincerity which is the basis of strength.

That sincerity we have disprized with our miraculous test, belief in which we must cease to insist on as a criterion of soundness or qualification to teach. Extraordinary healings or apparitions break not any known law! But how about a tree blasted with a curse, money confined into a fish's mouth, water turned into wine, a fish or loaf multiplied that never swam or grew as grain? It were a lie of nature and of God! As pictorial writing, legnedary accretion, a sharp-cut statistical figure of supernature or spirit as supreme, it may pass; but not as matter of fact. My friend says, "In the pulpit I stear clear of such tales." But I read them with pleasure, in public or private, as *myths*, of which some radicals seem unable to conceive. They know no distinction between falsehood and fact. Even Theodore Parker satirized a beautiful idyl in the Old Testament as the "Lord's eating veal with Abraham," and was more concerned with the authenticity than the beauty of the story of Ruth. But I will not tear the leaf on which a fable is writ. Fiction is more truth than any exact story. Myth is an indispensable part of literature and life. It may express a sentiment or idea deeper and firmer to build on than any earthly occurrence. *Figures* cannot lie, we say. In the wrong rows they are the greatest liars in the world,

as every accountant and swindled trader learn. Facts are *stubborn* things, and very misleading. An astute lawyer, religious sectarian, partisan politician, external and circumstantial philanthropist, with a zeal not according to knowledge will so cull, state and distribute his facts as to make unjust and injurious impressions of every subject with which he deals. Whether we have all the facts, and in the right proportion, is the question which it takes conscience and reason, as well as the sharpest eye and most veracious tongue to decide. Governed by circumstances? Yes, if you will be governed by them *all*, rightly understood! The deceptive nature of partial induction was hinted by Napoleon in his scoring of history as a concerted fable. We want something beside history; we must have a principle,— and myth is symbolic resultant of the struggle of the human mind to represent, in the shape of some double meaning of an event, or significance of a natural object, that sense of the Infinite, of God and Heaven, which haunts it behind all the shows of sense, hovers over it in visions of dream, and transcends for it the vistas of time. Unlawful so to affront the understanding and give fancy the rein? No,— rather pity to be of intellect so hard as to be poorly satisfied with the surface of things, and not feel their *mystery* buoying them like a flood and folding as the air, unconscious of which an apprehension of the universe is but one line in advance of the brute. Nothing to do with metaphor, only with plain matter of fact? The world is God's metaphor; all its solidity his shadow, all its shining a ray of his latent heat; and the sincerity by which you feel constrained to disown wonder in the creation, or the reports of it made by religious men, is by you mistakenly assumed and misnamed. It is no doubt a good, bare, bald, homely honesty of a prosaic mind; but amounts not to that sincerity whose quality is to meet the Divine work and spirit in their whole amplitude and ever-quickening breath. This is all imagination, do you say? Yes, all imagination it is! And what is imagination but the eye which sees heights and depths never revealed to physical science or the dogmatic brain? "Prose and Poetry from my Life," Goethe called his book. There was more reality in the poetry than in the prose. It is this half-seized, elusive, incomprehensible, im-

mortal reality that gives to the mythical element in sacred narrative its charm; holds the old picture on the page; makes an illuminated missal of the Bible, with its marvelous word-paintings, and keeps the spell in Paúl Veronese's Canvas of the Marriage in Cana, and Correggio's "La Notte," and Raphael's Transfiguration. Not that things, of course, sensibly happened just as they sketch or the biographer relates; but, by means of what is supposition, if not even superstition, in such happenings, invisible glories stream through the chinks and crevices of this cloddy, stony world; raise noble suspicions of destiny beyond the dust; and make sceptical Sadducees of the market and the street stagger under the stress of divine possibilities, as earthquakes shift the proudest architecture of the city from its plumb line. Nothing against reason, but much above understanding and individual experience we must accept; and surely shall, if we ever, as we hope, get up out of these old clothes of our bodies into glorified forms; after all not so surprising as these first garments with which the good Father fits us!

But contradictions, inconsistent with each other or our own nature, must be from our standard left out. A clergyman says all his feelings recoil, and his reason revolts from some article of his authoritative creed, which, nevertheless, he must hold and preach! Hold and preach it he may; but believe it he does not! It is but held in his will-worship, not divine worship. Nothing is believed that has no intellectual harmony, but is by the stomach of the mind thrown off. The development of intelligence deprives error of its *inward* lodging. It cannot be accommodated longer. It is *unthinkable*, when we come to think. No ecclesiastical position but must shift and conform to the alteration of things, which Church of Rome or Greek Church cannot resist. Every new sect presumes it has reached the final station: will die, if need be, in the last ditch. There is no last ditch! You have seen the curious terraces left by successive subsidings, age after age, of some inland lake. Each generation assumed its level would last forever; but it sank and sank. So the river sank out of the great lakes one by one,— and is sinking and wearing the rocks away, till Erie shall be emptied, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence added a new reservoir to

the mighty chain. In the social alteration we have a part to act; and that part is to let the moral sense not only into our heart and life, but our mind and speech. A minister asked me what he should do with language of worship in his liturgy which was resented by his feeling of reverence and truth. I told him he must not enact any untruth. He must explain himself frankly to the folk. There must be no mistrust about his mental position in regard to what he was vital part of. It is this claim of sincerity, in which ecclesiastical commotion finds its cause, as Dr. Hayes tells us strange rumblings precede the splitting of icebergs from the glaciers in the Northern sea.

The line between the acceptable and impossible in tales of wonder is yet to be drawn. In the Report on Spiritualism, by the London Dialetical Society, various fruits were brought as if created on the spot, as the wine flowed in Auerbach's cellar in the play of Faust. *Tricksy* jugglers, more expert than magicians in Egypt, seemed to be roving, with full swing; for who can impute such doings to the Lord? But against spectres there is no law! Science cannot say or unsay aught about Macbeth's witches on the Scottish heath, or Hamlet's father at the Danish court; nor whether Jesus walked on the water, or Mr. Home floats to the ceiling, as Madame Guyon in her ecstasies could scarce keep her feet on the floor. But no truth can be built on a portent. It were to build spirit on matter, as popular religion does. In the multiple of trivial marvels we shall have to petition for the natural laws! Why are we so indifferent to the extraordinary accounts? What then? — look, we say, to the unaccountable things. We can build on them no better ideas of God or Heaven; rather have our conceptions belittled and let down. Skeptics may be convinced, Sadducees silenced, but believers are not exalted. Spiritualism and Materialism, like the angels on Jacob's ladder, pass each other; the latter rising, the former coming down. The one refined, the other coarsened, which is the real *Dromio* when they meet? Both disappear in thought. Materialism, like a Japanese official, commits Hari Kari, the Happy Despatch at the temple door. It is suicide, by its surrender to pure force in correlation, and a relationship unsearchable and unseen. If by spirit we mean that which is its own

essence and proof, spirit is all there is; the elements are its servants, and matter the marshall of ceremonies to introduce it to itself in every diverse form. There would be no *matter;* but to keep us at a certain distance of arm's length from each other, that we may know as we are known, recognize God in his work, and not run all together in one confused mass and mere mighty deep. Nature cannot drive out its parent, the supernature. "All must come under the head of science," one of her spokesmen says. But what is *science?* One of the words we play and conjure with! There are other words, not to be discharged of their meaning, — *sentiment, intuition, inward light and sight, voice* and *ear.* Cassius says, Brutus is a name that is as fair, sounds as well, and weighs as heavy as Cæsar; and when naturalism flouts Christian faith and hope, we ask, "Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?" We own his discoveries; let him be hospitable to our ideas. As diamond cuts diamond, let science and devotion meet! An unanimated form, a recited liturgy, may show as little feeling as the Mohammedan repetition of Arabic prayers, and be a *dead* language as much as *that,* in which only some bodily posture gives the sense to every line. The Romish Transubstantiation is better than our supper, if for old superstition only modern mechanism is put. A minister, finding, when the child was brought, no water in the bowl, yet scooped his hand into it and baptized with air, playing a trick on the people's eyes. What signified a rite so insincere? Unitarianism being a past issue, and nobody minding how another may worship God, in the singular number or some threefold or manifold way, what shall the new departure be but this question of sincerity, putting our basis *without or within,* to which Radicalism points? How the hold weakens of external evidence on thoughtful men! Why do we turn the volumes of prodigy with careless hand and read with incurious eye? Wherefore such surfeit of astonishment, apparitions so many vagabonds, the bulky book of their revelations such a dry herbarium? How comes it, the ghostly doings tempt so little appetite that Mr. Huxley declines attending to them? Why do I take refuge in a volume of Shakespeare, and leave Owen's "Foot-falls" unnoticed, and his "Debatable Land" without any

survey? Because by these mortal performances my immortal instinct is not fed! Through this materialism of spirits the heavenly glory oozes out, as lightning through conductors; and is insulated, or made potent only in thought. Manifestations waste the substance. Mediums are leaky vessels. The celestial jars crack, the apocalyptic vials break in their hands. Expression is the ebb of feeling. Demonstrations run away with faith, if we had any at the start. Convince coarse doubters as they may by running glory into the ground, the eternal belief is sustained, not by sensuous communications, but by musing, by loving, by work and prayer.

Sincerity is more than veracity, or the exact squaring of our statement with the fact. It is such presence of reality and truth in the mind, that whatever we do or say is a piece of nature, utterance of spirit and token of God. This genuineness some would sacrifice to generosity. A certain doctrine, social, theological, or political is said to be doing good; so we preach or tolerate though we think it unsound. But it is unhallowed offering. It is a way like those where city authority warns us travel is unsafe. Many temperance reformers take the position that alcohol in every shape, light wine, lager beer, or the slight film in a little bottle of homœopathic medicine, is a bane. They fancy, if the community can be so persuaded, sobriety will prevail; whose cause indeed, with drunkenness the source of half our crime, is so important, any philanthropist would gladly be a fanatic for it on every honest ground. But what if I do not believe every drop of vinous fermentation is only pure venom? What if the sentence of science and experience to my mind be on the other side, and I have the witness of the best men and doctors that some form of spirituous ministration is beneficent to heal; as James Martineau, in England, eighteen years ago, when the Maine liquor-law so raged as to silence the Atlantic roar and be heard in England, expressing his astonishment at such a statute, told me he had been lifted from extreme perilous prostration by the use of wine! Then I must act and speak on the best of my knowledge and faith, and not drop a pinch of my sincerity into the flame of the altar dedicated to human good to save a nation of inebriates, not convinced it were for human good

more than incense of an old recanting Christian on the shrine of Jupiter. Let me say, *Taste, touch, handle this dangerous thing for pleasure*, I will not! I would not eat meat to make my brother offend. But I will heed the duty of health and walk as I would others should; doing nothing for the sake of example, — for nothing is well done so, — but doing what is right, true, beautiful in every circumstance, so presenting an example, if that be the want, which all Massachusetts, the United States, every nation, men and angels might follow! Sincerity is always personal, the sense of right in the private soul, while it is the bond of the community; yet not conventional in itself. This is the meaning of the proverb, "Corporations have no soul," which is true not only of moneyed, but of political, philanthropic and religious ones. We talk of an ecclesiastical consciousness; an ecclesiastical conscience is a different thing! It leads to Jesuitical reserve, suppression of truth and profession of falsehood to save the denomination; and, though association is supposed to make men generous and humble each in himself, there is no individual conceit so gross as the self-importance of leadership and of our superiority to rival orders, in church or state. "Our Body," as if it were ours, and the spirit had left a corpse! No Body is sincere. Policy with the best aim turns mercy to a pretense; as when, many years ago, a whole medical society in Boston voted the alcohol a poison, with which every member of it prepared his medicines.

Sincerity implies an object in all speech beyond the speech itself. We hear conversation celebrated as the head of the fine arts. But it is spoiled by being its own end. "*Making conversation* is ludicrous. Talk for the sake of talking is poor talk. It is to be hoped what is called "*eloquence*," will enter the list of those "Lost Arts," described by our friend in his lecture thirty years long. Goethe says the writer's business is not to make beautiful descriptions, but to describe beautiful things; and the speaker's vocation is never to listen to his own voice, but lodge his meaning and enthusiasm in his auditors' hearts.

There is an insincerity, arising when the imports exceed the exports of the mind, and all one's views are borrowed till there is no vision; as a monument is covered with inscriptions to

hide the nature of the stone; as the immigrants overcome what is native to the mind. How many garrulous, wise-looking people ought to be put on a spare diet of books and company, of concerts and interviews, to save them from pretenses, and to recover their own mental strength and health! Something rude and strange would refresh us more than this artificial state. The caparison of a horse does not add so much beauty as clipping and shaving takes away; and a little genuineness were worth more than affected courtesy. But for this we need mighty working of the Holy Ghost.

Sincerity is a man's truth to his light. We must not call him insincere because he is not true to *our* light, if he be true to his own. Yet sincere no one perfectly is till he is true to *the* Light, which is no man's, of that unsetting Sun, by mortal or angel owned only as it is followed, and found as it is sought, being eternally conformed to the mind's eye, and one with sight.

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THE UPPER STANDING:

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON,
MARCH 3, 1872.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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The Gift of
JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

THE UPPER STANDING.

"STAND." — Eph. vi. 14.

THE meaning of this word is curious to consider. We ask, Where does a man stand? What is his standing in the community? Something to stand on we must have in our own soul. We all have what is called "understanding." Impressions are made on us by what we behold and experience in the world. We arrange these impressions in order as, through our senses they enter our minds; and we learn the natural laws so as to guard ourselves with house and clothing from the weather, to walk without stumbling or slipping, ride over the land, sail on the water, analyze and re-combine the elements of matter, sleep at night, work in the morning, get food convenient for us, and go in when it rains.

But to all this understanding Paul in the text does not refer: but, if you will allow me to invent a word, to the "upper-standing," in the soul, of truth and righteousness, faith and peace.

There is a school of philosophy very old in the world, but never stronger than now, which teaches that all we have and are comes through one or another of these five doors of the body, — the eye, the ear, the touch, the taste, the smell. Through them the brain is stocked with knowledge of material things, as a store, warehouse, grain-elevator, is with

goods, utensils, and wheat. All the furniture of our being is made of the earth, so shaped and refined, as tables and tools of metal and wood, or as oil, alcohol, and sugar are extracts of animal substance or plant.

But there is another school which says, not all things are taken thus from the outside. Some things are *let down* within. We are not only magazines of matter. We are receptacles of God. If nothing but inanimate figures of all that lives and breathes were transferred through our perceptions, what a funeral procession nature would be to the receiving-tomb of our breast!

But we are in communication with our source. The inrushing of this world does not make us, more than the tide makes the river Charles or Merrimac. The ocean swelling into the river's mouth seems to make it, and sends a salt current miles up the stream. But the river flows from some upland lake or spring, and empties into the sea. So our being flows from an Infinite fountain, of which river and sea are drops, but we share the creative essence.

On this internal position of spiritual love, confidence, obedience, I exhort you to take your stand. We call it the Interior; but it includes what we call exterior. The world is in God, not God in the world. He is container, uncontained.

Do you stand with Him? or, if you dislike the masculine pronoun, with It, the spirit of all beauty and strength? "Of course I do," as a religious believer you may say. But it is a question! Many Christians do not, save in part. The popular religion complains of science for building on the material world. But on what world does the popular religion build but the letter, the book, the work natural or miraculous, the tradition, the authority of the church? all which have

value, not as the foundation, but so far as *they* are built on the foundation of the spirit: for two, three, or four foundations there are not, — only one. Oh, believe me, *that* is within you, and not without, — within, in the native sense of deity, in the instinct of purity, feeling of love, sentiment of right. All the light and influence from abroad could not create or impart, but only quicken and unfold, these innate affections and necessary ideas.

Sincerity is integrity, honest appeal to your author, to use Mr. Jefferson's phrase in the Declaration of Independence, "for the rectitude of your intentions," in whatever you say or do. It is the perfect trust in Him. It is the self-possession which comes from being possessed with his presence and convicted of duty by his law. It is the centre of gravity falling within; — not without, for perpetual uneasy dependence on somebody's favor or support or success or applause to comfort and stay you up. It is the poise which is peace. What is the grace and glory of any man's or woman's deportment but a certain balance and composure in the features, manners, motion, and speech? It is the soul keeping its footing, not amid the accidents of this whirling sphere, but in the Divine Equity wherein all human justice finds motive and rest, whence the fair final award to every creature will not fail, on which we cast ourselves for suffering solace under whatever ill treatment, insult, affront, or unreasonable blame. O my critic, with bow and arrow of curious lip and censorious tongue, you cannot touch me there. Your shot is futile as the cannon in the Prussian war firing at the balloon, soaring with its message.

I pray you seek this *upper* standing, so as not to be the slave of opinion, the victim of slander, miserable as the butt

of others' injury, more wretched as the plaything or prey of your own vanity and revenge! Oh, you shall have, above all the hurly-burly of contention, sweet repose as a hang-bird in his lofty perch. No sparrow under the eaves nor eagle in her eyrie shall feel more safe than you in this Pavilion of that Real Presence whose quiet no rattle of folly can annoy or weapon of enmity disturb.

We learn that, in certain conditions, the human body loses or overcomes its gravitation to the earth, has a *levitation* to walk the water like Jesus, — and in some certified cases of more recent date; — or to rise to the ceiling and float in the air. Madame Guyon was in such ecstasy she could hardly rest. Such marvels, however interesting as signs of supernatural power, concern us less because the beneficent order holds us to the ground. That *other* gravitation we want to conquer, of the soul to the clod. The levitation I fain would see is not of the physical frame among the flying birds, but of the revering mind on wings of aspiration and prayer. Was Jesus at Bethany, as Luke says, parted from his disciples, and carried up into heaven? I know only he was in heaven all the time, and is still in the clouds to sensual minds.

This upper stand is for comfort as well as light, like some structure on the coast at once a dwelling and a fort. Have you on occasion done your best for other persons, put your heart's blood into some work or word; and, after toil and tears, setting before them the result, encountered from them only expressions of disgust and discontent, like some keeper of an inn or provider for a family, who, at much expense of time and money, sets on the board a dish the guests look at and speak of with scorn? Have you exerted yourself in some

arrangement to please your husband or wife, and is displeasing and blame your only success? Then you want a retreat, to *get over* the disappointment which would drink out what remains, from your effort, of your life. You want Christ's closet and his mountain-top. Blessed if you have this spiritual summit of thought and communion with God! We have all had the fortune of rebuff or ill reward from those we tried to serve. I am your brother in such experience! What shall the representative do when not only political adversaries assail, but his *constituents* reject him, whom he loved and cared for more than all the favor of the world? Have some refuge or die! Say, "*God* is my constituency, — so I live without your praise!" Do as Jesus did when friends fell off and human fellowship failed, — make HIM your society. Astronomers tell us the moon has no atmosphere, — no breathing there! There are times of desertion, disapproval, or rebuke of us by all around, when *our* atmosphere seems gone, — no earthly breath of liking and sympathy for the soul. We are laughed at and condemned for our wisest plans and dearest views. What shall we do? Denounce the fault-finders as themselves the sinners and fools; we, excellent Pharisees, more holy than they? No: if your point is higher and vision wider, lead them patiently up! What is the use of pointing those in the valley to the prospect from the peak?

But, if they insist that you shall not only come down after, but stay with them in the narrow, gloomy, misty vale, feeding them with their old prejudices and superstitions as long as they live; admitting the perfect beauty of the lowland, and denying the glory above; then resist the demand, and call them to the *upper* stand. That is the Transfiguration. Je-

sus was transfigured not only on the high mountain, where "his face did shine as the sun and his raiment became white as the light," but in the height of his temper and teaching all the time; and *what* was he transfigured by, but suffering, more than by talking with Moses and Elias? He walked, but did not rest, on the earth. Said the Norwegian genius of the violin to a noble woman, my friend, "Your eyes are full of sunshines." But it was not solar light he saw gaily reflected, but spiritual light transmitted, transcendent, through a medium melted like gravel into glass by the flux of grief.

But is not this loftier position, this upper standing, a vainglorious pretense and conceit? Had you not better keep the peace by giving up your notions and coming down from the tree you have climbed like Zaccheus to see the Lord? This is the most subtle temptation of the Devil, to sacrifice sincerity to love! O my friends, not love of God or man, only fond, selfish, superficial good nature rears the altar on which that sacrifice is laid. Compromise is not a road, but a swamp. Rather make your tongue hard as a turnpike or iron rail to further people, than, in Solomon's phrase, a deep ditch to bemire! Act no part in this world's great masquerade of guile. Speak the truth, — God give me grace to speak it! — though, Lord Bacon says, men prefer some fancy or tradition, as by the ignorant an amethyst, ruby, or bit of colored glass is preferred to the diamond; and as the boy in Scott's novel refused the lady's gold he knew not the worth of, and begged for silver money instead.

The upper standing get and maintain if only to report what you see, like those observers on Mount Washington all winter long, — with the thermometer twenty below zero, and

the freezing wind fifty miles an hour! The weather reports guard against storms: these *upper-standers* warn us of worse ones in our way.

Not for amusement, as one goes to the top of Bunker-Hill Monument or the State-House Cupola, do we ascend Mount Zion, but to survey our life, take an observation of duty, correct our bearings, and lay a new course. When Jesus said the Father's house has many mansions, he was thinking of some chamber above that upper room where the last supper was eaten. On some celestial staging he stood. Some *sky*-light let in the revelations he imparted. When shall *we* be new-created to exercises so divine? Never till we take the Christian stand! It is good and profitable to go up with him, as he took Peter and James and John. Is nothing useful but what relates to the flesh, what we shall eat and drink and wear? Is the observatory yonder of no value because it opens on no garden, barn, wood-house, or field? Globes and galaxies visit it to which the solar system is a spot; and men are guided over land and sea by what it records.

Let me celebrate the passing of my thirty-fifth anniversary here to-day with the glad confession that towards this upper stand *Christianity* has had a hand in lifting the world, — slowly, but indeed! Some do not own this uplifting. *We* may not *feel* it. We do not feel the continent rise under us; but it has risen. Once the sea flowed over this spot far as the Connecticut River. But the land has risen, and the water slipped off, and left marks of its retiring on many a promontory, valley, and inlet. The moral continent, in the course of Christian ages, has risen, too, and raised mankind with it, — our religion, not the only, but one great agency. Compare other bibles with ours, other teachers with Jesus,

and do justice to all, and own the defects in our prophets and sacred books!

But acknowledge we have been inoculated by him; and the operation *took* in our blood and race; as Platonism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Confucianism took among other tribes, but with all their charm of abstract beauty did not with us and our sires. It is said, If Confucius had the chance he would do the same. That "if" is the largest word in the dictionary! Religion is not a theory, a matter of logic and literary criticism; nor is it merely a curious study to find out who first uttered the Golden Rule, but of experience. We idealize Jesus, it is said. Can you not put it the other way? He has idealized us into a glorious vision and holy imagination of Heaven! He grasped God with one hand, man as firmly with the other, and the spark of a Divine Humanity passed. His experiment has succeeded! It were moral suicide to tear out of our heart what his coming has been the occasion of. "I and my Father are one:" *that* is the greatest of sayings. That is the text I wrote in my orthodox friend's album for the fair, — for it means the unity of every filial with the great parental mind. Should everything else of his gospel fade, the church sink, the New Testament as a volume be obsolete and forgot, that thought would remain like the light of the setting sun lingering on some cross after the evening shadows had fallen on house and street, far over the land, and thick on the sea. To fulfill that unity will take the rest of our life, the life of all men, a large piece of paradise, — the pursuit of the whole Immortality.

But this is not to secure future felicity, but for immediate use. It has been said the religion of Jesus has fine visions of far-off worlds, but lacks practicality. But nothing so practical

as this view he gives of our divine origin and destiny. It does not make some last, expiring sacrifice the purchase money of heaven, but blesses every day and immortalizes earthly life. It is illustrated, not by that *rich* man who, by sharp trade and sordid penury, with fingers like claws, heaps the hoard he holds with a tight fist, till age comes and death threatens; and then he gives great lumps of gold to some bigoted sect to buy his seat at the everlasting concert, — but by that other, more wealthy in heart than in purse, who never screwed a penny out of his neighbor, made a hard bargain, or ground one poor man's face; but lines his path, and lightens every countenance with benediction and benefit, in each lowly service on that upper stand, whence but a step takes among the angels.

A TRIBUTE

TO

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY

C. A. BARTOL.

SENATORIAL CHARACTER:

A SERMON

IN

WEST CHURCH, BOSTON,

SUNDAY, 15TH OF MARCH,

AFTER THE

DECEASE OF CHARLES SUMNER.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 135 WASHINGTON STREET.
1874.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

SERMON.

"*He made him to teach his senators wisdom.*" — PSALMS CV, 21, 22.

THE common theory of the pulpit is of a place devoted to expound some old situation, abstract scheme of salvation, or article in a creed. It has a higher end, — to give the meaning of the scenes of real life, in which we observe the actors and play ourselves a part. If history be philosophy teaching by example, and of all history biography be the soul, then human character, when rare and conspicuous in its traits or achievements, gives as pattern or warning the chief lesson. Christian edification comes less signally from hair-splitting, dogmatic distinction than from contemplating for imitation or admonition the lives of Enoch and Solomon, Paul and Peter, Jesus and John. So I take to-day the death of the most eminent civilian of Massachusetts for my theme.

As the King in Egypt chose Joseph to teach his senators wisdom, no man of late years has equalled Charles Sumner as an instructor or influence in the Senate of the United States.

An instinct of nature prompts us to make some account and sum up the significance of any one's career,

privately, on the domestic stage, or before the people, if he has challenged attention in a larger sphere.

It may be useful to make some discriminating estimate of Mr. Sumner's contributions to the public good, the legislature of a free State in a great Union being the monarch that for so long a period continued to elect him to his high office.

However opinions may differ of his prudence or ability, the weight of his word or importance of his position none will doubt.

Our messenger of the lightning had no greater task this last week in the world than to wait at his threshold and run with news every hour over the wires of his estate.

His principal peers at his bedside and his colored clients flocking for inquiry at his door showed a feeling of love and sympathy reaching from the highest to the lowest class.

In culture he was a match for nobles, in temper he was a champion of the oppressed and friend to the poor.

I suppose no American name is more widely known and celebrated in all civilized lands.

Great Britain and France will feel the shock of his decease.

That one of our political pillars has fallen will be

known at the Court of St. Petersburg and among the counsellors of Berlin.

Italy and Spain, with their Republican struggles and aims, will miss an advocate on this side the sea.

Castelar will mourn the departure of a companion in arms in the peaceful battles of reform, as Cavour might have felt through the cable from him for emancipation an electric touch.

South America, with her strange mixture of barbarism with liberation, will be conscious of owing some honor to the obsequies of a sympathizer with all that is generous in her aspirations.

Hayti will deplore the decease of a supporter of her rights more powerful than any on her own shores.

A flutter of pain and sorrow will pass through that whole flock of islands alighted, as in the great harbor of our land, betwixt the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

So it will be because not only a man, a citizen of the Commonwealth and foremost trustee in the Congress of the country, but a cosmopolite is dead, deserving that name as truly as any man who, since the settlement of these colonies, has lived within their bounds.

What is the reason of the wide consequence of this event?

Not in the man's extraordinary original power.

Nature did not intend aught intellectually pre-eminent in his constitution.

It had no organic strength to strike out new paths in action or expression.

It fell into ways other agents had broken.

Mr. Sumner was not even an aboriginal abolitionist; he joined and did yeoman's service in the antislavery ranks.

He startled the soldiers, twenty-nine years ago, in Boston, with his extreme doctrine of peace; but he followed Ladd and others, with copious illustration, but no new sentiment or novel idea.

Of origination there is no speck in his reflections or spark in his style.

His mind is parasitical, his discourse full of precedents, quotations, classic scenes, and historic allusions, sometimes savoring of schoolboy recitations, sophomoric and declamatory, stilted and grotesque. Yet he is in the list of wonderful men. Others thought and he was led to fancy some resemblance in his feature and person to Edmund Burke, which the portrait of Mr. Burke might actually suggest; but this resemblance to the great English Commoner was but skin-deep, with little hint of the deep sea line that fathomed every question, or the impassioned imagination which cast the light of flame on every measure, and kindled

with magnetic sympathy, against the French Revolution and for American privilege, now one and now another portion of the British realm.

Mr. Sumner was perhaps a greater lover of freedom in its principle as an inherent right and claim of all mankind than Mr. Burke; but Burke had pre-eminent genius in politics, Sumner only accomplished talent, though in the later light of a more humane era put to service in a grander cause.

Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Burke, Wiiliam Blake: such would be our shining classification for poetry, philosophy, science, politics, art, in the mother land.

But for native force we should think of many persons before Sumner in his own field of study and pursuit.

He had not the majestic sweep of Webster, the weight or heat of that mountain with its base of granite and flame, the fiery eloquence of Clay, the close grip of John Quincy Adams in argument, or the subtile felicity and gleam of primary perception which William Henry Seward brought for the enlivening of debate.

He never could have invented the New-Yorker's phrase of *The Irrepressible Conflict* as applied to the Free and Slave States, or the Illinoisian Abraham Lincoln's grander adaptation of Scripture,—*A house*

divided against itself cannot stand: I do not expect the house to fall, but to cease to be divided.

Mr. Sumner quoted abundantly, but he is not for any rhetorical merits or ideal inventions in the whole range of his voluminous works quotable, however rich in his right to be cited for the spirit and design on every page.

He stands not strong among men of strength, thinkers and benefactors at first hand, germinators of thought and heroism in the van of the race,— such as bear the stamp of a primitive and primeval energy, like Abraham, Noah, Moses, David and Paul, Buddha and Mohammed, Socrates and Plato, in the East; Garrison and John Brown among ourselves.

He was an orator of the conceptions of his predecessors and superiors, an arguer of the case, a sheriff to execute a writ.

One name I do not mention in this comparison, because, being neither ancient nor modern, it is greatest of all.

But if his were a secondary mind, a vine round a stouter trunk, how like some such creeper it towered and grew, appropriated nourishment and vigor from the old decaying boughs, till at length, with superior toughness and tenacity, it could breast every breeze, and stood proudly alone!

Yet his understanding was that not of the revealer, but the scholar to the last. He imparted what he learned; he knew what he had been told. His delivery was not, like Patrick Henry's, a bolt from Heaven to rend the obstacle and burn up opposition, but a crystal stream flowing smoothly from some rock that had garnered up the mountain-dew and the rain; and he completely informed if he did not like Fisher Ames irresistibly charm.

But in the moral region lay the real greatness of the man. His conscience was original and he had no original sin.

No imputation on his purpose but cleared away like the cloud from a breath on spotless steel, leaving the metal bright as before.

He was as incorruptible as he honorably said to me was Fessenden, his great rival in the Senate; and when he also one day, speaking of his limited means, remarked: "I have never had the art to get my hands into the Treasury," I was fain to answer, "You the whole man are in the Treasury yourself." He was indeed in our politics a fund and never-broken bank of moral wealth. Justice was his inspiration. He was a prophet by equity. Righteousness was his genius; and humanity, in any lack of imagination, his insight and foresight. He was without spot. He wore

ermine though he sat not on the bench. John Jay had not cleaner hands, nor John Marshall a more honest will; Hamilton and Jefferson were no more patriotic in contending than he in every legal or congressional strife; and Story, his favorite teacher, and whose favorite pupil he was, no more opulent in knowledge or innocent in its use.

As an antagonist, handling questions of motive or policy, he was as frank as the lion-hearted Richard and simple as a child.

From those early debates to which I listened, on prison discipline, thirty years ago, to his latest speech on the Centennial Exhibition, this candor, amounting to generosity and magnanimity, was plain as the sun.

He had no tricks, no management, no intrigue. He showed his hand.

Could he not prevail by openness and sincerity, he would not prevail at all.

If he started no new ideas or measures that have been adopted precisely in the way he conceived, or shape he gave, he mightily sustained all good ones, and of their goodness he would not abate a tithe.

Of this rectitude benignity was the crown. Sternly exposing what he thought mean or unworthy in any proceeding or adversary, his severity was in his argument and rhetoric rather than in the feeling of his soul.

Without a sweet disposition no man could have had such a smile. Without some grandeur of design no man ever displayed such a countenance and port, handsome and sublime. In his intentness and earnestness, he did not suspect the liability of his expressions to the charge of a vindictiveness he was unconscious of in his own breast. It was like a philippic of Demosthenes; it was a Ciceronian oration against some Catiline, real or supposed. A poetic sort of revenge was all he meant to take, although his language to opponents, whom perhaps he sometimes mistook, may be subject to blame. Pity he was so devoid of humor to recommend or soften his strokes!

His old peace doctrine, doubtless, mainly prompted his battle-flag resolution, while the time of offering it and his nearly contemporaneous break with his party seemed to betray an unfair and personal bias of which he was unaware.

Sensible of his great and long importance to the government, an egoistic, assuming, imperious, irascible inclination may to some have appeared to be disclosed; but he ingenuously felt he had a title to be consulted and that it was a slight and insult to set him aside. Let the administration that refused him as an instrument beware lest it become a hammer in the hands of inferior men, whose success will be sui-

cide, and itself the tool! This may an inspiration from his coffin prevent! Massachusetts has honored herself at least as much as she did her son, and cast from yonder halls one ray of comfort on his seat in the Senate and on his death-bed in rescinding the censure on his course; for his memory is among her trophies, — no banner more so that hangs beneath the cupola above the marble floor,— and she is the inheritor of his renown; for if "Providence made Washington childless that the country might call him father," Sumner is without offspring that the State may be his mourner.

This freedom from all selfish heat or hate, one distinction of the statesman from the politician, is a trait too rare to pass without emphasis and applause.

An example, indeed, to the ordinary run of village contrivers, caucus packers, and municipal aspirants, of a man who never pulled a wire, rolled a log, laid a pipe, listened in a lobby, whispered in the ear what might not be proclaimed on the house-top, held a man by the button, or blew any trumpet but of the public good, however in his magnificent self-respect he might be falsely accused of wishing to blow only his own!

If a jealous personal honor ever had apology or excuse, it was how ample and entire in the case of a man— the only one in our annals — appointed to wear the shining crown of martyrdom before his translation, to

get up out of his own blood and recover from the foul assassin's bludgeon after medical tortures of the surgeon's moxa in combustion on his disabled spine, such as Sequard says he never applied to any other living creature.*

So he rose to bear the same unflinching testimony, no more groaning under the fire of reproach than of the burning cotton; and if proud of his position, with perfect consistency modest too.

I did not and at this distance of cooling time do not approve all the phraseology he employed on that senatorial occasion; but his weapons were words, and, however rough and affronting, for the right: those of his foes, equally gross and injurious, were for the wrong; and the assault of brutal force came to disturb the equation, in violation of all parliamentary privilege, with Douglas and his piratical compeers, with ill-disguised pleasure and half-pretended unconcern, looking on their own ignominy, crime, and shame, while the martyr that all but, yet not quite, expired, after years of suffering comes back, a resurrection witness not disposed of, and the assailant and would-be executioner dies long first, in Northern and Southern disgrace and his own remorse.

* "Will chloroform make the operation less beneficial?" he asked. "I could not lie," said the Doctor, 'and said, Yes."—"Then I will not take it," he replied.

At the same height with Milton in his blindness, Sumner, with his torn and aching nerves, like a soldier who will not leave the field for loss of blood, resumed the conflict, struggling with disappointment and sorrow in age and loneliness, still moving ever immediately against all the powers of evil and works of the devil, his white plume, like that of the French Prince he quoted, floating ever ahead to follow; like ex-President, Representative Adams, in his armor to the very edge and last of earth, like Buckle, talking in his agony of his book, and commending to survivors in Congress his beloved Civil Rights' Bill, dealing out well-directed blows for his race of every color and tribe till the instant the final stroke came to cut body and spirit apart. Truly, the halo of angelic glory hangs not only around the heads of dead saints! Such a man might be tempted to claim the honor of his fellow-men, and a lofty self-esteem and aspiration to the highest dignities hardly misbecame him, who, like Cato, was wrapped in conscious integrity, and established in the respect of all praiseworthy persons such a place. After the famous eulogy in his Phi Beta Kappa oration, of Pickering, Story, Allston, and Channing, the toast of John Quincy Adams was: "The memory of the scholar, jurist, artist, and divine, — and not the memory, but the long life of the kindred genius that has embalmed them all." Yet

it has come for him also to a memory, and a noble one now.

As a humble cotemporary I copy not others' impressions, but simply set down my own. Among his associates, the fault commonly found with Sumner is not that he was implacable — none easier to propitiate — but impracticable; not an idealist, but ideologist and doctrinary dreamer of a peace and freedom on earth which he put into no effective and satisfactory form; for ten thousand besides him recommended the Emancipation, which John Quincy Adams held justifiable as a war measure, and Lincoln proclaimed.

But though the greatness of rulers and social founders is in what they establish and bring to pass, yet in default of this rare achievement, which happens seldom in the course of ages to any man, a certain impracticability is in others in many exigencies a blessing to be thankful for, a virtue to applaud. In the collisions of interest with principle are plenty to trim, compromise, and compound as oligarchs or demagogues bid; but as the merit of some substances is the lack of ductility, so how oft we must lean on unmalleable men, whose back-bone is not supple as a universal joint, who will not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning," and who, in a noble discontent with all yet undertaken or done, sum-

mon to worthier performance towards never-attained perfection in betterment of the common lot. Mr. Rubinstein was displeased with the preacher who said, "Men must be expected to do no more than they can." "No," said the artist, "that doctrine letting down the standard is worse than actual vice. We can forgive the last, not the first!" Men must do the *impossible*, — a word which Napoleon told his officer was beastly, never to be spoken, and in his dictionary not found. "With God all things are possible," and that means possible to whoever works with Him. Said the pianist to his pupils, "If you do not expect or intend to write finer music than Beethoven, you have no business to compose at all." Mr. Sumner aimed at the sun; and the feeling of philanthropic duty with which he stirred the body politic out of the custom of chronic oppression and old habit of wrong was of more precious consequence than carrying any particular scheme. With this earnestness, that would not stop short of improving the world, I was struck in my last conversation with him on the threatened Spanish war. If he did not interest or magnetize everybody, all individuals, like Crittenden or Clay, few cared more for their kind; and this broad benevolence, as well as special affection, lays hold on immortality. Who shall say such as Agassiz and Sumner are dead? "A great man

has fallen," said my friend: no, a good man has risen.

Death brings simplicity and reality. As it approaches, learning and philosophy go; goodness and conscience are left, the last guests in the feast of life at the table of the heart. In Sumner the *sentiment*, foremost always, blooms at the pillow where last he laid, "so tired and weary," his head; and sentiment, as well as science, has eternal claim. He extends courtesy to callers, opens his eye while it could open, waves his hand while it had strength to move, says *Sit down* to his old associate, tries to speak when the lips no longer obey the will, and sends a legacy of love and reverence more precious than any gold to his old friend. *Cold* was he indeed?

For his noble affections, how we shall remember the solitary and little-related man, with no children, when he was sad, to play with in his house! His thirst for knowledge, his bent to investigate and study whatever had been said and done in the world, would have made him an antiquarian save for his patriotic and humanitarian zeal.

What a lover and knower he was of pictures, bronzes, manuscripts, old books, curious relics of the past, all memorials in all time of his fellow-men! Such research is a sort of humanity. Yet no man's sympathies

were more in the present than his, or more eager to stretch after a perfected civilization in the future.

Indeed, the millennial day shone so upon him through the vista of hope as to dazzle and blind him, like Saul on the road to Damascus, to the immediate possibilities of action and direct bearings of his theme.

If there were any defect in his style, it was a certain lack of proportion, or an exceeding uniform stress, a straining forward against the leash of irrefragable circumstance, till in the ardor of pursuit the perspective of the subject was lost.

But whatever might be the lesser vices, the great virtues were in his judgment and thought.

He was an admirable inciter. How we needed incentives! He hallooed to a grander chase than any huntsman's. He was the Lamartine of America, *our* orator of the human race. The Senate floor was to him a popular rostrum and sacred stump. He advocated every great cause if he found the key of none.

He roused England and the United States, kindling into white heat, like dry wood, after such long seasoning, the Alabama difficulties, and compelling an attention which doubtless was good for both parties, although his extravagant statement of the doctrine of consequential damages could not settle the question, and failed of the seal and sanction of international law.

More human than divine, his inspiration came from without rather than from within. The first time I saw him, forty years ago, with the same characteristic ornate and fervent language, and garnish of Latin references, he elucidated to me the difference between a pettifogger or litigious searcher for cases — a *præco actionum* as he called him — and a jurist of the Judge Story stamp.

Already he saw in faith the career for which he turned aside from every flattering offer that would divert him, conscious of superior ability to serve at the highest posts to which Democrat joined hands with Free Soiler to lead. Strange that the seemingly accidental, shall I say insincere, vote of a coalition should have furnished the most distinguished and perhaps longest continued Senator of the land!

His empty chair on the Senate floor, drew, last week, at the obsequies, the spectators' eyes.

But it was unoccupied that he might fill a higher seat prepared, waiting for, and needing, not the undying part but the everlasting whole; for we are not *whole* till we drop our dust! Three funeral-sensations, I remember,— of Webster, the man of power, Lincoln, the man of providence, and Sumner, as I delight to call him, the man of purity.

If the shadow of no demise ever brooded over this

region as a huge pall, a black sheet let down from the sky, like that of the great New-Englander; and if no public sorrow in our day and generation was ever keener than when the martyr-president gave up the ghost at the revengeful stroke of the monster of political slavery, expiring, like a leviathan, under his hand; never was a more genuine tribute than will be laid on the Senator's tomb, or a completer satisfaction in an ended testimony and finished work, whatever part he left for us to finish. Several years ago, forced by illness away from the theatre of public duties and affairs into a country refuge, as the sounds came softened by distance from the arena at the capitol where the combatants struggled together, however pleasantly fell the counsels of moderation and prudence on my ear, I recognized the clarion of Sumner, urging to absolute truth and honor, and, far or near, resounding above them all.

Here was a man that could not bend or yield, alloy or qualify, surrender or retreat. Here was an incorruptibility proof against bribes, and too original in legislatives halls, an originality, if not of suggestion yet of heroic act. Here was an obstinacy not of will, but idea; for ideas are more obstinate than any human will in the world. Here was a necessity not of whim but duty, such as was laid on the great apostle

to the Gentiles to preach the Gospel, and drove Luther to the Diet of Worms. I aim at simple truth as I speak Such stubbornness will surely accomplish great results and always fetch an echo from the human breast. I abstain from overstatement. Love must not falsify or exaggerate. It is no compliment to exalt another by belying ourselves. Our friend belongs to history now; and the offerings of a discriminating respect are part of its material. I must think of him less as hewn by the Divinity than carving himself. Like one of the straws a swallow bears to build its nest, let my poor word go to the fashioning by many hands, of the niche of his fame. His head had its limits; but there was no outside to his heart! The great man's servant, secretary, keeper of his house, farmer of his estate, has something valuable to say of him; and the humblest coeval's contribution will not be refused or despised. Voicing the feeling of no party, for him or against, I but touch the ground of that secret respect to his character and aim which not only favorers but foes are constrained, unitedly, unanimously, instinctively, to pay.

> "Little heeds he what is said;
> They have done with all below;"

Such were the commonplaces of the old theology

founded on the notion of a senseless rest of the dead, or their departure to an infinite distance from our earthly abode. But we reconsider such views. He, who was so sensitive to his fellow-citizens' regard, can hardly be insensible now, or unconscious of our sincere honor. I would speak as in his presence and to his ear! His clear voice will be no longer heard in our assemblies, or his commanding form cast its welcome shadow through our streets.

But the moral stature, with which, as in mental height, he transcended the common sons of men, shall be seen and felt.

Nor can the recollection for ages pass how, as a brave knight, with superb courage, horsed on ideas for the saving of the land, he flung defiance from boldness unsurpassed at the giant wrong, — that dragon and old serpent, the form Satan took for us, the *Barbarism of Slavery*, and *Slavery sectional not national*, as he entitled the greatest speeches he made. His somewhat artificial manner, method, and phrase only clothed or cloaked an indigenous force of conscience, which was a piece of nature, a divine monolith or monogram, if his intellect were not. His meaning no man, white or black, in the land doubted or could misunderstand.

If his forensic efforts had been to a nice taste better in some respects, the improvement might have made

them in others for general effect worse or of less effect. They were at least faithfully prepared from a width of observation and stock of information seldom equalled, and set forth with a consecutive order of formal logic worthy of a master in the schools.

Twice has been his conspicuous entry into this town: first, after he was outraged for his freedom of utterance in his place; next, yesterday, in whatever connection the spirit may have with the forsaken robe which it cannot desert or lose all feeling for at once.

How, but as a man of principle, shall he stand forever in our memory and in the human mind? Let his name, like that of Washington, be a lasting rebuke to venality, selfish ambition, bribery, and all political intrigue! He is one more added to the band of blessed bigots which, wiser than any conformists, all our pilgrim fathers were.

"You can rest soon," he said to the familiar friend and companion in clerkly labor who was rubbing the hands fast growing cold in death. No chafing can restore what turns to the clay of which it was made. The flowers you form into his name will fade, but to cherish his honor we will never cease. Let his body be "buried in peace: his name liveth evermore."

CHARACTER.

EDWARD HAMMOND CLARKE.

THE MAN AND THE PHYSICIAN.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

WEST CHURCH, BOSTON,

SUNDAY, DEC. 9, 1877.

BY C. A. BARTOL.

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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

Dedicated to

ELIZABETH LORING CLARKE,

IN TOKEN OF

A Common Memory, Love, and Hope.

"CHARACTER."

HEBREWS i, 3.

IN calling your attention to the character of Edward Hammond Clarke, I am moved by personal friendship, by gratitude to the medical profession which he so conspicuously recommended and adorned, and by the desire primary in this place to find some fresh lesson for your edification.

But first let me justify my text. Character is the same word, by a curious correspondence, in English and Greek. It means properly a cutting instrument or graver's tool, but by a law of human speech came to signify also the incision, stamp, or impression which the implement makes. The translation *express image* is unfortunate. There is no adjective in the original answering to the term *express*, and *image* is a very vague synonyme for *engraving*, while *person* scarce renders *hypostasis*, whose true translation is *substance*, essence, the reality and foundation of things in God himself, an etching or engraving of or in which the writer to the Hebrews represents Christ to be. Why have I chosen this passage for my subject? Because of its illustration to my mind of *character*, in this exact and sharply defined sense if you please, of a copper etching, steel plate, or line engraving, by my friend, the distinguished Dr. Clarke. His mind was a medallion or die. There was a precision and perfection in the operations of his intellect which, if I may use a different figure, is but poorly hinted by the noiseless revolutions and sure achievement of some engine or machine of transcendent delicacy and strength.

So close has been my own relation with him, I may be pardoned a passing reference to the way our acquaintance began. Some ten years ago I was suffering from a violent and extreme

neuralgic affection of the ear, of whose diseases he made a speciality at that time; and it was from the experiments of his associate and successor, Dr. Clarence J. Blake, in projecting a magnified image of the vibrations of the ear on a large screen, that the genius of Professor Bell caught one clew to the splendid discovery of the telephone. Slight as my intercourse with the aurist had been, his unvaried kindness with this particular patient how can I ever forget! There was commonly a room full of us waiting our turn of admission to the office; and we did each other, as he did us all, the absolute proverbial justice that the first come should be first served. But the inclined figure, watchful look, searching inquiry, and deft experiment, crowned with the never-disturbed self-control of the good physician, still confront me as if I saw them in a photograph. It seemed as if one could sway or irritate a monumental form in stone or bronze sooner than this human countenance, so keen and so composed. In my distress I would sometimes go at odd hours and pace up and down the streets of the square containing his house, hoping to get a glance or word of encouragement from him by the way; and when, on the day of his funeral, I perused the so familiar sign on his door-post, I thought to what a multitude of invalids, for a whole generation of human life, those few letters of his name and calling had been indeed a *sign* of hope, while in some of the faces that bent over his coffin I could catch a mingling in pale or ruddy hue, and eyes wet or hot with grief, the contending emotions of thankfulness, farewell, and regret! After my partial recovery and cessation of my calls for his aid, whenever my healer saw me from his chaise, — in which he was driven by a colored man who, he told me, had more salary than his father received in the town of Norton, where he had preached, — he would at once dismount from the vehicle, join me in my slow, languid walk, cheer me with a portion of the vitality which scores of sufferers were waiting to dip into on his rounds, sometimes saying pleasantly he guessed *my income was greater than my expenditure* of health and strength, and then with fine, benevolent wisdom draw me away from brooding over my dull, chronic, nervous anguish by engaging me in the

discussion of subjects in which we had a mutual concern. When I urged on him compensation for his great and faithful service, he with a smile replied, "I am the son of a minister, and have never charged ministers anything for what I could do, and do not think I shall begin with you," pronouncing my name and address in the third person, as if gently to spare me the thought that he was doing a direct favor to me. I had to set myself down, as for a loan Agassiz did to Humboldt, an everlasting debtor, with no possible chance of making for his goodness any solid return. Half a dozen years after, however, like that French Dupuytren who sent for comfort in his own illness to the priest he had long since cured, Dr. Clarke himself fell sick, and, not imagining I could help him in any important way, I yet ventured to go with my offer of sympathy and remembrance to his house. He was pleased at the attention from one whom he at least knew to be obliged to him, so that I repeated my visit again and again, till at last the dear and noble wife, who has gone before him, told me she wanted to print the word *Welcome* for me over the door. The bereft husband, in the agony of grief mixed with pain, adding one bitter drop which was not in the cup drunk in Gethsemane for us all, maintained the same meek deportment without variation or shadow of turning, strong and still. In the reactions of double sorrow from the mother's decease and the father's anguish, the daughter became so ill as to cause his deep solicitude, yet never was there an austere monk or consuming martyr on whose lips any complaint of Providence was more dumb. As, in the undeviating progress of his malady, his helpless condition arrived, it became that daughter's privilege, with calmness like his own, while her heart ached with sadness and love, with her hand to feed him from whom she existed and had been so blest on earth till he reached and passed under that veil which lifts and drops too suddenly for mortal eye to look through.

I have to-day a grateful task. Since Jesus sent forth his disciples to preach the gospel and heal the sick, the professions of medicine and divinity have been so accordant, although, in the subdivision of labor, disjoined, and my own impres-

sions of human goodness in times of need have been so largely derived from that humanity of doctors which I have experienced and observed, that I am glad to pay, in a tribute to one, an acknowledgment, in their variety of claim, to all. I shall not call him king among peers. I understand that others of his vocation may have known as much or more than he of the diagnosis or discernment of disease, of its pathology, of therapeutics, or the science of remedial agents. His superiority and pre-eminence were that of the practitioner, applying his medical information and skill to disordered conditions involving almost always body and mind. His intelligent treatment of the actual case in hand gave him unsurpassed weight in the sick-room and a hold almost unequalled over the confidence of the sick person. At his decisive and comprehensive word every fortress of fear and doubt, reluctance and reserve, had to surrender. His unpretending yet imperial confidence in himself, and his evident mastery of the situation, compelled or made easy capture of the sufferer's trust. From that trained observer's eye, not soft and translucent to betray his own or to be penetrated by another's thought, but keen and glittering, though never hard, to pierce and command, nothing, with whatever at the outset intent to conceal, could be hid. "How much opium, madam, do you take in a day?" Ruddy resentment, with swelling cheek and distended nostril, was the immediate silent and sullen reply. "Dear madam," the doctor gravely continues, "I know you take it; I only asked how much"; and with the lady's instantaneous capitulation he finds out what was necessary in order that he might skilfully prescribe. He had the preponderance of strong will, self-reliance, perception of the individual want, and the duty of the hour; and in these qualities is practical omnipotence for every stint in hand. Did he enter a house? He was present there on business, to which at once he proceeded, having no time or temper for trifling or discussion of other subjects or diversion to side issues. Never any effusion of sentiment or the least affectation of interest, but a dignity of conscious power, those he professionally dealt with were dependent on, put them in his firm but gentle grasp. For

always under and running, though not shown, through this efficiency, was the tenderness which to a true apprehension is in its undemonstrativeness often best proved. Some thought him distant or severe, but I know how deep and lasting his sentiment was by what he said to me of instances of sickness and trouble, after long lapses of time, which had been in his charge; but the demonstration on the spot was of directing skill, and a sentence in each condition presented without appeal,— ready as he always was for the consultation of physicians — that sign too often of weakness — which he did not need, glad as he was to confer on cases, within the speciality of both, with Brown-Séquard. The persuasive blandness, which is many a doctor's passport, he did not assume. He had not the smile said to have been worth to a certain physician "five thousand dollars a year," but he had the authority for valuable influence worth more than twice that sum. How hard to describe, easy as it may be to feel, this quality of command, which is no bluster or vain pretence, and may even have a quiet and humble port, yet makes a Cortes in the field, a Marshall on the bench, and Kane at the North Pole, with Cook and all the circumnavigators of the globe! It is a gift of nature, and there is no pioneer, general, or judge in whom it is so important or efficient as in him who examines our mortally ailing condition, and pronounces the verdict on our constitution while he explores our pulse.

With Dr. Clarke the range of the virtue of drugs was not wide. He had no endless and bewildering multiple of specifics, whose number he would have rejoiced to increase, no big or little apothecary's shop; rather the old — by me well-remembered — village doctor's saddle-bags, although the contents might be in part shifted, would hold all he usually required. In one of the long walks we took together as late as the last spring, I asked him what a man should do who had some inherited infirmity; what, for example, the cure might be for a humor congenital in the blood. "No cure by medication," he replied. "Raise the tone of your system by obeying the laws of health, and your disease will sink, and vanish,

perhaps. Violate the laws in respect to food, exercise, sleep, and air, and your complaint will reappear."

But the moral energy of this man, in an intimacy with him that seemed to check all reserves, drop intellectual vestures, and keep nothing back or out of sight, struck me even more than his exceptional ability. His industry had no bound. He existed to work. An invalid in college, which he had from broken health to leave, he was yet first scholar in the uncompleted course. A traveller for restoration or pleasure, he divided and economized his hours for study as if he had been in his office at home, and in all his learning he had the accuracy which is neighbor to truth. No space or time hindered the almost unmatched sharpness and fidelity of his recollection. Edward Everett or John Quincy Adams had not a memory more capacious or exact for facts or dates, persons or properties, principles or precedents, places or names, all of which were like treasures or certificates of value yonder in a vault or iron safe. William Blake said the artist's sketch cannot have too sharp and wiry an edge. The metes and bounds of Clarke's information on any subject were planted more precisely than from any surveyor's rod and chain.

But I must note in him the patience which, while he deplored his want of it, reached a pitch that was sublime. It must have been more than three years ago that, as he told me, after a convention at the West, at Louisville, Ky., whither he had gone to deliver an address before the national meeting of physicians, one of the fraternity at dinner asked him if he did not think internal cancer at a certain part of the body the most painful disease of which a man could die. "I knew at the time," he added to me, "that very disease," parasite he called it, "had fastened on myself." Doubtless he answered his brother with scientific correctness and an unaltered look, and betrayed himself not a jot. Serenely he gazed into the so dismal prospect with the courage and self-control that held out so superbly to the end. I have seen no grandeur of self-poise or reticence, making visitors forget the pangs he did not name, to surpass or vie with his, and

although I once had almost equal occasion for it, I have felt ashamed in his presence of my comparative lack. His was truly a wonderful concealment of distress. He did not wish what was the matter with him to be known to those by his side. He spared wife and child all information of the hopeless lot he day by day dragged on as he surveyed. What a Christian stoic he was! If there was self-respect as well as kindness to others in his continence, it was a noble pride; or if he ever for a moment cursed the bitter anguish, he was as resolved and constant as Job to bless the God into whose reasons, like Job, he inquired. With what admiration I have contemplated often the worn and pallid lines in his features, which alone told me how tough had been the previous week!

One thing more I must proceed frankly to say. As some subjects involving misery in human flesh are thought unfit for the brush or picture gallery, so it is supposed certain private disclosures of mortal experience do not suit public speech. But I long ago made you aware that I am clad in no *esoteric* robe to cover aught of truth that can be of general concern. Dr. Clarke told me that but for the dear connections of life, his physical wretchedness was so obstinate, chronic, and great, he thought, as a proposition, he could voluntarily dismiss himself from existence, and appear with a good conscience before his Judge. Of course this was but moral hypothesis and no intent. But I give you this gauge and measure how fearful were his torments, and how immense his endurance must have been, because I wish you to appreciate the virtue and vigor of the man. Of course the statement of such a moot point in its very terms is the strongest argument against the suicide which some Roman moralists, like Seneca, justified; for these *dear relations* in some form always exist to restrain from the act which the solitary or those careless of a divine obligation in the human ties are when wretched most tempted to commit. But if any one hold as unbecoming this mention even as a supposititious case, from a confidence imparted without injunction and so sincere, then I plant myself with Dr. Clarke and expose myself to the same identical criticism as

I cite my reply to him. Half a score of years ago, sitting by the bank of the rolling stream, the Connecticut in New Hampshire, or the Kennebec in Maine, or leaning over the gunwale of the ship in calm weather on the mid-Atlantic sea, I became in my incompetency of cerebral prostration so cheap in my own eyes, and I rated myself so much in the way and so worthless to other folk, that I saw not how I was of more account in the world than the chips and sawdust floating off from the sawmill on the river, or the soft, peculiar moss that swayed and slowly swept by in that deep blue colored wave. How easy, I could not help thinking, to drop over the green bank or the vessel's side, from which the tropical sun boiled out the pitch, and in a moment lose the miserable load, the impertinence in nature, that was myself! The thought occurred, and recurred, scores of times. Some thing, some one withheld, so that I fancy I was in no more danger of so dying by a voluntary act than I am now. The same thing or wonderful one, withheld him; but I will not palter or disguise: I will paint like Rembrandt, or Velasquez in his crucifixion, and not omit a color of the martyrdom in my friend for fear that a dainty taste or conventional propriety should blame as a spot the place where the grimness of the pencil is laid on. I acknowledge no demand, from whatsoever quarter, for the suppression of truth.

I make no argument, but a sketch; I present a case of abstract ethics, not projected as a practical design, which yet has, by a thousand to one that ever executed it, been ideally entertained, — a theory which who ever uttered or conceived with more vividness and strength than it stands on the old Bible's page! "Why is life given to those who long for death?" My friend, and I with him, were as bold as Job to ask questions of God; for, if we are to satisfy him, it is but fair he should satisfy us; and he did not punish or resent Job's audacity. Rather he encouraged his inquisitiveness, and raised him above the pious friends, who professed to be so shocked by his blasphemies, into unprecedented honor and renown. "Come, let us reason together," saith the Most High. When a noble woman was greatly reproved for her

query, why God had afflicted her with protracted consumption, she replied, "That is nothing to what I tell him when we are alone!" With no purpose of self-withdrawal from existence, how many a soldier in life's battle, on the field of war or in straits of trouble, as said the man of Uz, has been "glad to find the grave," or has gone into danger, to quote once more our Scripture poem or true story, and "as for hid treasure has dug for death"! Through a nervous action of the frame, or imagination flashing on a better lot, how persons are tempted, as they often own, to cast themselves down from some high column, precipice, or ocean crag! Of actual self-destruction, what need to say, as men or Christians, my friend and I disapproved by the weight alike of our example and our thought?

But shall a superstitious horror affected against reason for a speculative process prevail to suppress a feature of the contemplative intellect in my portrait or to falsify my record by denying or erasing, from my most serious interviews, a significant fact? My comrade in exploring the creation dared to interrogate God; and if God did not fully answer him then, doubtless He does now!

The use of ether in childbirth was at first widely denounced as an impious offence against that Being who provides the ether to lull our pain, and to whom, rather than to any man, the monument on the Public Garden is reared. The application of such opiate or anodyne is, for the time, sheer annihilation of that physical life which holds not in heaven the supreme value we suppose. So, many a day and night, my dear friend laid down his intolerable load, before he at last expired. Was such entire deadening of sensation a crime? A noble religious woman told me of one who, at a friend's request, relieved with the Lethe of a final drug sufferings which medical science pronounced without hope, and with which the mortal sufferer was going mad. Copiously used, such a remedy always shortens the day, and puts the hand forward on the clock of human life — as, a generation ago, Dr. George C. Shattuck informed me, with certain patients, he felt it his right and duty as a doctor to do. But, if an in-

voluntary conjecture of the end as in certain circumstances more to be desired than the continuance of animal life must after all be construed as guilt, then I will but add to the Hebrew canon for answer to those who would make the imputation, some lines from Book V of Milton's *Paradise Lost:* —

> "Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
> That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
> Waking thou never wilt consent to do."

Yet in no slumber of body or mind, only judging with a suspended will, the man I celebrate, in his unsurpassed independence of ecclesiastic conventions or presumptions of custom, maintained his cause with Most High. Not his own cause, but that of all in like situation, with a disinterestedness as rare as his independence, did he plead.

An unsettled question in the world's conscience, I pretend not to solve. I only here wish to picture him. "Paint me as I am," said the great English Protector, Oliver Cromwell; and Dr. Clarke would turn in his grave, nay, the man of truth would rebuke me from his seat beyond all sepulchres, if, out of policy and expediency, in deference to any more or less popular opinion, which never ruled him, I should belie or omit one of his traits, while I must beware lest any be overdrawn. Yet it was no light and flitting state of mind my pencil tries to sketch, and no man was ever more convinced than he that the way to virtue is not smothering of reflection or departure from truth. Well for us if courageous facing of every crisis and a more rational culture so promote the sanity of mankind that no open window, engine track, subtle poison, or river Seine tempt any of its members from their steadfast heart or foot!

During our separation in summer, I having seen him on Commencement day, the last day he was in Boston, he wrote me he "did not see that his bodily affliction did him any good; he thought his character therefor was not better, but worse." I responded that when a field had been ploughed, cross-ploughed, and harrowed, it became an ugly patch in the landscape over

whose whole extent what beauty there might have been before was quite destroyed. Nevertheless, peradventure without the observer's knowledge, the seed unseen even then might lie beneath, ready in due season to spring into the abundant crop. But in none of the thousand deaths I have witnessed, and coffins over which my heart has gone up in prayer, have I ever been more glad than to gaze at his bier! He desired and needs no panegyric. The physician who had long since left his practice, yet added one more to his many prescriptions, namely, that he should not be praised, and if any minister undertook to deplore his death as a calamity, he told me, he should certainly interfere and come down upon him in rebuke. It is no violation of his wish, but only carrying out the spirit and purpose of usefulness in his life, to commend him for others' sake as a pattern of diligence, patience, humanity, piety, and fidelity unto death. Shortly before his demise I saw him and took his farewell, as with a pressure of the hand, whose strength surprised me, he said, "I have received from you — what shall I call it — a saintly power of the spirit which no medicament or other earthly agent could impart." It was the first telling to me of his love. He was inhaling ether as he spoke, and the words, like drops at long intervals, came one by one, as he wished me to wait till they came. He had told me already the effect of ether in his own case, — to cause one after another of four pains in the order of their aggravation to disappear, while after they had in turn severally ceased he was distinctly conscious of himself, then of a sort of heavenly bliss he was buoyed up into, before all sense and sensibility failed. I took his message of the Spirit, and went without speech.

Do you ask after his religion? This man revered the Christ. Yet he was a Christian of the simplest sort, with few but mighty planks in his religious platform, telling the bishop that visited him, from his bed as a pulpit, "All your ritualism is nought save as it bears on three points, — the being of God, reality of duty, and immortality of the soul." But the *physician* was a philosopher and *metaphysician* too; and I must not relieve you without, in justice to him, indicating at least

some of the lines his intelligence took. I believe the love and trust with which he blessed me was due neither to my clerical cloth, nor wholly to any solace of my ministerial office, — for I never visited him as a clergyman, only as a friend, — but to the fact of a common interest in the profound themes we together pursued with an intellectual companionship of soul with soul whose never-jarring harmony I cannot think of without amazement and delight. In simple truth, he was oftener my instructor, as an expert in physiology and psychology, than I could any wise be his. As I remember him nearly a score of years ago, the drift of his mind was to learn how far material explanations might cover or account for mental states. But in the expansion of his powers and pushing of his scientific pursuits, he came to consider matter as attendant of mind. In all its show and sound, he took it but as the accompaniment of the tune which God plays from the music of his beauty in the tremblings of every nerve. No materialist at last was this investigator whose probe went so deep and whose verity was so entire. Doubtless, in his lofty nature there arose against materialism a moral protest. But the objection he made was not from feeling, but on the ground of judgment, and the outcome and attestation of fact; and his conviction was pronounced so clear, I am bound to witness to and announce him, did not claims of *materialization* so abuse the term, as a Spiritualist pure, of the highest order, and in the best sense. He went into all the caves and cells, unsatisfied with atom or protoplasm which did not disclose the God of living unity or Heaven of peace and hope. He found even the Bible was but an echo and reverberation of both in his own breast.

Nor was deity or immortality for him simply a wish or demand of his nature; science, as well as conscience and the higher reason, affirmed them both. "In every process of thought or feeling," he said to me, "there is transformation of matter, but the transformed is exactly equivalent with the untransformed matter, and meantime, in the equation betwixt these parallel lines, an idea has escaped, the elements have not been consumed or annihilated in, and can give no reckoning of, which yet may abide for ages and revolutionize the

world. In the man of genius it is one sort of idea, but how differentiated in the man of talent or the boor!" He acquiesced when I added, only continuing his remark, "It comes out here a clown at the plough-tail and there a Newton or Kepler among the stars, — now Agassiz or Darwin, now Bismarck or Napoleon, — what materialist can tell us why?" He dwelt much on the physiology of vision as taking place not on the retina or in the air, but produced by a response in the frontal region of the brain after the rays had reached the *tubercula quadrigemina* in the back part of the head, and were then thrown forward, a response diverse in man or beast. So vision, which is more than blank ocular sight, while arising from an outward object and occurring at the nervous centre, may recur, as he believed, without the object or after it is removed, in what is called *second sight*, of which in his own practice he had a striking case. I suppose, although of this I am not sure, he might apply his view to explain the reappearance to the disciples of that Lord who had impressed his image so deep it could never be withdrawn from them or lost from the world. Certainly he thought the hot Syrian sun, conspiring with the fervid apostle's zeal, might have made an occasion for Paul's vision on the road to Damascus. But he never stuck like a bird in the lime or stopped short of the spiritual ground. Wisdom, will, virtue, goodness to him was not a bit of the planet in the human brain; and certainly no imagination or liability to hallucination wrought in his conclusions as a cause. He was not a poet, although he read to me one morning some most touching verses he had composed, full of devotion and humility, during the agonies of the night. How well I could sympathize with him in that process, every step!

He related to me that one evening, sitting alone in the deepening twilight in his room, he heard a distinct voice saying to him, syllable by syllable, "*There is another world*," — whether an objective reality or projection of his subjective state, he impartially added, he could not tell.

There was in him nothing wild or absurd. This true and faithful was eminently a sensible man, with something almost stern in the pure action of his mind: so his testimony, deriv-

ing no aid from a dominant fancy, has peculiar worth. In all my acquaintance with men I have never myself had from without a more valuable contribution to faith.

He was a born communicator, too. With a naturally fine gift of speech, his words came out like a revolver's balls; as college professor and lecturer in our dear university none stood more high; his speech for the Art Museum was the most cogent of all I had the privilege to hear; and in another address on Industrial Education, more than by any of the speakers beside associated with him, the whole basis of the subject was made clear. Thoroughness was his mark.

I must at least allude to the work entitled "Sex in Education," which carried his name through the land and across the sea, and is his most important literary contribution, stirring, as it did, a discussion of the subject most vital in the education of modern times. It was like the incision of a lancet, with how much wounded sensibility to resent and react! He is a benefactor in his so acute summons of universal attention to the theme whose bearing he pointed to, but did not fully settle, as nobody could or yet can take it in; and his little volume has been followed by the very valuable work of Dr. Jacobi, a woman, a Harvard prize essay on the question of "Rest for Women," calling for deeper sounding of principles and wider generalizing of facts. Dr. Clarke argued from morbid conditions, which are so extensive, yet not the entire and unqualified lot of our race, and he was backed in his judgment by an immense correspondence from persons looking the same way. But it is plain the topic is not enough exhausted yet to admit dogmatism on either side. I expect much modifying and offset from further examination of his results, for truly it were a conclusion so melancholy as to be almost a reflection on the Creator, if a masculine prerogative of knowledge in any kind could be established on the premise of native disability in the other half of the human family, and woman as such, on account of a function of maternity to which millions of her sex are never called, should be debarred from intellectual pursuits for her living and her delight, while we know that the feminine vanities, to

which many thus disqualified might, in dancing and dressing and novel-reading, late hours and luxurious diet, be shut up, hurt the health more than any study, and besides how wifehood and motherhood can be raised to their best estate for the benefit of man only by the addition in our sisters to physical attractions and winning charms of trained faculties and a well-developed and coeducated mind. It but concerns me here and now from personal knowledge, by all the tests which loving and confiding intercourse can afford, to vindicate the sincere benevolence with which Dr. Clarke strove in this, as in all things, to promote the common weal, and to report, as I do, the sweet and lowly patience with which he bore the fire of criticism he drew, more blazing than his discharge. If his comprehension of a subject so great was limited, it is only one of a thousand illustrations that partial induction, instead of being injurious, ends in unequivocal use.

So I name him a good man. Admiration of a friend must not present a portrait without fault; yet no error of disposition or intention in him did I ever obseve. I never heard him speak with pride for himself or envy of another. The proverbial *theological* hatred is not more rank than the *medical;* yet no single, ungenerous remark on a rival school fell from his lips into my ears. It were a marvel if the long suffering of three years before his tardy graduation, *emeritus* in the school of pain, never for an instant with the constant inmates of his dwelling faltered or gave out: but if so, I never saw it; if so, for a single breath, let us remember even the Master's patience was tried, and seemed, once or twice, in anger or despair, on the point to fall. Toward the last, while he talked to me, as the ether was held in a coil to his nose and mouth, he would bid the nurse not hold it so close, but let in more air; yet in the quick tone so natural to him was no spark of displeasure, while his knowledge of his own was as great as ever of a patient's need. I am glad to have served him! If I dared I would call him in some sense my patient, as I once was his. I shall miss my care, as a mother misses her child, as a son misses a parent, as a friend misses a friend.

Nor can I allow that my friendship deceives me with exaggeration of the worth of a man, to whom, though a sort of Unitarian radical in his belief, a Romish bishop could say, "You are all right; you are a Catholic without knowing it"; and from whom an Episcopalian could accept a sentence on the intrinsic insignificance of sacraments and ecclesiastical forms; a man whose piety and morality all denominations agreed to own, for into all denominations in his course he went; and for whom this community is moved with such universal honor of lively and respectful grief, as indicated in such notices as we have read in the Boston *Transcript*, by Dr. George E. Ellis, and that in the *Advertiser*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a judge of men giving him the loftiest meed, and not the less a just appreciator because a professional brother, professorial companion, constant, affectionate, welcome visitor, and loyal friend. Many of his brethren flocked to his house. The comrades at his bed, were it proper to mention their names, would in their standing and their reverence furnish a tribute far more precious than this of my voice and pen. But you will pardon the expression of my joy in having found one not of my own calling, with whom I could commune so perfectly on all matters dear to my heart. I went to his chamber to comfort, and I always came away refreshed. It was like going to a boiling spring, more fresh and cool for the broken ground! I did not preach, for his presence was a sermon, his posture without kneeling was a prayer, and his mood even in suppressing his pangs was a song more sweet than cathedral arches ring with. Never in all my ministry have I known such utter abolishing and putting away of the atmosphere of the sick-room when it became his own. Whether with his accustomed profundity he taught me all the curious method and detail of the Personal Equation, the rates of travel of electricity and light, the corrections of latitude and longitude from Greenwich and Cambridge by sidereal time, or Hamilton's discovery in the doctrine of quaternions, his soul, despite his body, was ever strong and well.

To put Dr. Clarke's permanent mood into a single phrase, let me call it deep and exquisite sensibility under perfect con-

trol. When a loving mother said to her daughter, who was his patient, "He is indifferent and cold," — "No," answered the tenderly intuitive child, "he feels too much for expression." In this self-subduing power, so habitual, yet through which I have often seen the moisture force its way into his eyes, he doubtless found the secret of the governed and quiet way in his own long and extreme anguish, to offer a pattern so grand and rare that a near observer said, "By his own example in sickness, for the last three years, Dr. Clarke has done the community more good than by the wonderfully successful medical practice of his whole professional life." But so marvellously combined was the affectionate heart with the firm resolve and cool head, that he could give his professional opinion as calmly and correctly on his own case, or that of his wife or child, as for the stranger that came to his door. It were hard to detect a quiver of purely personal emotion in his face or voice; and I pronounce this abstinence gentle and noble, not neutral or blank. There was, indeed, a singularly unpresuming modesty, which is the same thing as true self-respect and a becoming pride, in all that pertained with him to private connection and individual regard. A coarser feeling is loud, ostentatious, and worn on the sleeve. His sentiment sheathed itself. It was silent, unpretending, and so retired, that my tribute were over-presumption, but for the right and benefit, to praise the worthy dead, who live unseen.

My patient, long-suffering friends, I am so lost in my service to-day for him whose absolute confidence I count one of the greatest honors of my life, I cannot, like a painter standing back from his canvas, pause to see how my portraiture may look even to myself. Take it as a labor of love, not a work of art, and let my words flow in no order but such as the skill of love may appoint! Whether the writer to the Hebrews meant by *character* something the divine substance puts forth, or receives as an engraving in itself, matters not to my conviction that it is indeed a character I attempt to draw, and one which in some of its aspects I contemplate even with a solemn awe. Let me revert to his trial so sore. You know how a sympathetic sharing alleviates pain: but here was a man who delib-

erately for three years hides the dreadful and hopeless nature of his complaint from those that lay in his bosom, to spare them as far as possible the pain whose complete sum he endured. He renounces the comfort of one jot of fellowship in the precise, peculiar, and devouring quality of his distress, which long ago, with injunctions to hide it, he communicated to myself. He resolves to bear it alone with God through all the tossings of the night and the lonely hours of the day. He barely puts it into a written document, to be opened only by his widow, should he leave one, after his death. When grief doubles the load on his back he yet does not rebel, murmur, or repine, but rejoices that his companion is delivered from the spectacle of his disability by going before him into the great silence out of sight. I could myself, knowing his malady, only tell he had been through an unusually hard day by the deeper etchings in his face, God holding the graver firm. I thought I knew all his excellence as we conversed together so often and so long. But it takes time and change fully to show it; and I confess how the picture of him is glorified to my imagination by the transmutation of death. Now I see him as he is. A vast self-trust, blended with modesty as immense and a kindness without bound, alone could have presented in such a pattern the man whose professional leadership and rule by native strength and acquired faculty were so efficient and benign. We talked a great while, one day, of the Transfiguration, in which he wished to see no irrational violation of natural law, but rare exaltation of the human nature and lot; and I own that such disinterestedness as I saw in him is, beyond any prodigy of Judæan hilltops, the real miracle. Toward the last he acknowledged to me that the strain of this reserve was too great, preternatural as to me verily it seemed, and that nature was too much exhausted for the successful covering of his inward twinges and thrills; and two or three times he spoke to me of what he suffered, saying humbly, "I may not have the ordinary amount of patience, but all the arrows of the Almighty seem to be let loose upon me." My friends, I judge the Transfiguration is not going up into a mountain, but such elevation of soul! I think it needed not, as some deem, any

lightning to kindle the Saviour's, when I see such illumination, from the interior, of a disciple's face. Says the poet Walt Whitman of his "Little Captain,"

"His eyes gave us more light than our battle-lanterns."

Thus I find my guide in no star in the sky or beacon on the shore, but in the glance of such unquenchable courage and unswerving faith; and in the long line of lovers, believers, hopers of all time, I survey humanity's true torch-procession. Is this lustre, more splendid than though it brought Moses and Elias to our side, extinguished in the grave? Nay, that candle which the Lord lights in the human breast, and which we call the soul, is not carried into that damp place at all, and were it, the underground gloom could no longer stay! The lamp of life is but carefully removed from the mortal bosom where it was placed for a moment. From some new candlestick the spirit flames and shines. Dr. Clarke was all himself, while his organic frame was crumbling, particle by particle, into ruins; he was entire till the last joint was loosened and mortise burst in the house of life taken down with such groans and sighs. Cancer had no commission to kill the tenant; *that* escaped from the fleshly heap and utter wreck. There was *salvage!* The whole of my friend with me till the last fibre and thread broke, and in that article and instant the whole gone? Yes, not, however, into nonentity, but into nobler being; for God himself is not rich enough to throw such treasure of knowledge and goodness away!

On the basis, not of text or bodily resurrection or prophetic word, but thought and instinct of divine kinship, Dr. Clarke believed in an immortal *me* because he believed in an Eternal *I Am*, of which the human personality is part or counterpart. He has told me that a consent of humanity or unanimity of Christendom, such as Rome assumes, would be to him authority, which, lacking or uncertified, as he held, left him to the superior warrant in the soul. Writing of the "Building of a Brain," he doubted not of a builder, and could not conceive it built itself; and if there be to us no manifest mind without brain, to him was no brain without mind to fashion as well as

transpire. Some primordial spiritual atom would, he argued, survive the structure it reared, and preside, like Leibnitz's monad, at other raisings of frames more enduring than the surface of this earth can sustain ; for he did not dissociate matter from spirit, or think in any being either could, without the other, exist pure. He was in accord with Gospel and Epistle in expecting the future would be a *social* life, though no picture of it in his judgment could beforehand be drawn. Wherefore do orbs gravitate and atoms cohere and affinities knit the universe together as a seamless robe, and planets have their conjunctions, and the fixed stars sweep so graceful over the floor of heaven in their solemn, perpetual dance, and Venus, as of late, draw so near as if to sit sparkling in the lap of the crescent waxing moon, if not in token of higher fellowship as a present and endless fact?

No professor of sentiment was Dr. Clarke. Sure as I am of love from him that had no measure, a word intended to give assurance of it never passed betwixt us, more than the air publishes the breath it gives, or the sun stops to tell us it shines. He seemed to be saying always, The time for salvation is short, the work great, the march before us long ; and I listened whenever I met him to the roll-call of his faculties as to the beating of invisible drums. It was doubtless the reveille and moral awakening every morning of his life. He not only walked or drove where his services were in request, but advised his friends as he encountered them by the way. Meeting one, the head of a family, where the daughter had been saved from permanent deafness by his skill, he said, "You are going with your invalid wife abroad. Observe three rules: take regular food, do not travel in unwholesome air, and have, in Italy, a sunny room." The only time these directions were deviated from, illness ensued. What uniformly characterized him was perspicacity, comprehensiveness, and possession of all his powers at the time of need ; never a loose statement, a doubtful suggestion, a ragged edge on what he conceived, torn fringe in what he said, or half accomplishment in what he did. Like swift and exquisitely perfect military evolutions were all the actions of this man. Not an idealist,

rather quite practical and untranscendental in his constitution, he was yet at home in whatever region of ideas he was invited to, and could enter the deepest recess and loftiest chamber of another's mind. Perhaps pure speculation in himself was simply an unoccupied room, supposed nonexistent in many persons only because left vacant from their having leisure but for more pressing, if not more important concerns. Enough for any man if, like this healer of the troubled flesh, in a pool bigger than that with five porches "by the sheep-market at Jerusalem" called Bethesda, he do a man's work: and were the witnesses summoned on that question for my friend as at the venue of the court, there would be sessions and assizes for what a great multitude, among whose many voices of praise my eulogy would have indeed little space!

Perhaps, of all persons that serve us, the family physician comes most near; and to what great numbers his counsel is in constant demand! Dr. Jackson asked President Josiah Quincy when he had a physician last. The healthy veteran answered, "When I was born; and the next time I anticipate needing him will be when I come to die." But the necessity is much more frequent with those ailing members, men and women, who seem still to constitute the majority of mankind; and what thousands, in a practice so busy that he told me he did not wish, even for an enormous fee, to be called out of town, have been in the care of Dr. Clarke, from the humblest, as I happen to know, up to the most eminent in the land! If they hear, or should they read my words, they may smile at and pity this feeble attempt to do that justice to the wise physician which could be decreed fairly only in an assembly of the living and the dead, whose miseries he has soothed and whose lives he has prolonged. But I never heard Dr. Clarke say he had cured anybody, or even that anybody had got well in his hands, or that his mode of treatment was better than that of any fellow-worker of his own or a different school.

Farewell to the quiet, unassuming, yet presiding, diligent, and effectually working, humane, and religious citizen-doctor, whose slight yet compact figure we shall no more see by the bedside or with its dear shadow on the street, whose house I

shall still visit and cannot quite stay away from, but whose face I may not behold till the revelation, so welcome to him, and which from the aged and white-haired cannot be far, show beyond earthly daybreaks the unfading dawn.

As to blame here, his only answer was, "*The truth will prevail*," so, next to loving affections restored, shall not its cloudless morning, waxing to the perfect day, be the dearest part in his Heaven? For they that seek shall find, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened: and how well I bear in mind his warm response of perfect accord when, as one day we discussed together some perplexing points, I said to him, God will not suffer us to die forever, unsatisfied inquirers with an unanswered question in our mouth; but will hold himself bound to appease in his creature the curiosity he has raised In order to this what less is needful than an immortal life? In that his conscience believed.

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WEBSTER AS MAN AND STATESMAN.

BY

C. A. BARTOL.

WEBSTER AS MAN AND STATESMAN

A SERMON

BY

C. A. BARTOL

IN WEST CHURCH, BOSTON, SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1882

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SERMON.

"If a matter arise too hard for thee betwixt plea and plea, thou shalt come unto the judge." — DEUTERONOMY xvii., 8, 9.

MOST of us are tried on the spot and at the moment in our own day and generation, we having, in our bubble-like being on earth, a domestic and possibly biographic, but no historic significance, only melting into the immense sea of humanity or general mass of mankind. But there are mountainous men, rare as the peaks of the Alps or the Andes,— Moses, Socrates, Cæsar, Bonaparte,— ever standing at the bar of the human mind; and, among ringing celebrations and contradictions, the image formed of any one and all of these giants of genius and power concerns the virtue of every individual, so that I need no apology for my attempt at an estimate in the pulpit of the claim to honor and imitation of an extraordinary man of the West, one of the chief Americans, since Benjamin Franklin in the civil sphere, New England's most distinguished son, of a permanent fame whose quality it may take some ages still of reflection to decide, yet our opinion of whom has an interest for our character now, and to whom the Scripture figure of a tribunal of judgment to appeal to is appropriate on account of the diverse and opposite pleas, one against him, another in his behalf, there never having been a case in a public career in these United States of a person in which plaintiff and defendant alike more required a judge.

It is thought by some that judgment is not to be had or is an impertinence and offence on the part of us little and common people for transcendent men. Charlemagne, Peter the Great, Napoleon,— they are phenomenal, elemental, demonic, from God and Nature on an errand, in comparison with which their faults are unnoticeable trifles, they being

a law to themselves to do as they please, or as the power that hurled them like thunderbolts into the world, or uncapped them as volcanoes of the globe, may will or allow. When I criticised Goethe for his immoralities, Thackeray answered, "We cannot judge him, he is too great." But, if no single Liliput could overcome Gulliver, all the Lilliputians could and did bind him down; and, if none of us ordinary folk have the privilege of the bench for such an intellectual superior as Webster, he must abide the verdict of time and the moral sense. Nay, in the great court of the spirit, the humblest conscience may accuse him and the weakest intelligence be a witness; and, in the argument or the sentence on the facts of the record, every honest advocate will have weight in that mingled absolution and condemnation which in their inevitable imperfection the mightiest must meet.

There being then in the case of Mr. Webster the plaintiff, defendant, and judge, let me remark that, as the usual length of a whole human life has elapsed since the suit against him was brought, the passions of either party may be supposed to have grown cool, as, in many a mortal frame they once agitated, they have been laid away with his in the dust. That he was "a man without character"; that "every drop of his blood looked downward"; that he was "Samson shorn of the Philistines to grind in their mill"; and "Ichabod," a glory not only dimmed, but gone,— such rhetoric of poetry or prose, though provoked by its object's shortcomings, its authors might not care to repeat as the full tale and measure of the man's dues; and, if they should, the long annals of the land and the considerate equity of a loved and delivered nation, the mercy of God, if not the charity of his children, would convict the censors as extravagant and unjust. For this man, Webster, loved his country, if ever man did. No maligner of him ever loved her more; and, in her sore extremity, he gave us, restored to us, half-created for us, a country to love. The country, the Constitution, the Union, under his appeals, started out from the condition of abstractions, the form of generalities, the paper and ink of the

printed page, into living shape, sensitive reality, as things to love, live, or die for, that had been drowning in the flood of custom, but were resuscitated by an aboriginality of treatment in speech never surpassed on these shores.

I was in college, a boy of seventeen, when the winds first blew his name and his reply to Hayne to my eyes and ears; and I remember the inspiration that swept, as from the neighboring pine woods, through all the students' hearts and lips, there being no ambition but to declaim the choice passages from that sublimest Congressional discourse on the college boards, as I suppose they were spouted with that young zeal which no manly fervor can exceed, on the stage of every academy and embryo university throughout the North. We, the boys, scarce knew we had a country before. As the Revolutionary War, that of 1812, and, in our own day, of secession, woke from sleep or apathy the patriotic consciousness till the parallels and meridians of American latitude and longitude quivered with the feeling, so this battle, this victory, on the floor of the Senate, startled us into citizenship, made our hearts burn within us, uncovered the graves of our forefathers for a resurrection of their souls, and raked the live coals from the ashes of our own hearts. Any flaming affection may sink into cold, inanimate decay for a time. This man stirred the patriotic embers till they glowed again on all our hearths, in all our hearts. He voiced us to that splendid harmony, as an untuned or silent organ is voiced. He wrought his own temper into us like leaven; and thenceforth a child could not be born on the prairie whom the gracious ferment even in its cradle did not reach, nor a settler wield his axe in the far-off Western wilds but the stroke was an echo from the words that shook the capitol; nor any succeeding generation rid itself of the haunting memory fifty years after to this day. Perhaps that conflict, issuing as it did, nerved us for the one to ensue in thirty years. That word sharpened the federal sword. He meant it should prevent and keep it in its sheath. Unity of liberty according to law, which he promoted and cemented, made the victory possible and certain, if it did not stir the

strife. He was the only man capable for that service; and if, in that senatorial tournament, we had been unhorsed, who shall say we should, in another succeeding tilt of blood and carnage, have kept our seat? It is said that Moltke, the Prussian General who defeated Austria, won the fight with pins on the map, tracing out his military plans before he won it by river and plain with guns. And, in the encounters of the North and South, Webster for the former, Hayne and Calhoun for the latter, liberty and union were rescued, slavery and secession, had they in that their hour but known it, were foredoomed.

Nor let it be said this was but mouth-virtue and a cunning, logical farce. I have heard Mr. Webster, by a puny commentator, called a rhetorician and an actor, as in a theatre. His words were acts, and, like Luther's, "half-battles." They were hewn out of the granite of his native hills, as God hewed him out of the rock. His theatre reached from gulf to river and river to sea. The thing he said could not have been said otherwise than he said it, and his saying was the thing articulated into air, incorporated with every breeze on our banner, with reverberation never to cease in the atmosphere or in human hearing to die. He did not, you say, feel it sincerely? I answer: *He* feels anything most who feels so as to best express it and put it into everlasting form, as Webster excels and stands head and shoulders, like Saul, above his fellows, in having done. All honor to Adams and Sumner and Andrews, and a hundred of their comrades and compeers, in the final crisis more faithful, within the constitutional lines, than he. But not one of them nor all of them put together ever spake like him, or put love of country, love of liberty, or even hatred of slavery, into language so lasting and true, like an embodiment and incarnation, as this calm, continent, and continental orator did. He struck out the idea as a sculptor does a statue from the marble block. He ranks with renowned speakers of all times and lands: with Demosthenes, that doubled-up fist of Athens against Philip, and Cicero stretching Catiline on the rack, and Burke placing Warren Hastings in the pillory. If

the Greek pressed his antagonist like a boxer in a straighter line, if the Roman amplified his theme with a more sumptuous-rolling diction, and if the Englishman pierced his periods with a more pervasive, poetic, and philosophic light, till his quotable page was transparent as amber and solid as steel, not one of them better reconciled the romantic in feeling with the classic in form. In Homeric simplicity of style, Webster has in any department no American peer. He was *objective*, and had always an object, sat close to reality, never wandered and seldom sentimentalized, or, like a basket-maker, wove fancy work. We have had writers and speakers of more active, if not more vivid, imagination, taking much pains to gather and cluster their gems of imagery and allusion, till our eyes were almost put out with the glitter, and we would have been glad of some blue mental glasses to keep us from being blinded with the dazzling and elaborate display. But Webster's is, like that of the old Athenian sage, "reasoned truth," well so called by the Grecian historian, Mr. Grote. It grows, it warms, it convinces, it compels. We listened to him, says Judge Story, in the Dartmouth College case, the first hour with perfect admiration, the second with perfect astonishment, the third with perfect delight. Not often does this advocate break bounds into enthusiastic statement: at once, he is self-recalled. His fire is not in the air, but in the furnace, driving the engine-wheels. His style is like that of some great singer, Braham or Titiens, an easy and necessary and irresistible force. His argument is the pressure of fate. His eloquence, without any approach to rivalry in our time, flows like the cataract of Niagara from the level of his mind with equal and unvarying tide, because its supply is from such a broad, unfailing stretch of waters behind. Those who commonly figure on the political platform are pygmies to him: I mean not in their fidelity of intent, but in the manner and port and strain of their discourse. And I say this, not for invidious contrast, but to recommend the perusal of these masterpieces of conception and composition, left like headlands the ocean has withdrawn from. Let us study them in our homes

and seminaries and schools, among all men and all women who would, in their emancipation and new prerogatives, comprehend the nature of our government and vitally conceive the country, not as so much territory, but as our common mother, organic, living, undying, and dear to filial hearts. For this same Webster talk to his peers, neighbors, constituents, and friends, in private and in public, is, in this idea at least of a great, precious, beloved country, consistent throughout. He has wedded, welded, amalgamated the breath of his mouth with it beyond any other man, so that many of his expressions seem the great dumb Parent's own utterance, as though her rivers and plains and hills at last were animate, spoke, and found their tongue. Surely, Massachusetts opened her mouth in him, once her true representative and uncrowned king! Bunker Hill Monument on Bunker Hill will not outlast the orations that commenced and completed the granite obelisk over the martyr-blood. The vibration will never stop, of the Constitution by him expounded, and still more of the Union defended in congressional halls, unless the pillars of both Union and Constitution with those marble columns shall sink. The eulogy on Adams and Jefferson cannot be forgotten while *they* are remembered in the world; for it is, after their own deeds, their best remembrance. And, as the struggles and achievements of their eulogist were, in the same civil arena, equal to their own in importance, they will scarce be of inferior fame.

"No one man," says the Latin motto, "can do every sort of thing"; and, great as was Mr. Webster's reserved power, and though he had in him more music than he ever made, yet his big heart went so into this one purpose to preserve and unite the nation there seemed not blood enough left for that humanity which is the larger aim. He was American, not cosmopolitan. His spiritual circulation was imperfect. With all his Olympian, transcendent, and overtopping front, there was a hole in his head, so heavy we wondered how he could carry it through the street. "He was a walking cathedral," said Thomas Carlyle; but, as at Cologne until lately, the spire was left out. "No man can be as wise as

Webster looks," said Sydney Smith; yet in the end his wisdom failed. The Spartan messenger, with his news from the field of triumph, delivered his message and fell dead at the city gate. Did Mr. Webster's strength suffice only for his athletic race,— not to announce success in war, but to hinder and postpone the conflict he apprehended and foresaw, and to avoid which he was willing the rights of millions should be made the dismal and iniquitous price? I must fain with reluctant sorrow own that, as to his part in the Fugitive Slave Bill, History, sitting associate justice on the bench now for a long average period of the length of human life, gives sentence against him without appeal. I know that, as respondent in his own case, he asked with what face we could demand fidelity in the South to the tariff and revenue laws, and ourselves not obey the requisition to return those miserable wretches running to the pole-star to escape from their bonds. But I submit that the cases were not parallel. It was measuring life and liberty against a property tax; and, to use his own language in the famous Salem Knapp case, it was weighing "so many ounces of blood against so many ounces of gold." Besides, though we were shut up to the Constitution, we were not thereby bound under any oath, human or divine, to the special legislation of inference and prudence and compromise and commercial calculation which included the infamous bill. That capitulation the strictest construction did not command. In a former and worthier mood, he had told the South slavery existed a local institution by local law; but the procedure he at last consented to would have universalized it in the land. To make us, in the free latitudes, slave-catchers, was to reduce the principle of obedience to government to the moral absurd. Like Napoleon, in a different way, he attacked that moral sentiment which is a foe, as one says, "not subject to casualty"; and he went down before its sentence, as Hayne and Calhoun fell beneath his lance, when put in test for its behoof. Far away from the spirit or any binding letter in the Constitution had he roved or travelled indeed, when he ridiculed the Higher Law as

above the Blue Hills or Alleghanies or an eagle's flight. But the thunderbolt and aerolite stay not in the firmament. They descend to the ground; and safety bids us stand from under a meteoric stone when we see it come! An impious hand attracts the lightning which it defies; and Webster was killed by the conscience he provoked. He committed suicide, or something in him broke.

Yet consider his apology. He said or thought, and had persuaded himself, there was no other way to forestall disunion and civil war. "Over that precipice full of blood and darkness," he did not wish to hang. Beyond the veil of a united country, he could not bear to look. From the tremendous many-bladed surgery of civil war, as from the worst woe, he shrank. He had not — and who had? — the prophet's eye to see, after a five years' war and the sacrifice of five hundred thousand lives, a country rising from the appalling atonement of blood, — a phœnix out of ashes, a Lazarus from the sepulchre, without a bondman in all its bounds. Can he not be forgiven for recoiling from the red sea whose farther shore he could not behold?

Yet what an opportunity he had, and missed! It was as if a star fell. In his argument at the trial of Judge Prescott, he said he was willing to speak not only as a lawyer, but as a man. Would he had so spoken in his great place for four millions of men, women, and children! But his seventh of March speech was the rehearsing of a funeral oration over the grave of a nation in imagination disunited and dead, his faith even in the country not being strong enough. It was a sad, disheartened, and depressing utterance, low-toned and in that minor key which faith and courage never use. True things rather than pleasant — "*vera pro gratis*" — was his dedication of the speech to this Commonwealth. But they were pleasant to tyrants, disagreeable to republicans, true to none. His maintaining the right of petition to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia was nobler than his submitting to it in all our borders as our political doom and the "immedicable wound" of the social system, as he said by some it was

called. It must be confessed, in the morals of statesmanship he took the utilitarian ground, that we must be governed by visible or probable consequences, and that there is no absolute place in our nature to stand on and hold the fort against plain corruption, invading wrong and shame. He thought — and how many of the clerical cloth concurred in the view! — that it were better some human beings should be forced back to unpaid work in the cotton-field or rice-swamp than that the federal bond should be weakened or a State secede. Yet, if an American citizen is oppressed in Egypt, or emissaries of the Southern Confederacy seized on board a British ship, England or the United States covers him, on sea or land, with the flag; and, if they be not surrendered, will go to war against the power that would hurt a hair of their head. And wherefore? Because it is expedient or right? But pursue, persecute, seize, hale away the black! He has no friends! Has Providence a grudge against perfection in any man, that the biggest brain among us should have been so flawed that even by his own platform — to say nothing of the basis of rectitude — he cannot be sustained?

I do not join with those who charge him with consciously bad motives for his course, with throwing in his soul in Satan's game, as a bid for the Presidency, which no doubt he wanted, and should, without any auction, have had. Who does not know that not typhus, but Presidential, is the fever, worse than the Potomac malaria, in Washington? All the prominent politicians — Clay, Calhoun, Seward, Greeley — wanted to be President. Mr. Sumner, the incorruptible, to whose hands never stuck one grain of the treasury gold, it is said, wanted to be President. Was he therefore to blame? But that Mr. Webster sold himself outright for any promissory note of the presidential chair there is no proof, and with me no belief. It was said his vote was bought, too, by the cotton lords of the North. But he was no miser, was careless in collecting his dues and in paying his debts, as he understood better the legal than the moral rights of property; but, had he been avaricious, he

might have had a hoard from his profession a hundred-fold beyond all the manufacturers lent or gave. In his nature, he gravitated to the truth, "could not argue a bad cause even comparatively well," as everybody in court knew at once, in five minutes, said his associate, whether Abraham Lincoln considered his case good.

But was not Webster intemperate and profligate, incorrect in private life, "a drunkard at the helm" of the Ship of State? His works, so constant and vast, were not — never could have been — those of an habitual sot. Was he a show figure? Did he wear a blue coat with bright buttons? I saw him many times, and I remember his presence and his accent better than his costume.

It was the most impressive figure I ever did behold. People turned to look at him in the street. He had the gait of a Titan, the poise of a planet. Aught trivial, out of place, he could not abide. "May it please your Honor, I should like to know how long is the United States Court to be entertained with the buffoonery of this witness?" he inquired of the Bench, which was smiling while spectators laughed at an Irish wit. At once, on the whole company fell gravity like the grave. He is said to have looked an uncomfortable witness out of the court room, pursuing him with his eyes. An inveterate punster having annoyed him in the car, he remarked, "The smallest faculty with which it has pleased God to endow his creatures is that of letting off these little jokes." A member of the bar, who had been undermining him for remaining in Tyler's cabinet, yet pretended to be a friend, obsequiously entering his office, he turned from his desk with a glance, not very god-like, that sent the untimely and unwelcome visitor to the door; while he, Webster, quietly continued his writing, with the word "puppy," which some one happened to overhear. The conversation at a dinner-party proving to be tedious and dull, he early left the table and told his host he considered it a protracted Methodist meeting, and unless something of real concern were to be discussed it was the last time he should appear. "A Daniel come to judgment," was Justice

Story's greeting, as he entered a company in debate. If the Whig party breaks up, what is to become of me, he asked, where I was one of thousands to hear in Faneuil Hall. What a question of room for that overshadowing form, larger than the party! He was unaware of his own magnificence; and when, in a circle of which I was one, a connoisseur of eloquence reminded him of that famous passage, the close of his Plymouth action, he said, "I do not remember it," lifting his hand to his brow. George Ticknor said his head swelled almost to bursting under the battery of that address; and a lady still living tells me she sat in the blaze of his eyes, while he made to the clergy in the house his tremendous adjuration for a joint crusade against the slave-trade. But the grandeur to him was past, and he could forget it in new tasks. He would scarce have coveted even the highest office, had he known it could not "add one cubit to his stature"; but, in over-craving it, his natural dimensions must crouch.

I saw Mr. Webster first in Brunswick, Me., on his way to court in Topsham across the Androscoggin. The students, of whom I was one, flocked, as to a supernatural spectacle, to watch him get out of his chaise, rub his forehead, take his horse to the stable, and shake the dust from his dress, which had, I recollect, the tawny color of his cheeks. A simple, unaffected, homespun man he seemed, without airs, absorbed in thought, scarce observing what was about him, insensibly surpassing all. I heard him afterwards in the court room, in the Representatives' Chamber yonder for certain Remonstrants, in Faneuil Hall once and again, in the Railway Chamber for Kossuth, at Bunker Hill, in the lecture room at Providence, and in private talk; and my recollection is that he could be moderate and interesting too. No man could so make a listener tremble, or kindle with easy effort and a level speech. He would not, he said, "strain himself to kill a fly." His voice was both clear and deep. There ran through the audience a shiver and a glow. His presence was influence; and, as said Edward Everett, himself a master only second in rank, "His words were always words of fire." Yet the

lines in him, if large, were well defined. He was the pyramid or parthenon, not a Gothic monster, and never will be a myth. He was English while American,— a firm-set summit with a base of flame, tropic and temperate too, the spirit come back among us of that Burke, whom, for his speeches on conciliation with and taxation of America, we must ever gratefully honor and admire, and borrowing from him to improve upon it that fine figure of the British power, which, as we are familiar with Webster's version of it, I will from the original quote: "By such management, by the operation of feeble councils, so paltry a sum as threepence in the eyes of a financier, so insignificant an article as tea in the eyes of a philosopher, have shaken the pillars of a commercial empire that circled the whole globe." Webster adds: "the morning drum-beat, keeping company with the hours and circling the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." In his grain and method was magnanimity unexampled, worthy of imitation. If music may afford an illustration, modern eloquence is an organ with many stops, the *vox humana* being chief, the ancient is a cymbal or trumpet and harp.

Beyond any contemporary, Webster had, with vast compass of theme, the clarion voice, on which, however, less than with any other orator, his record in our letters depends. In his matchless words, eloquent without gesture or tone, he "still lives" and will live. Like a huge, smoky crystal is his great, if clouded, name. But what gem is perfect in clearness, color, and weight, and needs not to be cut? Even the Kohinoor has lost half its size. Can we not praise the anti-slavery virtue, without altogether blaming the politic counsels that regulated its heat? Has any of our political goodness been without spot? Had not our righteousness an alloy of self-righteousness? Were not some of our philanthropists vainglorious egoists? I have seen an end of all human perfection. Does not the moral sentiment, parting company with love, degenerate into hatred and spite? But for their jealousy, quarrelsomeness, and conceit, some of our spokesmen for freedom had been immaculate. Then there were

loud and able-bodied persons who slunk from the ordeal of battle they precipitated, and were never seen at the front. It has been said of Mr. Webster, two of whose sons died in the service,— one in Mexican, the other in our Civil War,— he halted for a time between two opinions. Was it wrong to hesitate at the dread alternative, and was it holy to be headlong? Channing hesitated, Lincoln hesitated, wanted to save the country with or without slavery, knowing that the nation only could protect black and white, and, therefore, nationality and humanity must be reconciled, go together, and become one! Was he the recreant, and was Fremont the saint? Of two possible explanations for any man's course, shall we choose the worst? If you insist that in Webster's purpose there was no patriotism, but only office-seeking, little and vile, was his sole, settled, and rooted aim, all we can say is, May the charitable consideration you deny to him never from God or man be lacking to you! Who of us will ever enter heaven, unless mercy opens the door? If any one think, as no doubt many do even now, the purchase of emancipation was too dear, I shall not agree with him, nor shall I pronounce whether, in wishing for delay and hoping for peaceful methods, he were Christian or infidel, philosopher or fool; and, if judgment without grace is to be passed on us all according to our deserts, the sufferers will not be on any one side. They will be both accusers and arraigned. Mr. Webster honestly shrank from the heroic treatment which our sick and wounded body politic required. But to his country he never meant to be false. "He loveth our nation," said the Jewish elders, respecting a pagan Roman centurion, to the author of the Christian faith. It might be inscribed on the tomb of the man in whose eloquence, as fit to our condition now as it was half a century ago, this nation is enshrined; and, for the sake of whose succor in our need, let us condone, while we deplore, his faults or defects. In his page, our nationality is enlivened, not embalmed. We may, unlike him, have been guilty of no outbreaks of passion. Are the inward chambers of our imagery pure? Is our benevolence a doctrine or a fact? It is on the register of

the old church in Franklin, as it was in the profession of all his life, that he was a Christian in belief. I should be ashamed, he said, of a Saviour I could comprehend.

So for the occasion I speak. The final judgment is yet to be rendered. The jury, divided, has not brought sentence in, and history pauses over her pen. Eulogy, apology, and charge mix and contend. Individual impressions are still in order, and every one who has had opportunity for observation may not immodestly give his own. I shall say, then, Daniel Webster was of a nature essentially noble and good. But, for a great man, in the hour of temptation, he proved in the end to be weak, with a bias of ambition that swerved him unawares; not perfidious, but the prey of his own logic, till he substituted argument for intuitive reason and right. Yet his defection was of less moment than they who indict him suppose. The controversy between liberty and slavery had gone too far to be checked; the old and new centuries clashed. The opposing thunder-clouds from North and South, civilization and barbarism must meet. Even his hand, however well put forth, could no longer have held the whirlwind back. He died disappointed, broken-hearted. In the carcass of this lion was found the honey-comb, much sweetness, and none of the venom and revenge which even conscience, enraged and outraged, sometimes contracts. Through purgatory, he has reached paradise; and perhaps some of us would rather meet him there than his sharpest assailants, upright as they felt, and not guilty of his particular sins. Harsh condemnation is loud profession. From both may we be kept!

The Beloved Physician.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN

A SERMON

IN WEST CHURCH AFTER THE DECEASE OF DR. CALVIN ELLIS

BY

C. A. BARTOL

BOSTON
CUPPLES, UPHAM AND COMPANY
1884

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.



THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

COLOSSIANS iv., 14.—"The beloved physician."

NOTE here a twofold sense of love, not for the individual alone for his personal qualities, but for that medical profession whose members more perhaps than those of any other calling come in contact with human nature on its affectionate side. Much of his case may by the client be hidden from the lawyer, or of his conscience by the parishioner from his pastor, but not of the bodily frame by the patient from his doctor; and this necessary confidence begets the rarest intimacy and warmest friendship. The trust in the practitioner may not be immediate, but is soon found to be inevitable, and in serious, chronic, obscure, and threatening disorder will perforce be complete. The constitution, the heredity, the habit, all behavior that bears on health must be told, on penalty of not having the cause of disease understood, the effect treated, symptoms traced, and cure soundly made. The lady was angry when the shrewd practitioner inquired the amount of opium she daily used; and he peacefully answered, I know you take it, I but ask how much. Cordial candor cannot be refused to kindly intent; and, when relief is afforded, the sufferer's gratitude is beyond example lively and strong. The author of *The Diary of a Physician* relates that a patient to whom he explained that his apprehension

of a deadly malady was owing to a disarrangement of his dress forced on him an unprecedented fee. The old attending family physician, who has pulled parent and child through straits of danger edged with death, is unspeakably dear. How I loved and revered the gray-headed, rosy-faced doctor that came on horseback with his saddle-bags, expansive smile, and loud breezy laugh to my mother's door, while I could not get nearer than to a planet to the minister who preached original sin, particular election, and hell-fire. I preferred balm of Gilead in a bottle to the boundless burning brimstone which was not offered as a medicament, but a doom. It made no difference when the doctor pulled my tooth. The tendency of the healing art in its professors is to exercise and increase the goodness which fetches a response, finds a sounding-board in the human heart.

But what are the qualities or qualifications of the artists, as, if they rebuild the shattered frame, they may justly be called.

First, in their vocation, authority to act. This deep and delicate organism or process of mortality we call life, so liable in any organ or nerve to lose its ease and poise, is too precious to be put in ignorant, blundering hands, when you would not allow your watch to be regulated or your garment repaired by one who in time-pieces or tailoring is a quack. So, by medical societies, formed to protect the community and recommend right men and measures for bodily restoration, a certain course of study and training is rightly required.

But to this intellectual á moral condition of veracity should be joined. The physician knowing clearly

must deal truly, or the benefit of his knowledge will be lost in his negligence or sacrificed by his rashness and hasty experiment, or by an over-dose that makes of the drug a bane beyond the degree demanded by the morbid state. "Four times out of five," said Jacob Bigelow, king of doctors in his day, "it is best for the physician not to move at all." Said also his contemporary, the sagacious Dr. Shattuck, famous for quantity of medicine, "The doctor's business is largely to keep people out of harm's way." One may be well grounded in anatomy, pathology, therapeutics, surgery, physiology, and the psychology of these half-spiritual cerebral chords and convolutions that store and convey so much of gladness or distress; and yet, if he be not a truthful man, become a sheer deceiver, a pompous pretender, or mercenary adventurer in this wonderful sea of the human circulations, hiding in his Latin prescriptions, like a cuttle-fish in its own ink. Certainly, a measureless beneficence in the case of the ether-discovery waited on one audacious attempt, from which in actual experience a universal antidote became safe; but, ordinarily, it is the weapon which, like David's sling, has been tried, that, against ill affections, fever, marasmus, stoppage, or insomnia, ought to be employed; and they deserve discrediting and discarding who plunge into a flood of guesses and vagaries, like a natural philosopher, not observing, but weaving theories for the facts to fit, with this difference,—that serene, untouched nature escapes the punishment which for fool-hardy ignorance human nature has to endure.

A third outfit for the doctor of medicine is integrity. It is said the minister is sustained on sin, the

doctor on sickness, the lawyer on crime. But what men in general desire most, as Satan truly said to God of Job, is recovery from pain and prolongation of life, however many would spend it in transgressing and quarrelling still. Integrity in a doctor means that he will not connive with or cover up with his cloak or doctor's ermine any of the violations, men and women not a few are prone to, of the moral law. In any legitimate association of doctors it would be considered wrong and unprofessional so to do. He is no doctor who wears a doctor's livery to destroy, but a ruffian in disguise. But, in the host of claimants to cure, outnumbering clergy and advocates, with all their black cloth and green bags, there will be some everywhere who can be depended on for malpractice of this irregular, Bohemian sort; and it has been even an industry, as our chief magistrate so fancifully said of a certain species of tanning, in great cities like New York. To protect crime, to shield and deliver it from the appropriate personal, legal, and social results, and thus encourage and multiply it, is itself a heinous and hideous crime, actually committed to a great extent. "Woe to him," saith the old prophet, "who frameth mischief by a law," because countless calamities arise from one bad law, like the Fugitive Slave law; and woe to him, be his profession divinity, medicine, or law, who contrives misery as gross and wide by any custom of procedure which condones iniquity and operates with the force of a law. Certainly we must discriminate while we judge. Every case stands by itself. There are individuals, rather unfortunate in circumstance than wicked by design, whom it might be cruel and needless to ex-

pose, and it is the doctor's peculiar, pre-eminent grace to be humane; but he must have better than diamond scales to weigh with, and it is not generous to society, to civilization, to the human race, but a false kindness to others, while perhaps a selfish greed in himself, to patronize the vileness so ready as a thistle or nettle to catch and blossom on a broad scale in that field which is the world; and the abundant recompense he may get for counsel and complicity in the prevention of offspring or murder of the unborn, like the shekels Judas first received from priestly hands, and flung down to ring for all ages on the temple floor, is the price of blood.

These remarks were an indecorum, but for the penumbra, the shading off in every profession gradually from the honor which is bright into transactions of doubtful or shameful hue. Honorable men, aware that no creatures are more odious to them or deserving censure and excommunication than some who wear their armor and would train under their banner, will not only pardon, but gratefully rejoice in a fair distinction between genuine promoters of human welfare and such as but ape and mock them, as much as did those of old, disguised as sheep or the thieves that would pass for shepherds, though entering into the fold some other way and not by the door. Some Moses must bid some Aaron to run again with his censer of fire from the altar to stand between the living and the dead till the plague be stayed.

In these general strokes, I have blocked out a particular theme. I am to speak of one I have known from a lad of eleven to ripe fifty-seven, blossom and fruit of that tree at whose root no axe can be laid.

No man living in this community has ever better answered to the image of a true and good physician than Calvin Ellis; and he so esteemed, he so utterly and enthusiastically loved his profession, that I think nothing could please him more than to be described as wishing and striving to be faithful to its demands.

First, he, if any man, bore in his own person its authority, not in the way of assumption and pomp satirized by the French writer, Molière, and sometimes still seen,—for of pretence no man could be more devoid,—but by his preparation and fitness for the work. He was a teacher, and Harvard University owes largely to him its improved methods. He was an investigator, never ceasing to be a student, learning at once the last discoveries at home or abroad; eminently a scientific doctor well-equipped. As a lecturer, he was gracious to his pupils and pitiless to their mistakes. Among his comrades, none stood nearer the top of a profession whose summit, in the yet unsearched mysteries of our double nature, is a Himalaya unreached. Forward practitioners might call him slow, when he was but sure and incapable of a false step in his task. Swift to apply as an axiom was his judgment, the symptoms once known. That susceptibility, which no philosophy has yet reckoned, of the bodily frame to moral and imaginative as well as to strict medical influence, especially in the more delicate physical conditions of women and men, opens a wide margin and undetermined sphere whose wise occupation tasks the greatest genius. Beyond the region of specifics, it leaves the packed medicine-chest without use, yet calls on the trusted doctor to be master of the situation, as with the sharpest test; and it

gives opportunity to the impostor to delude, prevaricate, and play unfair games on human hopes and fears. From the resources of his own respect and affection, a true-hearted practitioner may bring about what seem magical or unaccountable issues. Your servant, Madame, said Dr. James Jackson, forty years ago, to a dangerously sick woman of this flock, pausing and bowing at the foot of her bed; and, as the gently toned reassurance fell on her ear, she told me she began to recover at once. Such scarce conscious service in his friendly manner Dr. Ellis rendered. But he was devoid of tricks. He had no airs with hat and coat, cane and gloves, like some ladies with their fans. He was simplicity incarnate, a medical saint. Never anywise, to guess or trifle or rush into what is called heroic practice, did he abuse the weakness that had put a patient into his power. I have had opportunity to observe his style.

In the territory of fancy and tentative treatment, it was not his will or nature to travel or disport,

"And simple truth his utmost skill."

As in the college, he was solid and perspicuous, not caring to be eloquent, nor having any oratorical robes to put on; so, in the sick-chamber, was naught vague or mystical in his views of the disorder or means of cure. His authority was in what better than others he knew and could do. If he hated anything, it was the presumption that would substitute for science a riddle, and for art the running of a risk or a bold push after success.

Thus, he added to authority the second doctoral mark,—veracity. He was constitutionally sincere, and

had the truth in his race and blood. His candor, second only to his kindness, was a main reason of the delight we took in his company. But there was no purposed display of these traits on his part. None farther than he from being a show-man! Not so-called demonstrative persons win most our regard; but those from whom virtue escapes, as it went out to the sick woman from the hem of Christ's garment. To his profession or his patient, no man was ever more true, as I have had occasion well to know. He neither misrepresented the conditions, nor with illusory notions buoyed up what must sink. But never was soldier at his battery more resolute to maintain his position, to stand his ground. He was open as the day; yet, if a patient improperly and impatiently insisted on such a knowledge of the situation as could but do instant perhaps fatal harm, he would refuse. If cornered and driven to extremity, he might even contradict the literal fact, understanding that his business was not to kill, but, if he could, at all hazards and in any event, to heal. When a fact is a dagger, and would assassinate, it must be sheathed. Jesus said, "I am not come to destroy men's lives, but to save," and "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Is this to be untruthful? No, I answer. The truth is not a fact, but a spirit. A fact may be the property of one man. The hunter must not be told the place where I have hidden a fugitive slave, or a thief or burglar informed of the letter at which the lock will open in my safe. Many a fact is a private possession, not to be published in the newspaper or on the street. The truth belongs to all men, and it may not be thwarted by, but consist in withholding from some men the

fact, as Desdemona was true to Othello in charging herself, not him, as the author of her death. The fact is a circumstance. Truth is the whole relation. If declaring fact or opinion will be a stab to his patient in a sensitive state, if it will be apt to stop the action of the heart or paralyze the brain or asphyxiate the lungs, and aggravate every evil symptom, it is the doctor's duty not to admit, but reserve not as his but in trust from God. In so doing, he does not compromise, but maintain and illustrate his truth to the person, be the squaring with the external incident what it may. Many a doctor has blurted out a judgment which proved incorrect, has pronounced a doom not executed, or by an impulsive word slain a sufferer that might else have lived.

There is peril in this doctrine of the right and duty to keep back or gainsay the pathological fact, if in the exercise it have the least selfish taint. But whatever is practised by pure love is no lie. We lie against God and man when we launch a verity to an end of injury and from a motive of hate. The man I speak of was of a rarely transparent and crystal quality. To no one that ever lived was concealment more awkward, difficult, and strange. He was never covert, only close, as he was bound to be, to unbecoming and impertinent questions. I tell my patient his condition, said that old Dr. Shattuck, if he have a strong mind. If any imperative duty will be left behind undischarged, one ought not to be blinded or shut his eyes to his approaching demise. But for a physician to sacrifice the object of his calling to superficial and garrulous communication is not truthfulness, but treachery.

On my third point of integrity in my subject I need not dwell. He was so intangible and unapproachable by any emissary from or refugee in the Alsatia of unlawful and corrupt practice that probably few of us were even less acquainted with it than was he.

But, in the professional character, point by point the entire manhood is involved; and than this man no chivalrous knight was ever more without fear and without reproach. His honor was as polished steel, which no breath ever blew on or could have dimmed. Justice in him was as if it were the natural and only possible thing. He told me, in our last conversation, that he considered it a refined cruelty to keep women out of any posts they are competent to and can be taught and trained to fill. He was a loyal citizen, as earnest in politics as in his especial art; and, sick as he was, he went at the last election in Boston to vote, then returning to his bed, and afterward coming expressly to my house to bless me for my own course. He saw ecclesiastical as distinctly as political tricks, and classified them alike, branding deceivers in the Church and adventurers in the State under the same uncompromising name. He was no hard, uncharitable judge. He told me the Athanasian Creed was to him absurd, yet he would not stigmatize any by whom it is held. On any of the old theologies, this radical thinker laid little stress. His speculations and theories he kept to himself. His religion was the tenor of his life and very substance, inseparable in any formula from his soul. He was practical, but interested in whatever concerned the common weal, and could talk philosophically on any matter. The

interlocutor must be very able, failing to find in him, if not a master, a match. He was discerning, and could see things on the serious or humorous side, once telling me of a lawyer who had used him and consumed his day getting testimony from him as a medical expert, and then dropped him like a squeezed orange, without suitable pay. He was generous, of his own motion advancing a thousand dollars to meet the expense of a card-catalogue of the medical library in this city, so unostentatiously that, so far as I know, this is the first public notice of a gift which any blazonry would to his mind have spoiled. How could this catholic Puritan help being beloved in his home, among his kinsfolk and friends, by his comrades and in the sick-room? The narrow way as he trod it became a royal road. He was the soul of honor, a pattern of fidelity, model of sanctity, example of an unspotted life.

Some ten years ago began his own failure of health. For the last three years, his patience has covered his pangs. How unexacting and uncomplaining he was! Once only, just before the last mortal attack, he remarked to me, "I can bear the pain, if I might be spared the sickness, the dreadful nausea." We knew not how soon his prayer would be answered and he be spared! He had said he would visit a certain patient, if he had to crawl on his hands and knees. Patient and physician both now are where they run and are not weary, walk and faint not, mount up on wings as do the eagles.

But what words are there for this heroic martyrdom on earth, clothed in such a luminous countenance of good cheer? I know not how to compare or portray

it. The man who must presently disappear from the deck of the foundering ship, or be suffocated in the upper story of the burning house, or washed away by the torrent from the dam among the roaring hills, or go over the rapids to the Niagara cataract in his boat, resembles the victim of a fatal disease, save that his trouble is short. But not only to face the inevitable end of chronic illness, but endure the broken or crippled tools of one's faculties, to view the prospect of disability in middle life, when the prime of hope has become the bloom of success; to relinquish, not the reward of merit, but prize of beneficent service, is a hardship one can be made equal to only by an absolute trust in God, such as our friend felt, and was made brave and blessed by. On what but the rock could he build? Here and herein is the so much debated immortality of the soul. This, indeed, is spirit manifest, whose definition is that which cannot die. Here is something God may think it worth his while to keep alive out of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," if he would preserve anything, or in any kindred companionship care to continue himself. When we come to ourselves and to one another in this temper, to bear and do all he wills,— be it pain, disease, or death,— ready, as we may be for any lot of extinction, if he please, it is impossible to think ourselves or one another out of being. *Dead spirit* is a contradiction in terms. Our knowledge is small, our ignorance vast, and how the immensity is peopled no telescope reveals. Marvellous is it that the only part to us known to be inhabited, of the creation, is this little mote! Yet that the universe we are denizens of has other occupants and space for our spirits,

who, whenever by love and thought exalted, can doubt? The happiest of moods is the child's first sensation going into the man's last sentiment of trust. Immortality is not an article in our creed or word on our tongue, but a confidence in our Father, who cannot do without his children any more than they can do without him.

It has fallen to me several times in the course of my ministry to commemorate wise and good physicians in this place, bearing in mind that the Master at first sent forth his disciples both to preach the gospel and to heal the sick; and moreover in poor return of speech for favors without money and without price from many members of the medical brotherhood and sisterhood received. Aside from the fond womanhood that comforts one's home, and without which were no home to console, let me affirm that with the patience, liberality, disinterestedness, devotion unto death of doctors, I have found nothing else in this world to compare. Despite competing theories or jealous rivalries in different modes of practice or in the same school, I believe the doctors of Boston, of either sex and every name, will be glad of such even inadequate word as I have been stirred to speak concerning one of whom the fraternity in all its ranks and ages may well be proud. He was coming to be a consulting physician more and more. There will be none save witnesses to his tender and conscientious respect for the rights of his seniors or juniors in consultation or in the care of those patients often unavoidably transferred from hand to hand, as the cars of diverse railways in the exigencies of business are scattered and mixed throughout the land.

Doctor Ellis longed for the betterment of the healing art, and had commenced a work touching on the diagnosis and treatment of disease. He was, from broken health, unable to finish what we may hope will appear in some form, to add to the evidence of his unsurpassed thoroughness in his chosen pursuit.

Perfection is in no man. All men err or come short. Most persons lack consistency or character, like a solution that has not precipitated or crystallized. This man, whatever his errors unknown to me may have been, had none of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy. He never made duplicity his starting-point, or any blind alley his goal. No man or woman did he ever maltreat or betray. Whoever knew him sees him still, a figure we cannot mistake, clear in his conscience, stout in his conviction, unaggressive and unyielding, of a true and noble species, so marked that in every trait we can make him out. He was a plain dealer with such as asked his advice, and so deep and warm in his comrades' hearts that, could their united skill have availed for his succor, our brother had not died.

If we inquire why, in this house of human life, such fiery anguish must be so long and severely borne, save in recognition of the will of God, and as monumental example of what his grace can do in the human soul, there is no reply. When this little live human dwelling is caught with flaming woe, the whole world takes the color of the conflagration; and, as, when a wooden lodging is on fire, the inmate looks around for some exit, so a departure is mercifully provided from this inn of flesh, this theatre of time.

Death is the door out. Organic decline, with its slow stages, is a somewhat chronic fire-escape. As when, by a vomitory from some crowded hall, one finds himself released from pressure and refreshed with breathing the open air, so must it not be with the spirit disemprisoned from the oppressive and tormenting clay? But, long as trial or torture may last, the divine beauty in our humanity of what we call the affections does not fade. Be the physician's prognosis what it may, loving sentiment, the core of our being, is prognostic of everlasting life. What is the title-deed to such an inheritance? I answer, Care for another and abnegation of self. Can I forget, here or hereafter while I live, that my friend wished to see me when he was ready to die, but would not have me sent for, only I might come in, if I called? Such sacrifice in agony, with never a question or morsel of complaint, bespeaks an imperishable nature. He that will lose his life for my sake shall save it. No matter for the sake of whom or what it may be lost, gospel or daily stint, humblest friend or savior of the world! The man, dear to me, whom I cease not to love now that on earth he is dead, needed not to be consecrated to that to which he was inclined. His duty was delight in the fulfilling of what was set before him, in or out of his calling, in any professional or social tie. The beloved physician, absent from sight and speechless to our ears, through me, as interpreter of some syllable of his new language and angelic tongue, greets you to-day.

I have a vision of him speaking or seeming to speak, not as Dean of the Medical Faculty or Jackson Professor of Clinical Medicine, not as the father confes-

sor which the doctor necessarily becomes, more than any priest in his curtained alcove, holding secrets as vital of private persons and families as any in the priestly breast; but in purely unofficial and friendly tones, wearing no distinguishing garb, plainly dressed, without ring or glittering pin or velvet gown. His quick motion, alert and vigorous step, ten and even seven years ago, expressed and befitted his mental poise, his well-grounded persuasions, and that sturdy will for action and enterprise which in the latter period he has had to expend inwardly on fortitude intense. But the soft, low-pitched voice and deep blue eye tell of a sensibility in that benignant form which equal and span his resolve. In his port and manner is proof that he exists to serve, and that work for him is not labor, but joy. Go to Florida, I said to him, two seasons since: you will have an Italian climate there without crossing the sea. I should take my disease with me, he answered; and what should I have to do? I think he has gone to heaven and with his occupation is still pleased.

If we ask, What is his bequest to his fellows, juniors and peers? I would put it in Paul's words,— Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? Can there be a worthier or more responsible employment than to stand guard over and repair what the Supreme Power builds for its own shrine, or a more unpardonable sin than the sacrilege by which this altar is in any way wilfully ruined and rent? We touch heaven, says a German author, repeating the apostle's thought, when we lay our hand on a human frame. Benvenuto Cellini, the great Italian sculptor and worker in precious stones, said to

his students, This is what I worship, holding out to them in his hand a small bone from the lower part of a dissected body. We may well adore the Fashioner, if in nothing else, for this astonishing system of flesh and blood. Ole Bull said that the last violin-makers do not furnish instruments so fine as those of Stradivarius, and others formerly eminent in that line, because they no longer consider it a holy mission. Our friend, whose translation is a gain to him,— but grievous loss to us,—did consider it a holy mission to heal. How reverently I have seen him make a stethoscope of his ear! Ever tender, firm, yet lowly all his handling of his patients. What love of men and women followed him here, seeks him beyond, and salutes him there! His legacy to his brethren is his own sacred discharge of his personal and professional trust.

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